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AND

Humorist.

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W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.



CHAP. VI.

As I continued for more than an hour on the sofa gloomily passing in review my short career, my present position, and occasionally venturing a surmise upon the future, a feeling which I had not had before—one which had hitherto been latent—pride gradually was awakened in my bosom, and as it was aroused, it sustained me. I have before observed that fear had been my predominating feeling till I had quitted my parents, love and gratitude had succeeded them, but now, smarting under injustice, pride, and with many less worthy passions, were summoned up, and I appeared in the course of two short hours to be another being. I felt confidence in myself, my eyes were opened all at once as it were to the heartlessness of the world; the more I considered the almost hopeless condition in which I was in, the more my energy was roused. I sat down on the sofa a confiding, clinging girl. • I rose up a resolute, clear-sighted woman. I reflected, and had made up my mind that Madame d' Albret would never forgive one whom she had injured as she had me. She had induced me to break off all family and parental ties (such as they were), she had made me wholly dependent upon her, and had now cast me off in a cruel and heartless manner. She had used deceit because she knew that she could not justify her conduct. She had raised calumnies against me, accusing me of ingratitude, as an excuse for her own conduct. Any thing like a reconciliation therefore was impossible, and any assistance from her I was determined not to accept. Besides, was she not married to Monsieur de G——, whom pique at my refusal had made my enemy, and who had, in all probability, as he pressed his own suit, perceived the necessity, independent of the gratification it afforded him to be my ruin, to remove me as a serious obstacle to Madame d' Albret's contracting a new alliance. From that quarter, therefore, there was nothing to be expected or hoped for, even if it were desired. And what was my position with Madame Bathurst? On a visit! At the termination of which I was houseless. That Madame Bathurst would probably offer me a temporary asylum, for she would hardly turn me out of doors, I felt convinced; but my new-born pride revolted at the idea of dependence upon one on whom I had no claim whatever. What, then, was to be done? I examined my capital. I was

handsome, but that was of no use to me ; the insidious conduct of Monsieur de G—— had raised to positive dislike the indifference that I felt for his sex, and I had no inclination to make a market of my personal advantages. I could sing and play well. I spoke French and English, and understood Italian. I could embroider and work well with my needle. Such were my capabilities, my stock-in-trade with which to commence the world ; I was, therefore, competent to a certain degree to give lessons in music and in French, or to take a governess's place, or to become a modiste. I thought of Madame Paon, but when I reflected in what manner I had visited her, the respect and homage, I may say, which had been offered up to me, and how different my reception and treatment would be if I entered the establishment as one of themselves, the reflection was too mortifying, and I determined that if I were driven to such an employment for my livelihood, it should be where I was not known. After much consideration, I decided that I would see Madame Bathurst, make known to her my intentions, and ask her assistance and recommendation to procure me a situation. I arranged my hair, removed all traces of my late agitation, and went down to her. I found her alone, and asking her whether she could spare me a few minutes of her time, I handed to her the letter which I had received from Madame Paon, and then made her acquainted with that portion of my history with which she had been unacquainted. As I spoke my courage revived, and my voice became firm—I felt that I was no longer a girl.

“ Madame Bathurst, I have confided this to you, because you will agree with me that there can be nothing more between Madame d'Albret and me, for even if she made an offer I would never accept it. I am now in a very false position, owing to her conduct. I am here on a visit, supposed by you to be the *protégé* of that lady, and a person of some consequence. Her protection has been taken away from me, and I am now a beggar, with nothing but my talents for my future support. I explain this to you frankly, because I cannot think of remaining as your visiter, and if I do not ask too much, all that I wish of your friendship is, that you will give me such a recommendation as you think I deserve, by which I may obtain the means of future livelihood.”

“ My dear Valerie,” replied Madame Bathurst, “ I will not hurt your feelings. It is a heavy blow, and I am glad to perceive, that instead of being crushed by it, you appear to rise. I have heard of Madame d'Albret's marriage, and the deceit which she has been practising evidently to get rid of you. Not many days ago I wrote to her, pointing out the variance between what she stated in her letters and her actual position, and requesting to know what was to be done relative to you. Her answer I have received this day. She states that you have cruelly deceived her ; that at the very time that you professed the utmost gratitude and affection, you were slandering her and laughing at her behind her back, particularly to Monsieur de G——, to whom she is now married ; and that however she might be inclined to forgive and overlook your conduct herself, that Monsieur de G—— is resolute, and determined that you never shall come again under his roof. She has, therefore, transmitted a *billet* of 500 francs to enable you to return to your father's house.”

“ Then,” replied I, “ it is as I suspected ; Monsieur de G—— is the cause of all.”

“ Why did you trust him, Valerie, or rather why were you so impru-

dent, and I must add ungrateful, to speak of Madame d'Albret as you did?"

"And you believe it, Madame Bathurst, you believe that I did do so? I can only say that if such is your belief, the sooner we part the better."

I then told her what I had omitted in my narrative, how I had refused Monsieur de G——, and explaining his character, showed that he had acted thus out of interest and revenge.

"I believe it all now, Valerie, and I must beg your pardon for having supposed that you had been ungrateful. This explanation relieves me, and enables me to make you the offer which I had thought of doing, had I not been checked by this calumny against you. I say, therefore, for the present, my dear Valerie, remain here. You are quite equal to be governess to Caroline, but I prefer you should remain with me more as a friend than as a governess. I say this, because I fear you will be too proud to remain as a dependent, without making yourself useful. You know that I did intend to take a governess for Caroline as soon as we went to London. I will now take you if you will consent, and shall feel the obligation on my side, as I shall not only have retained a capable person, but shall also not lose a dear young friend."

"I thank you for the offer, my dear madame," replied I, rising and courtesying; "I trust, however, that you will allow me a little time for reflection before I decide. You must admit that this is a most critical epoch in my life, and I must not make one false step if it is possible to prevent it."

"Certainly," replied Madame Bathurst, "certainly. You are right, Valerie, in reflecting well before you decide; but I must say that you are rather haughty in your manner towards me."

"I may have been, my dear Madame Bathurst, but if so, take my excuses, recollect the Valerie of yesterday, who was your visiter and young friend, is not the Valerie of to-day!" and with these words I took up the cheque for 500 francs which Madame Bathurst had laid on the table, left the room, and returned to my own apartment.

I returned to my room, and was glad to be once more alone, for although I bore up well under the circumstances, still the compressed excitement was wearying to the frame. I had resolved to accept the offer of Madame Bathurst at the time that she made it, but I did not choose to appear to jump at it, as she probably expected that I would. I felt no confidence in any one but my own self after the treatment of Madame d'Albret, and I considered that Madame Bathurst would probably dismiss me as soon as my services were no longer required, with as little ceremony as had Madame d'Albret. That I was capable of taking charge of and instructing Caroline, I knew well, and that Madame Bathurst would not easily procure a governess so capable in singing and music as myself. There would be consequently no obligation, and I resolved that I would reject her terms if they were not favourable. I had some money, for I had spent but a small portion of twenty sovereigns which Madame d'Albret had given me in a purse when I quitted her. I had therefore the means of subsistence for some little time, should I not come to terms with Madame Bathurst. After an hour's reflection, I sat down and wrote a letter to Madame Paon, stating what had occurred, and my determination to obtain my own livelihood, and adding that as I was not sure whether I should accept of Madame Bathurst's offer, I wished her

to give me a letter of introduction to some French acquaintance of her's in London, as I was an utter stranger to every thing, and without advice should probably be cheated in every way. As soon as this letter was finished I commenced another to Madame d'Albret, which was in the following words.

“MY DEAR MADAME,

“Yes, I will still say my dear madame, for although you will never hear of me again, you are still dear to me, more dear perhaps than you were, when I considered you my patroness and my more than mother. And why so,—because when those we love are in misfortune, when those who have benefited us are likely to soon want succour themselves, it is then the time that we should pour out our gratitude and love. I do not consider it your fault, my dear Madame d'Albret, that you have been deceived by a base hypocrite, who wears so captivating a mask; I do not blame you that you have been persuaded by him that I have slandered and behaved ungratefully to you. You have been blinded by your own feelings towards him and by his consummate art. I am also to blame for not having communicated to you that *he* made me a proposal of marriage but a short time previous to my departure, and which I indignantly rejected, because he had taken such an unusual step without any previous communication with you on the subject—not that I would have accepted him even if you had wished it, for I knew how false and unworthy he was considered to be. I should have told you, my dear madame, of this offer of marriage on his part, but he requested me as a favour not to mention it to you, and as I did not then know that he was a ruined man, a desperate gambler, and that he had been obliged to quit this country for dishonourable practices at the gaming-table; as you may easily discover to be true, for even Madame Paon can give you all the necessary information. And into this man's hands have you fallen, my dear Madame d'Albret. Alas, how you are to be pitied! my heart bleeds for you, and I fear that a few months will suffice to prove to you the truth of what I now write. That I am a sufferer by the conduct of Monsieur de G—— is true. I have lost a kind patroness, an indulgent mother, and am now left to obtain my own livelihood how I can. All my visions, all my dreams of happiness with you, all my wishes of proving my gratitude and love for your kindness have vanished, and here I am, young, alone, and unprotected. But I think not of myself; at all events I am free—I am not chained to such a person as Monsieur de G——, and it is of you and all that you will have to suffer that my thoughts and heart are full. I return you the cheque for 500 francs—I cannot take the money. You are married to Monsieur de G——, and I can accept nothing from one who has made you believe that Valerie could be calumnious and ungrateful. Adieu, my dear madame; I shall pray for you, and weep over your misfortunes.

“Your ever gratefully,

“VALERIE DE CHATENEUF.”

That there was a mixed feeling in this letter, I confess. As I said in it, I really pitied Madame d'Albret and forgave her her unkindness; but I sought revenge upon Monsieur de G——, and in seeking that I planted daggers into the heart of Madame d'Albret; but I did not at the time that I

wrote reflect upon this. What I wished to do was to vindicate myself, and that I could not do without exposing Monsieur de G——, and exposing him in his true colours was of course awakening Madame d'Albret to her position sooner than she would have been, and filling her mind with doubts and jealousy. That this was not kind, I felt when I perused what I had written previous to folding the letter, but I felt no inclination to alter it, probably because I had not quite so wholly forgiven Madame d'Albret as I thought that I had. Be it as it may, the letter was sealed and despatched by that night's post, as well as that written to Madame Paon.

I had now only to arrange with Madame Bathurst, and I went down into the drawing-room where I found her alone. "I have considered, my dear Madame Bathurst," said I, "your kind proposal. I certainly have had a little struggle to get over, as you must admit that it is not pleasant to sink from a visiter in a family into a dependent, as I must in future be if I remain with you, but the advantages of being with a person whom I respect as much as I do you, and of having charge of a young person to whom I am so attached as I am to Caroline, have decided me on accepting your offer. May I know then, what may be the terms upon which I am received as governess?"

"Valerie, I feel that this is all pride," replied Madame Bathurst, "but still it is not disreputable pride, and though I shall yield to it, I would have made no terms, but retained you as a dear friend, my purse and every thing in the house at your command, and I hoped that you would have allowed me so to do; but as you will not, I have only to say that I should have expected to pay any governess whom I might have retained for Caroline, a salary of £100 per annum, and that I offer you the same."

"It is more than sufficient, my dear madame," replied I, "and I accept your offer if you will take me on trial for six months."

"Valerie, you make me laugh and make me angry at the same time, but I can bear much from you now, for you have had a heavy blow, my poor child. Now let's say no more on the subject; all is settled, and the arrangement will remain a secret, unless you publish it yourself."

"I certainly shall make no secret of it, Madame Bathurst; I should be sorry to show false colours, and be supposed by your friends to be otherwise than what I really am. I have done nothing that I ought to be ashamed of, and I abhor deceit. Whatever may be my position in life, I trust that I shall never disgrace the name that I bear, and I am not the first of a noble name who has had a reverse in fortune."

How strange that I now, for the first time in my life, began to feel pride in my family name. I presume because when we have lost almost every thing, we cherish more that which remains to us. From the time that Madame Bathurst had first known me till the last twenty-four hours, not a symptom of pride had ever been discovered in me. As the *protégée* and adopted daughter of Madame d'Albret, with brilliant prospects, I was all humility—now a dependent, with a salary of 100*l.* per annum, Valerie was as proud as Lucifer himself. Madame Bathurst perceived this, and I must do her the justice to say, that she was very guarded in her conduct towards me. She felt sympathy for me, and treated me with

more kindness, and, I may say, with more respect than she did when I was her visiter and her equal.

The next day I informed Caroline of the change in my prospects, and of my having accepted the office of governess—that was to say, on a six months' trial. I pointed out to her that it would now be my duty to see that she did not neglect her studies, and that I was determined to do justice to Madame Bathurst's confidence reposed in me. Caroline, who was of a very amiable and sweet disposition, replied, "That she should always look upon me as her friend and companion, and from her love for me, would do every thing I wished," and she kept her word.

The reader will agree with me, that it was impossible for any one to have been lowered down in position more gently than I was in this instance. The servants never knew that I had accepted the offer of governess, for I was invariably called Valerie by Madame Bathurst and her niece, and was treated as I was before when a visiter to the house. I bestowed much time upon Caroline, and taught myself daily, that I might be more able to teach her. I went back to the elements in every thing, that I might be more capable of instructing, and Caroline made rapid progress in music, and promised to have, in a few years, a very fine voice. We went to town for the season, but I avoided company as much as possible—so much so, that Madame Bathurst complained of it.

"Valerie, you do wrong not to make your appearance. You retire in such a way that people naturally put questions to me, and ask if you are the governess, or what you are."

"I wish them to do so, my dear madame, and I want you to reply frankly. I am the governess, and do not like any thing like concealment."

"But I cannot admit that you are what may be called a governess, Valerie. You are a young friend staying with me, who instructs my niece."

"That is what a governess ought to be," replied I, "a young friend who instructs your children."

"I grant it," replied Madame Bathurst; "but I fear if you were to take the situation in another family, you would find that a governess is not generally so considered or so treated. I do not know any class of people who are more to be pitied than these young people who enter families as governesses; not considered good enough for the drawing-room, they are too good for the kitchen; they are treated with *hauteur* by the master and mistress, and only admitted, or suffered for a time to be in their company; by the servants they are considered as not having claim to those attentions and civilities, for which they are paid and fed; because receiving salaries or 'wages like themselves,' as they assert, they are not entitled in their opinion to be attended upon. Thus are they, in most houses, neglected by all parties. Unhappy themselves,* they cause ill will and dissension, and more servants are dismissed or give warning on account of the governesses than from any other cause. In the drawing-room they are a check upon conversation; in the school-room, if they do their duty, they are the cause of discontent, pouting, and tears; like the bat, they are neither bird nor beast, and they flit about the house like ill omens; they lose the light-heartedness and spring of youth; become sour from continual vexation and annoyance, and their lives are miserable, tedious, and full of repining. I tell you this candidly; it is a harsh

picture, but I fear too true a one. With me I trust you will be happy, but you will run a great risk if you were to change, and go into another family."

"I have heard as much before, my dear madame," replied I; "but your considerate kindness has made me forget it. I can only say that it will be a melancholy day when I am forced to quit your roof."

Visitors announced, interrupted the conversation. I have before mentioned the talent I had for dress, and the kindness of Madame Bathurst, induced me to exert all that I possessed in her favour. Every one was pleased, and expressed admiration at the peculiar elegance of her attire, and asked who was the *modiste* she employed, and Madame Bathurst never failed to ascribe all the merit to me.

Time passed on rapidly, and the season was nearly over. Madame Bathurst had explained to her most intimate friends the alteration which had taken place in my prospects, and that I remained with her more as a companion than in any other capacity. This procured me consideration and respect, and I very often had invitations to parties; but I invariably refused; except, occasionally, accepting a seat in the box at the Opera and French plays, I was content to remain quiet.

Madame Paon had, as I requested, sent me a letter of introduction to a friend of hers, a Monsieur Gironac, who lived in Leicester-square. He was a married man, without family. He obtained his livelihood by giving lessons on the flute, on the guitar, and in teaching French during the day, and at night was engaged as second violin in the orchestra of the Opera House; so that he had many strings to his bow besides those of his fiddle. His wife, a pretty little lively woman, taught young ladies to make flowers in wax, and mended lace in the evenings. They were a very amiable and amusing couple, always at good-natured warfare with each other, and sparring all day long, from the time they met until they parted. Their battles were the most comical and amusing I ever witnessed, and generally ended in roars of laughter. They received me with the greatest kindness and consideration, treating me with great respect, until our extreme intimacy no longer required it, and our friendship increased more than it could have done from Caroline expressing a wish to learn to model flowers, and becoming the pupil of Madame Gironac. Such were the state of affairs when the London season was over, and we once more returned to the country.

The time now flew away rapidly. Madame Bathurst treated me with kindness and respect, Caroline with affection, and I was again quite happy and contented. I was earnest in my endeavours to improve Caroline, and moreover had the satisfaction to feel and hear it acknowledged that my attempts were not thrown away. I looked forward to remaining at least till Caroline's education was complete, which it could not be under two or three years, and feeling security for such a period I gave myself little thought of the future, when a circumstance occurred which put an end to all my calculations. I have stated that Caroline was the niece of Madame Bathurst; she was the daughter of a younger sister who had contracted an unfortunate marriage, having eloped with a young man who had not a shilling that he could call his own, and whose whole dependence was upon an uncle without a family. This imprudent match had, however, raised the indignation of his relative, who from that moment told him he was to expect nothing from him either before or after his death. The

consequence was that Madame Bathurst's sister and her husband were in a state of great distress, until Madame Bathurst, by exerting herself on his behalf, procured for him a situation of 300*l.* per annum in the Excise. Upon this sum and the occasional presents of Madame Bathurst they contrived to live, but having two boys and a girl to educate, Madame Bathurst took charge of the latter, who was Caroline, promising that she would either establish her in life, or leave her a sufficiency at her death. Madame Bathurst had a very large jointure, and could well afford to save up every year for Caroline, which she had done ever since she had taken charge of her at seven years old. At the time that I have been speaking of it appeared that the uncle of the father of Caroline died, and notwithstanding his threat bequeathed to his nephew the whole of his large property, by which he became even more wealthy than Madame Bathurst. The consequence was that Madame Bathurst received a letter announcing this intelligence, and winding up with a notification that Caroline was to be immediately taken back to her father's house. In the letter—which I read, for Madame Bathurst, who was in great distress, handed it to me, observing at the time, "This concerns you as well as me and Caroline"—there were not any expressions of gratitude for the great kindness which they had received from her hands; it was an unkind, unfeeling letter, and I was disgusted when I had gone through it.

"Is this all the return that you receive for what you have done for your sister and her husband?" observed I; "the more I see of this world the more I hate it."

"It is indeed most selfish and unfeeling," replied Madame Bathurst; "Caroline has been so long with me that I have long looked upon her as my own child, and now she is to be torn from me without the least consideration for my feelings. It is very cruel and very ungrateful."

Madame Bathurst, after this remark, rose and left the room. As I afterwards discovered, she replied to the letter, pointing out how long she had had charge of Caroline, and now considered her as her daughter, and requesting her parents to allow her to return to her after she had paid them a visit; pointing out how unkind and ungrateful it was of them to take her away now that their circumstances were altered, and how very painful it would be to her if they did so. To this appeal on her part she received a most insulting answer, in which she was requested to make out an account of the expenses incurred from the education and maintenance of her niece, that they might be reimbursed forthwith. On this occasion, for the first time, I saw Madame Bathurst really angry, and certainly not without good cause. She sent for Caroline, who as yet had only been informed that her father and mother had succeeded to a large inheritance, and put the letter into her hands with a copy of her own, requesting that she would read them, watching her countenance with the severest scrutiny as she complied with the injunction, as if to discover if she inherited the ingratitude of her parents. Such was not the case, for poor Caroline sunk, covered her face with her hands, and then rushing to Madame Bathurst, fell on her knees before her, and burying her face in her aunt's lap, cried as if her heart would break. After a few minutes Madame Bathurst raised up her niece, and kissed her, saying,

"I am satisfied; my dear Caroline at least is not ungrateful. Now, my child, you must do your duty and obey your parents—as we must

part, the sooner we part the better. Valerie, will you see that every thing is ready for Caroline's going away to-morrow morning?"

Saying this, Madame Bathurst disengaged herself from Caroline and quitted the room. It was a long while before I could reason the poor girl into any thing like composure. I could not help agreeing with her that the conduct of her parents was most ungracious towards Madame Bathurst, but at the same time I pointed out to her how natural it was that having but one daughter, her parents should wish for her return to their own care; that the resigning her to Madame Bathurst must have been a severe trial to them, and that it could only be from consulting her advantage that they could have consented to it, but notwithstanding all that I could urge, Caroline's indignation against her parents, of whom she knew but little, was very great, and her dislike to return home as strong. However, there was no help for it, as Madame Bathurst had decided that she was to go, and I persuaded her to come with me and prepare her clothes ready for packing up. We did not meet at dinner that day, Madame Bathurst sending an excuse that she was too much out of spirits to leave her room; Caroline and I were equally so, and we remained where we were. In the evening Madame Bathurst sent for me; I found her in bed and looking very ill.

"Valerie," said she, "I wish Caroline to start early to-morrow morning, that, as you accompany her, you may be able to return here before night. I shall not be able to see her to-morrow morning, I must, therefore, bid her farewell this night; bring her here, and the sooner it is over the better. I went for Caroline, and a bitter parting it was; I hardly know which of the three cried most, but after half an hour Madame Bathurst signed to me to take Caroline away, which I did, and afterwards put her into bed as soon as I could. Having remained with her till she had sobbed herself to sleep, I went down to the servants and gave Madame Bathurst's directions for the next morning, and then retired myself. Worn out as I was with such a day of anxiety and distress, I could not close my eyes for some time, reflecting upon what might be the issue of this breaking up of the connexion to myself. I had engaged as governess to Caroline, and I could not well expect that Madame Bathurst would wish to retain me now that Caroline was removed from her care; neither, indeed, would my pride permit me to accept such an offer if made, as I should become a mere dependent on her bounty, with no services to offer in return. That I must leave Madame Bathurst was certain, and that I must look out for some other situation. I took it for granted that Madame Bathurst would not permit me to leave immediately, but allow me a short time to look out for a suitable situation, but whether I should decide upon taking the situation of a governess after what Madame Bathurst had told me, or what situation I should seek was the cause of much thought and indecision. At last I could make no mind up, and decided that I would trust to Providence, and having so far come to a conclusion, I fell asleep.

After an early breakfast, I set off in the carriage with Caroline in charge, and before noon, we arrived at her father's house. The servants dressed in very gaudy liveries, ushered us into the library, where we found her father and mother waiting to receive her. A first glance satisfied me that they were swelled with pride at the change in their fortunes. Caroline was not received with great cordiality, there was a stiffness on the

part of her parents which would have checked any feelings of affection on her part, had she been inclined to show them, which I was sorry to perceive she did not; indeed, her feelings appeared rather those of resentment for the conduct they had shown to her aunt. After the salutation of meeting, Caroline sat down on a sofa, opposite to her father and mother. I remained standing, and when the pause took place I said,

"I was deputed by Madame Bathurst to convey your daughter safe to you, and as soon as the horses are baited I am to return home."

"Who may this person be, Caroline?" demanded her mother.

"I must apologise to Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf for not having introduced her," replied Caroline, blushing with annoyance. "She is a very dear friend of mine and my aunt's."

"Latterly I have been the governess of your daughter, madame," said I.

"Oh!" said the lady. "Will somebody ring the bell?"

I presumed by this somebody it was intended to convey to me that I was to perform that office; but as they had not had the common civility to ask me to take a chair I took no notice.

"Will you ring the bell, my dear," said the lady to her husband.

The gentleman complied; and when the servant entered the lady said, "Show the governess into the small breakfast-room, and tell the coachman to put up his horses and bait them. He must be round again in an hour."

The man stood with the door in his hand waiting for me to follow him. Not a little indignant, I turned to Caroline, and said to her, "I had better wish you good bye now!"

"Yes, indeed, Valerie, you had," replied Caroline rising from the sofa, "for I am ashamed to look you in the face, after such treatment as you have received. Will you," continued she, with great spirit, "accept my apology for the behaviour of my parents towards one who is of a much higher family, and much higher breeding than they can boast of."

"Hush! Caroline," said I; "recollect—"

"I do recollect, and shall continue to recollect, the insults to my dear aunt in the first place and now the insult to you, my dear Valerie," retorted Caroline, who then put her arms round my neck and kissed me several times; having so done she darted from me, threw herself on the sofa and burst into tears, while I hastened to follow the servant to escape from such an unpleasant scene.

I was shown into a small room, where I remained some little time, thinking how true were Madame Bathurst's observations as to what I might expect in the position of a governess, when a servant came in, and in a condescending manner asked if I did not wish to have some lunch. I replied in the negative.

"You can have a glass of wine if you choose," continued he.

"You may leave the room," I replied, calmly, "I wish for nothing."

The man went out, slamming the door, and I was again alone. I reflected upon the scene I had just been witness to, and I own that I was surprised at Caroline's conduct, who had always appeared so mild and amiable; but the fact appeared to me to be, that when parents give up their children to the care of another, they surrender at the same time all those feelings which should exist between parent and child to the party who undertakes the charge of them. The respect and love which by

nature belonged to them were now transferred to her aunt, to whom Caroline was always obedient and attached. The insult to me was resented by Caroline as if it had been offered by perfect strangers to her; Caroline not feeling herself at all checked by filial duty. There appeared to be little prospect of any addition to the happiness of either of the parties by the return of Caroline to her father's house, and how it would end I could not surmise.

At last my reverie was interrupted by the servant coming in and telling me that the carriage was at the door. I immediately followed him and set off on my return, during which I resolved that I would not leave my own expectations any longer in doubt but come immediately to an understanding with Madame Bathurst.

As it was late when I arrived, I did not see Madame Bathurst that evening, but she came down to breakfast the next morning, when I informed her of all that had occurred at her sister's, and the unceremonious manner in which I had been treated, and having done so, I then observed, that of course I did not expect to remain with her now that Caroline was gone, and begged she would give me her advice and assistance in procuring another situation.

"At all events, do not be in a hurry, Valerie," replied Madame Bathurst; "I trust you will not refuse to be my visiter until you are suited to your liking. I will not ask you to stay with me as I know you will refuse, and I do not pay unnecessary compliments. And yet, why should you not? I know you well and am attached to you. I shall feel the loss of Caroline severely. Why not remain?"

"Many thanks, my dear madame," replied I, "for your kind wishes and expressions, but you know my resolution has been made to earn my own livelihood."

"I know that; but a resolution may be altered when circumstances demand it. Madame d'Albret was no more related to you than I am, and yet you accepted her offer."

"I did, madame," replied I, bitterly, "and you know the result. I would have staked my life upon her sincerity and affection, and yet how was I cast away? With every feeling of gratitude, my dear madame, I cannot accept your offer, for I never will put myself in a similar position a second time."

"You do not pay me a very great compliment by that remark, Valerie," said Madame Bathurst, somewhat harshly.

"Indeed, my dear madame, I should be sorry if any thing I have said should annoy one who has been so kind and considerate to me as you have been; but I know that I should be miserable and unhappy if not independent, and I never can risk a second shock, like that I received from the conduct of Madame d'Albret. I intreat as a favour that you will not continue the subject."

"Well, Valerie, I will not; perhaps had I been treated as you have been, I might feel the same. What then do you propose to seek? Is it the situation of a governess?"

"Any thing in preference, my dear madame; I was sufficiently humiliated yesterday. I should prefer that of a lady's maid, although I hope not to descend quite so low."

"There are so few situations for a person educated as you have been. There is a companion for a lady, which I believe is any thing but pleasant.

There is that of amanuensis, but it is seldom required. You might certainly go out and give lessons in music and singing and in the French language; but there are so many French masters and mistresses, and for music and singing a master is always preferred, why, I do not exactly know. However, I think something may be done when we go to town, but till then all that we can do is to talk the matter over. Perhaps something may turn up when we least expect it. I will, however, now that I know your decision, make every inquiry, and give you all the assistance in my power."

I expressed my thanks and gratitude and the conversation ended.

I did not, however, trust altogether to Madame Bathurst. I wrote a letter to my acquaintance, Madame Gironac, in Leicester-square, stating what had occurred, and what my ideas and intentions were, requesting her to give me her advice and opinion as to the best plan I could follow. In a few days I received from her the following reply, which I insert as characteristic of the party.

"MY DEAR MADemoisELLE,

"Your letter gave great pain to me; and as for my husband, he was quite furious, and declared that he would not live a minute longer in such an abominable world. However, to oblige me, he has not yet made away with himself. It really is dreadful to see a young lady like you in such an awkward position from the weakness and follies of others; but we must submit to what the *bon Dieu* disposes, and when things come to the worst, hope that a change will take place, as any change must then be for the better. I have consulted my husband about what you propose, but he negatives every thing. He says you are too good for a governess; would be thrown away as a companion to a lady; that you must not be seen in a cab, going about giving lessons—in fact, he will listen to nothing except that you must come and live with us. I can only say, my dear mademoiselle, that I join in the latter request, and that it would make me perfectly happy, and that the honour and pleasure of your company would be more than a compensation. Still, it is but a poor home to offer to you, but at all events one that you might condescend to take advantage of rather than remain to be mortified by those who think, as they do in this country, that money is every thing. Do, pray, then come to us, if you feel inclined, and then we can talk over things quietly, and wait upon Providence. My husband has now hardly time to eat his dinner, he has so many pupils of one kind and the other; and I am happy to say that I have also most of my time occupied; and if it pleases God to continue us in good health we hope to be able to put by a little money for a rainy day, as they say in this country, where it is always raining. Assure yourself, my dear mademoiselle, of our love, respect, consideration.

"ANNETTE GIRONAC."

We went to town earlier than usual, Madame Bathurst feeling lonely in the country after the departure of Caroline, from whom she had not received a line since her quitting her. This was of course to be ascribed to her parents, who thus returned all Madame Bathurst's kindness, as soon as they no longer required her assistance. I know not how it was, but gradually a sort of coolness had arisen between Madame Bathurst

and me. Whether it was that she was displeased at my refusing her offer to remain with her, or thought proper to wean herself from one who was so soon to quit her, I know not. I did nothing to give offence: I was more quiet and subdued, perhaps, than before, because I had become more reflective; but I could not accuse myself of any fault or error, that I was aware of. We had been about a week in London, when an old acquaintance of Madame Bathurst's, who had just returned from Italy, where she had resided for two years, called upon her. Her name was Lady R——: she was the widow of a baronet, not in very opulent circumstances, although with a sufficiency to hire, if not keep, a carriage. She was, moreover, an author, having written two or three novels, not very good I was told, but still, emanating from the pen of a lady, they were well paid for by certain puffing booksellers. She was very eccentric, and rather amusing. When a woman says every thing that comes into her head, out of a great deal of chaff there will drop some few grains of wheat; and so sometimes, more by accident than otherwise, she said what is called a good thing. Now, a good thing is repeated, while all the nonsense is forgotten; and Lady R—— was considered a wit as well as an author. She was a tall woman; I should think very near, if not past, fifty years of age; with the remains of beauty in her countenance: apparently, she was strong and healthy, as she walked with a spring, and was lively and quick in all her motions.

"Cara mia," exclaimed she, as she was announced, running up to Madame Bathurst, "and how have you been all this while—my biennial absence in the land of poetry—in which I have laid up such stores of beauteous images and ideas in my mind, that I shall make them last me during my life. Have you read my last? It's surprising, every one says, and proves the effect of climate upon composition—quite new—an Italian story of thrilling interest. And you have something new here, I perceive," continued she, turning to me, "not only new, but beautiful—introduce me; I am an enthusiast in the sublime and beautiful. Is she any relation? No relation!—Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf!—what a pretty name for a novel. I should like to borrow it, and paint the original from nature. Will you sit for your likeness?"

That Lady R—— allowed no one to talk but herself was evident. Madame Bathurst, who knew her well, allowed her to run on; and I, not much valuing the dose of flattery so unceremoniously bestowed upon me, took an opportunity, when Lady R—— turned round to whisper something to Madame Bathurst, to make my escape from the room. The following morning, Madame Bathurst said to me,

"Valerie, Lady R—— was very much pleased with your appearance when she made her visit yesterday; and as she told me, after you had left the room, that she wanted just such a person as yourself as a companion and amanuensis, I thought it right to say that you were looking out for something of the kind, and that you were remaining under my protection until you could procure it. We had more conversation on the subject, and she said before she left, that she would write to me on the subject. Her note has just been put into my hands; you can read it. She offers you a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, all your expenses paid, except your dress. As far as salary goes, I think her terms liberal. And now, as to Lady R——. My opinion of her is in few words. You saw her yesterday, and I never knew her otherwise; never more or less

rational. She is an oddity; but she is good-natured; and, I am told, more liberal and charitable than many others who can afford it better. Now you know all I can tell you about her, and you must decide for yourself. Here is her note; you need not give me an answer till to-morrow morning."

I made one or two observations, and then left the room. The note was very kind, certainly, but it was as flighty as her manners. I hastened to my own bedchamber, and sat down to reflect. I felt that I was not exactly comfortable with Madame Bathurst, and certainly was anxious to be independent; but still, I could not exactly make up my mind to accept the offer of Lady R——. She was so different from those I had been accustomed to live with. I was still deliberating, when Mrs. Bathurst's maid came into my room, telling me it was time to change my dress for dinner. As she was assisting me, she said,

"And so, Miss Chatenœuf, you are about to quit us, I find. I am so sorry—first, Miss Caroline—now, you. I hoped you would stay with us, and I should soon have become an expert milliner under your directions."

"Who told you, Mason, that I was going to leave you?"

"Mrs. Bathurst told me so, not a quarter of an hour ago," replied the woman.

"Well," replied I, "she told you truly, Mason; such is the case;" for this information of Mason's decided me upon accepting the offer of Lady R——; for Madame Bathurst, it appeared to me, had certainly decided it for me, by making such a premature communication to her servant.

The reader may suppose that when I made this discovery, I felt little pain at the idea of parting with Madame Bathurst; and the following morning I coolly announced my intention of accepting the offer of Lady R. Madame Bathurst looked at me very hard, as if surprised at not hearing from me any regrets at leaving her, and expressions of gratitude for all favours; but I could not express what I really did not feel at the time. Afterwards I thought that I had been wrong, as, to a certain degree, I was under obligations to her; not that I think, had she been ever so inclined to get rid of me, she could have well turned me out of the house, although I had been foisted upon her in such a way by Madame d'Albret. Still I was under obligations to her, and should have expressed myself so, if it had not been for the communication made to me by the maid, which proved that her expressions to me were not sincere.

"Well, then," replied Madame Bathurst at last, "I will write to Lady R—— immediately. I presume I may say that you are at her commands as soon as she can receive you."

"Yes, madame, at an hour's notice," replied I.

"You really appear as if you were anxious to quit me, mademoiselle," said Madame Bathurst, biting her lip.

"I certainly am," replied I; "you informed Mason that I was to go, previous to having my decision, and therefore I gladly withdraw myself from the company of those who have made up their minds to get rid of me."

"I certainly did tell Mason that there was a prospect of your quitting me," replied Madame Bathurst, colouring up; "but—however, it's no use entering into an investigation of what I really said, or catechising my maid; one thing is clear, we have been mutually disappointed with each other, and therefore it perhaps is better that we should part. I believe

that I am in your debt, Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf. Have you reckoned how long you have been with me?"

"I have reckoned the time that I instructed Caroline."

"Miss Caroline, if you please, Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf."

"Well, then, madame, Miss Caroline, since you wish it; it is five months and two weeks," replied I, rising from my chair.

"You may sit down, mademoiselle, while I make the calculation," said Madame Bathurst.

"It is too great an honour for a Chatenceuf to sit in your presence," replied I, quietly. I remaining on my feet.

Madame Bathurst made no reply, but calculating the sum of money due to me on a sheet of note paper handed it to me and begged me to see if it was correct.

"I have no doubt of it, madame," replied I, looking at it and then laying it down on the desk before her.

Madame Bathurst put the sum in bank notes and sovereigns down before me, and said, "Do me the favour to count it and see if it is correct;" and then rising, said, "your wishes will be complied with by my servants as usual, mademoiselle, as long as you remain under my roof. I wish you farewell."

The last words were accompanied with a low courtesy, and she then quitted the room.

I replied with a salute as formally as her own, and mortified at the treatment I had received, I sat down, and a few tears escaped, but my pride came to my assistance, and I soon recovered myself.

This scene was, however, another proof to me of what I must in future expect; and it had the effect of hardening me and blunting my feelings. "Miss Caroline!" said I to myself, "when the *protégée* of Madame d'Albret, and the visiter of Madame Bathurst, it was Caroline and dear Valerie. She might have allowed me to quit her without pointing out to me in so marked a manner how our relative positions have been changed. However, I thank you, Madame Bathurst; what obligations I may have been under to you are now cancelled, and I need not regret the weight of them as I might have done. Ah! Madame d'Albret, you took me from my home that I might not be buffeted by my mother, and now you have abandoned me to be buffeted by the whole world; well, be it so, I will fight my way, nevertheless;" and as I left the room to pack up my trunks, I felt my courage rise from this very attempt on the part of Madame Bathurst to humiliate me.

The letter of Madame Bathurst to Lady R——, brought the latter to the house that afternoon. I was up in my room when I was informed by the servants that she waited below to see me. When I entered she was alone, Madame Bathurst having gone out in her carriage, and as soon as she saw me, she rushed into my arms almost, taking me by both hands and saying how happy she was that she had acquired such a treasure as a friend and companion; wished to know whether I could not come with her immediately, as her carriage was at the door, and went on for nearly ten minutes without a check, asking fifty questions, and not permitting me to answer one. At last I was able to reply to the most important, which was, that I would be happy to come to her on the following morning, if she would send for me. She insisted that I should come to breakfast, and I acceded to her request, as Madame Bathurst, who was not an early riser,

would not be down at the hour mentioned, and I wished to leave the house without seeing her again, after our formal adieux. Having arranged this, she appeared to be in a great hurry to be off, and skipped out of the room before I could ring the bell to order the carriage.

I completed my preparations for departure, and had some dinner brought into my own room, sending down an excuse for not joining Madame Bathurst, stating that I had a bad headache, which was true enough. "The next morning, long before Madame Bathurst was up, I was driven to Baker street, Portman-square, where Lady R— resided. I found her ladyship in her *robe de chambre*.

"Well," said she, "this is delightful. My wishes are crowned at last. I have passed a night of uncertainty, rolling about between hopes and fears, as people always do when they have so much at stake. Let me show you your room."

I found a very well-furnished apartment prepared for me, looking out upon the street.

"See, you have a front view," she said, "not extensive, but still you can rise early and moralise. You can see London wake up. First, the drowsy policeman; the tired cabman and more tired horse after a night of motion, seeking the stable and repose; the housemaid, half awake, dragging on her clothes; the kitchen-wench washing from the steps the dirt of yesterday; the milkmaid's falsetto and the dustman's bass; the baker's boys, the early post delivery, and thus from units to tens, and from tens to tens of thousands, and London stirs again. There is poetry in that, and now let us down to breakfast. I always breakfast in my *robe de chambre*; you must do the same, that is if you like the fashion. Where's the page?"

Lady R— rang the bell of the sitting-room, which she called a boudoir, and a lad of fourteen, in a blue blouse and leather belt made his appearance.

"Lionel, breakfast, in a moment. Vanish before the leviathan can swim a league—bring up hot rolls and butter."

"Yes, my lady," replied the lad, pertly, "I'll be up again before the chap can swim a hundred yards," and he shot out of the room in a second.

"There's virtue in that boy, he has wit enough for a prime minister or a clown at Astley's. I picked him up by a mere chance; he is one of my models."

What her ladyship meant by models I could not imagine, but I soon found out; the return of the lad with breakfast put an end to her talking for the time being. When we had finished, the page was again summoned.

"Now then, Lionel, do your spiriting gently."

"I know," said the boy, "I'm not to smash the cups and saucers as I did yesterday."

The lad collected the breakfast things on a tray with great rapidity, and disappeared with such a sudden turn round, that I fully anticipated he would add to yesterday's damage before he was down the stairs.

As soon as he was gone, Lady R— coming up to me, said,

"And now let me have a good look at you, and then I shall be content for some time. Yes, I was not mistaken, you are a perfect model, and must be my future heroine. Yours is just the beauty that I required. There, that will do, now sit down and let us converse. I often have

wanted a companion. As for an amanuensis that is only a nominal task, I write as fast as most people, and I cannot follow my ideas, let me scribble for life, as I may say ; and as for my writing being illegible, that's the compositor's concern not mine, it's his business to make it out, and therefore I never have mine copied. But I wanted a beautiful companion and friend—I wouldn't have an ugly one for the world, she would do me as much harm as you will do me service."

"I am sure I hardly know how I am to do you service, Lady R—, if I do not write for you."

"I dare say not, but when I tell you that I am more than repaid by looking at you when I feel inclined, you will acknowledge that you do me service ; but we will not enter into metaphysics or psychological questions just now, it shall all be explained by-and-by. And now the first service I ask of you is at once to leap over the dull fortnight of gradual approaching, which at last ends in intimacy. I have ever held it to be a proof of the suspiciousness of our natures and unworthy. You must allow me to call you Valerie at once, and I must intreat of you to call me Sempronia. Your name is delightful, fit for a first-class heroine. My real baptismal name is one that I have abjured, and if my godfathers and godmothers did give it to me, I throw it back to them with contempt. What do you think it was ?—Barbara. Barbara, indeed. 'My mother had a *maid* called Barbara,' Shakspeare says, and such a name should be associated with brooms and yellow soap.* Call me Sempronia from this time forward, and you will confer a favour on me. And now I must write a little, so take a book and a seat on the sofa, for, at the opening of this chapter my heroine is exactly in that position, 'in maiden meditation, fancy free.'"

CHARLES XII. AND PETER THE GREAT.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

(TRANSLATED FROM BULGARIN'S "VOSPOMINANIYA," BY W. H. LEEDS.

To Thaddeus Bulgarin, Russian literature is under considerable obligations, for he was almost the very first who introduced into it both the modern novel and historical romance, and his "*Vospominaniya*," or "*Reminiscences*" promise to be by far the most interesting of all the very numerous productions which have issued from his fertile pen—we say "*promise*," because they are published in portions and not yet completed ; but as far as they at present extend they are singularly attractive, and if kept up at all in the same spirit, must rather increase than fall off in interest, and ultimately form an important contribution to that delightful species of biography, in which the historian and his hero are the same individual. We are not going here to discuss the objections to which autobiography lies open : be they ever so well-founded, certain it is that biography of that kind—of course, provided it be good of its kind, and written with truthfulness and ingenuousness—forms a most delightful and fascinating species of reading. And these self-memoirs of Bulgarin's are likely, we conceive, to rank with those of Alfieri and Marmontel rather than Goldoni's, which last appear to us to have been overrated.

Besides being full of incident and anecdote,—in some parts even highly dramatic, Bulgarin's "Reminiscences" possess the charm of peculiar novelty, inasmuch as they present us with pictures of life and manners, and of society, opinions, and literature in Poland and Russia, countries that are still very little known to us in detail, or in regard to every-day minutiae.

We were before not a little prepossessed in Bulgarin's favour, having formed our acquaintance with him as a writer almost with our very first study of the Russian language itself, when it was our good fortune to meet with a collective edition of miscellaneous pieces by him that had appeared in various literary journals, and which consist of essays, narratives, sketches of manners, and satirical and humorous papers. We have also read some of his novels, among which we give the preference to his historical romance "Dimitrii Samozvanetz," or the "Pretender Demetrius."

As we do not profess now to enter into any notice of his "Reminiscences," speaking of them only as the source from which we have taken—and that not so much as a specimen of them, as a detached *tableau*—the following delineations from the life of Charles XII. of Sweden, and his rival Peter of Russia;—we shall give only a very slight outline of Bulgarin's chequered life. He was born in Lithuanian Poland—Russia being only his adoptive country—in 1789, of a noble and very wealthy family, afterwards greatly reduced, in consequence of their taking a share in the political struggles of Kosciuszko, and partly, we suspect, from the prodigal mode of living in which Bulgarin's father indulged. When between nine and ten years old, Thaddeus entered the College of Military Cadets, at St. Petersburg, where he very soon became Russianised; and on quitting that seminary in 1805, he was admitted by the Grand-Duke Constantine into his Ulan regiment, when he saw some active service in the campaigns of the Prussians against the French. On the peace of Tilsit he returned to St. Petersburg, till hostilities broke out between Russia and Sweden, when he joined the expedition sent to Finland against the Swedes. Shortly after his second return to St. Petersburg, he quitted the Russian service and the country itself, repaired to France, enlisted under Napoleon, and joined the French army in Spain in 1810; of which portion of his military career (not yet reached in his "Reminiscences") he published an interesting narrative in 1823. He next served in the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814, when he was taken prisoner by the Prussians but was released. After Napoleon's fall, he fixed himself for a while at Warsaw, where he made some literary attempts in his native language. Fortunately, however, he was obliged to repair to St. Petersburg in order to settle some family business and legal matters, and the renewal of former friendships and connexions induced him to remain there.

From that period dates his literary career, which has certainly been an industrious one, and he may claim the merit of having contributed to create a reading public—that is, readers of Russian books—and to supply the increased demand for works of popular character, and of recreation and amusement in that language. He has, at several times, taken an active part in various literary journals, in which most of the miscellaneous pieces above-mentioned first made their appearance. This much will suffice by way of prefatory note to apprise our readers of the writer and the work from which we offer a *morceau* to them. We leave the sample we have taken to speak for itself; and if our readers should but

relish it as well or any thing like as well in the translation, as we ourselves did in the original, it may create in them an appetite for more.

On our route to Minsk we turned off to Rusinowicz, in order to pay a visit to Madame Onukowska, the sister of my father's grandfather. This old lady was not only a very singular person, and what is called "quite a character," but actually a prodigy, a living archive of Polish affairs, public and private, for full a century. Born in 1697, she was at this time exactly one hundred years of age; and I may as well observe here, at once, that she lived on till 1812, when she died in her *hundred-and-fifteenth year*, and then not so much of extreme old age as of sudden fright, occasioned by a party of Cossacks entering the court-yard of her château, in the middle of the night, in a very turbulent manner. Unusually tall in person for a woman, she appeared all the more so owing to her always carrying herself remarkably upright. She managed all her domestic and business affairs herself, wrote all her letters with her own hand, and what is not least of all remarkable, never made use of spectacles. And such was the strength of her constitution, that she had never had any illness or indisposition in the course of her life—at least not such as to be confined to her room by it. Possessing a handsome fortune, and being the widow of a "President" (criminal judge), of Grodsk, Madame Onukowska moved in the higher circles—not, however, that she moved about much herself, for in the course of the last forty years she had been only twice, and that on very urgent business, out of the village where she resided—but she was in the habit of receiving a great deal of company and having guests at home, whom she always entertained very hospitably and pleasantly, though every thing in her establishment was upon a very old-fashioned footing, which last circumstance served rather to attract visitors than the contrary, many being curious to witness a style of living that had become merely traditional, but which was here kept up most scrupulously. The same *archaism* which prevailed throughout the mansion presided over the toilette of its mistress, whose dress had never innovated upon the fashion that prevailed in Poland at the commencement of the eighteenth century, she being invariably attired in a long white caftan or robe either of linen or calico, with flounces to the knees and close sleeves, and with a corsage or stomacher crossed with black ribbons and bows. These last and others of the same colour on her high-crowned cap were the ensigns—and the only ones—of widowhood in her attire, for though her shoes, in which she wore buckles, were also black, they had red heels. She always carried a tall walking-stick with a gold head, representing a figure of the Holy Virgin, which she would kiss—crossing herself at the same time—whenever she met a stranger, or saw any thing to surprise or alarm her.

She had never had but one child, a son, and he, though then no youngster, was literally a spoilt child, if not exactly according to the usual meaning of the term, for she petted him in the most extravagant manner, and her always calling him *moy krol* (my king), obtained for him the *sobriquet* of Krol through the whole province, no very enviable distinction, perhaps, yet if there is any thing in being "as happy as a king," Krol was certainly as happy or happier than the then King Stanislaus Augustus. Even royalty has its penalties as well as its prerogatives, and poor Krol paid somewhat dearly, upon the whole, for his title; for, although in

other respects a woman of sense, his mother showed herself extraordinarily foolish and weak in regard to him, treating him all his life long as a mere child—her “darling boy.” The consequence was that he always remained in a state of boyhood and pupillage, notwithstanding that he was naturally intelligent, besides possessing an amiability of disposition that endeared him to those who were upon a footing of intimacy with the family. Through his mother’s absurd fondness, his education had been so totally neglected that he could hardly read and write, she being apprehensive lest any sort of study should injure his health. Even in music he had been his own instructor, learning to play upon the pianoforte entirely by ear, and with such success as to be capable of playing with considerable feeling and expression upon that instrument. Whether it was in his quality of king or not, Krol had a sort of retinue of his own—a set of special attendants, whose duty it was to be always at his command—to wait upon and amuse him. Particular dishes and dainties were also regularly prepared expressly for him every day, and always kept in readiness in order that he might partake of them at whatever hour of the day he might have a fancy for any of them. By way of set-off, perhaps, against this luxurious pampering, he had to submit to a system of physicking which, though she had no taste whatever that way herself, she considered absolutely necessary for the health of her darling Krol; and such was her excessive anxiety for his health, that she would scarcely let him breathe the open air, keeping him almost always within doors lest he should catch cold—so that she made him a “king” only to make him a state-prisoner also. Astonishing! that a woman who was not deficient in sense in all other respects—quite the contrary—should act so preposterously in regard to her son as not only to injure him both physically and intellectually, but also render both him and herself—as far as he was concerned—ridiculous. On one occasion, however, Krol showed that he lacked neither readiness of reply, nor presence of mind. Happening to be on a visit to Prince Karl Radziwil, in the neighbourhood, the king, Stanislaus Augustus, heard so much about this pseudo-king Krol, that he felt a great curiosity to see him, and proposed, by way of amusement, that an interview should be arranged between him and his “brother monarch.” On the royal wish being formally intimated to Madame Onukowska, she sent her son, with a relation of hers to take care of him—it being the very first time she had ever suffered him to go from home, or, I may say, out of her sight,—and dressed and equipped him out so magnificently, that he might have been taken for a real prince. Stanislaus, who easily saw that there was nothing ridiculous in the poor fellow himself, and that he was to be pitied as the victim of his mother’s absurdity, received him very affably, saying,

“I may welcome you, sir, I suppose, as my *equal*.”

“Not so, your majesty,” replied Onukowska, “we are not equals now. Equals we once *were*, when you were a private noble and a subject, and death will render us equals again; but in the meanwhile, you reign over Poland, and I, sire, reign only in my mother’s heart.”

Such a happy answer, at once so noble and so graceful, excited, as well it might, the astonishment and admiration of all present, and proves what Krol might have been, had his natural abilities been cultivated instead of being stifled and crushed under the load of maternal fondness and folly!

Madame Onukowska herself was gifted with a most extraordinary

memory, and was able, even when a centenarian, to recollect vividly and distinctly not only important but even trivial events, and that in all their details. She was between eleven and twelve years of age when Charles XII. of Sweden, on his march from Smorgovie to Borisow, took up his quarters for some days at her father's house, and I had from her many curious particulars respecting that celebrated man, which she related as if she had but just before seen him, and which I here give as I heard them from her, though I do not pretend to repeat her exact words.

"As soon as my parents," said Madame Onukowska, "learnt for certain that the Swedish army was advancing towards Russia, they determined upon packing up and sending away all their valuables and leaving their home, as their residence lay on the high-road to Borisow, and they knew that if they remained they should be pillaged and plundered by the Swedes, who called themselves our protectors and friends, but against whom it was necessary for us to protect ourselves. Both then and since, Poland has suffered no little from such friends and such friendship! All our most valuable moveables were already packed up and put into waggons, and we were only waiting to be apprised of the approach of the Swedes, and then take our departure for a place of refuge, leaving the house and other property to the mercy of our unwelcome visitors, when an express arrived to inform us that Charles XII. intended to take up his quarters under our roof.

"If so," said my father, 'there is no occasion for us to go and look out for quarters ourselves elsewhere, since the king will not plunder us; on the contrary, his presence will be our defence.'

"Accordingly the labour of packing up was changed into the more agreeable bustle of unpacking again, and making all suitable preparation that time would permit for the reception of so illustrious a visiter. The velvet and damask hangings were put up, and the furniture replaced in the best rooms, which were got into decent trim; our provision-stores were replenished, and we awaited the arrival of our self-invited guests very *anxiously*, if not very eagerly. At length we were informed that they were nearly at hand, and towards evening a party of twenty-four horsemen made their appearance, commanded by an officer, who, having stationed two of them as sentinels at the gate, ordered a large yellow flag with the arms of Sweden to be hoisted on the top of it, as a signal of the royal lodging-place. Though rooms had been got ready in a wing of the house for the soldiers and officer, they did not choose to take possession of them, preferring to remain in the open air all night around a fire in the court-yard, where their horses stood with their saddles on, notwithstanding that it was the middle of March, and the nights were still exceedingly cold, that winter being a long and severe one. All night long we could hear signals made from time to time, and a great deal of galloping about, both near the house and on the high-road; and there was so much noise besides that none of us could get any sleep. Soon after daybreak the Swedish army marched by, and the drums beat a salute in honour of the royal standard. Two regiments of infantry and several squadrons of cavalry encamped themselves behind our barn, which their officers took possession of as their own quarters. My mother, myself, and my two sisters got up and dressed ourselves, not in morning costume but in our grandest trim, and my father put on his state wig and suit; after which we all stationed ourselves at the windows, watching for the approach of the king in order that we might be ready to receive him at

the steps of the door on his arrival. About noon, two officers, attended by only a single soldier, rode up.

"Is it possible," said my father, "that these can be any of the king's aides-de-camp, for their dress does not denote any great quality?"

"The officers alighted, entered the house, and having passed through the ante-chamber, were met in the next room by our *marszalek* (major-domo), while we were still all standing in the dining-room keeping watch there at the windows, which looked into the court-yard. Informed by the *marszalek* that the officers inquired for the master of the house, he went to them, and we followed having stationed a servant at the window to apprise us as soon as the king should appear.

"Addressing my father in German, the younger of the two officers politely inquired,

"Are you the master of this house?"

"At your service," replied my father.

"Then as the king is quartered here, have the kindness to show me which are his rooms."

"All the rooms—my whole house is at his majesty's service."

"One room will content him; only he will require two or three more for his secretary and a couple of adjutants."

"Then make choice yourself of whatever apartments you please. But, allow me to ask, when his majesty is likely to be here, for we must be at the door to receive him when he comes."

"You have received him already," said the stranger, with a smile, "and much more agreeably both for yourselves and for him, than it would have been to have done so with ceremony. I am the king."

"We all felt thunderstruck! and my father was so confounded, that he could not utter a word of apology for his mistake, but could only keep bowing, as he ushered the king into our best reception-rooms."

"I fancy I can still see before me that renowned and terrible Charles of Sweden, about whom so many books have been written. For three whole days, I may say, did I look my fill of him; and believe me, though his name carried terror with it everywhere, he himself appeared mild as a lamb, and meek as a nun. In person he was rather tall, thin, and of sunburnt complexion, with a face that looked very small in proportion to the rest of the body, and even to the head itself. He certainly was far from handsome, although he might be called tolerably good-looking, notwithstanding that he was pitted with the small-pox. His eyes were remarkably piercing, shining like diamonds. At that time it was the fashion for all who wore the German or European costume, to cover their heads with enormous perukes, a mode that appeared equally inconvenient and ridiculous to us Poles; but Charles wore his own hair, which was of a chestnut colour, cut short, turned back from the forehead, tied up behind in a small queue, and slightly powdered. He was young-looking (at that time in his twenty-sixth year), and attired in his invariable costume, a blue military coat, with yellow facings and a red collar, yellow chamois-leather breeches, and enormous boots with very long spurs. His long leather gloves, reaching almost up to his elbows, were in size a match for his boots, and the one and the other caused the respective limbs to look as if they had once belonged to some Goliath; 'an idea,' observed the old lady, 'that hugely diverted us girls.' His hat, on the contrary, was remarkably small, and was merely cocked up, without any trimming or lace upon it, nor, indeed, was any thing of the

kind on any part of his dress. Our father would afterwards often remind us of Charles's simplicity in dress, observing that he needed no distinction of that kind, he being himself a really great man—one whose greatness was like that of our Jan Sobieski and Stephen Batori. In fact, my father, who was not at all well disposed towards the Germans, felt greatly prepossessed in favour of Charles XII., on account of his having driven Augustus II. from Poland, and placed Stanislaus Leszczyński upon the throne.

"Within an hour after the king, came his secretary or minister, Count Piper, with two adjutants. and an interpreter, by whose assistance my mother inquired of Charles's valet, what were his majesty's favourite dishes.

" 'Any kind of roast meat,' was the reply, 'pork and game: among vegetables, spinach is that which he most prefers; and for spices, pepper and rue. Garden fruit, at present, there is none; but if you have any lemons, let them be on the table by all means, as the king is exceedingly fond of them.'

" 'And what sort of wine does he prefer?' inquired my mother.

" 'None at all: he never touches a drop; but drinks only water.'

"The next point to be ascertained was, for how many persons the king's table ought to be laid; upon which the valet went and inquired of the king himself, and returned with the answer that his majesty would dine with the family. This intelligence delighted us all; the only drawback upon our satisfaction being, that my two brothers, who were then at school at Wilna, could not participate in the honour of dining with royalty. For my part, I kept my eyes upon the king almost during the whole time of dinner. He ate, I observed, with an exceedingly good appetite, and seemed to relish very much a boar's head in jelly. He seemed to have a great liking for fat, and ate a great deal of bread with every thing he partook of. During dinner, he made many inquiries of my father as to the country and its condition; and assured him that the war would speedily be terminated, and that he should enable Stanislaus Leszczyński to repair all the misfortunes which Poland had suffered.

"There were at table three generals, who had come before dinner to speak to the king, and whom my father invited to remain. These, and the other Swedes, did not show themselves to be any great courtiers; for, instead of affecting to follow the temperate example of their royal master, they drank very freely of wine, without suffering his presence to be any check upon them. Charles himself, however, touched none, but drank only water, chewing bread all the while. He took very little notice of any one; nor did he address a single word to any of us females, except once, when he complimented my mother on her skill in keeping fruit, on understanding that some apples at the dessert had come from our own garden.

"The next day, my mother learned from the valet, that the king had been exceedingly well satisfied with every thing; but requested that there might be only four dishes at table, and that dinner should last only *a quarter of an hour*. For supper, the king took only a glass of new milk, into which he put *salt*!—and that strange mixture, and a huge piece of bread, constituted his evening repast. During the whole of the mornings he was entirely occupied with papers and matters of business; and we learned that it was for the purpose of attending to these, and despatching couriers to Sweden, that the king stopped at our house,

where he intended to remain only three days. On departing, he presented my father with a gold snuff-box, with his cypher in brilliants, and further, ordered all that had been consumed by his people and horses to be paid for. However well meant, this rather offended than pleased my father, who said to the adjutant commissioned to pay him, 'I am not an inn-keeper, sir, but a Polish noble (*szlachcic*) ; I am not an army-contractor and dealer in stores, therefore am already repaid by having had his majesty as my guest.' When we afterwards learned the event of the battle of Pultowa, we sincerely sympathised with Charles, still hoping, however, that his fortunes would mend ; but on the intelligence of his death reaching us, we all of us wept.

"I can boast, also," continued Madame Onukowska, "of having seen another very great and world-renowned man—the rival of the unfortunate Charles—the Tzar, Peter of Russia. It was in the year 1711, and in the same season of the year, namely, the middle of March. The Russian commander, Field-marshal Sheremetev, being stationed at Sluck, my father went thither, taking all of us along with him, for the purpose of soliciting promise of security and protection against his Cossacks, Bashkirs, and Calmucks, who committed dreadful pillagings in every place they passed through, just as if they were in an enemy's country. It was reported that Peter himself and his consort—then first of all styled tzaritzza, or empress—would be at Sluck. The new empress was said to be of Polish origin, the descendant of a noble Polish family which had settled in Liefland, in the time of Sigismund, and had afterwards fallen into poverty. Our Polish ladies felt, therefore, a very strong curiosity to behold her, and accordingly prevailed upon their husbands to get up a festival in honour of the royal visitors. A very spacious room, in the Radziwil porcelain manufactory, was fitted up for the occasion, and all other requisite preparations made for a grand entertainment, to which the tzar and his consort came, attended by his generals and other officers. Peter, who was almost a giant in stature, looked much younger than he really was (he was then forty years of age), had remarkably black moustaches, a keen, eagle-eyed glance, and might be considered handsome, had it not been for the large peruke he wore, which certainly did not set off his face to advantage. He was dressed in a blue uniform, and comported himself in a very free and unrestrained manner, talking in a very loud voice, and joking and laughing, in defiance of all etiquette. What struck me not a little was, that, like that of his rival, Charles of Sweden, Peter's face was remarkably small in proportion to his limbs and person. The empress was a fine-looking woman, with dark black eyes, and beautiful shoulders of the most dazzling whiteness. She wore a dress of white satin, with a bodice of crimson velvet, and a sort of scarf ; and had an abundance of jewels and pearls. Her hair was powdered, and on the top of it was a small tiara, or coronet of diamonds. She spoke Polish admirably, though she mixed with it a good many Russian words ; and could also speak German with tolerable fluency. In the course of the evening, the tzar came up to me, and began to compliment me (somewhat *à la militaire*) on my tallness, inquiring my age, and saying, that if I felt disposed for matrimony, he would find me a very proper fellow for a husband ; and beckoning to one of his grenadier officers, nearly as tall as himself, he introduced him to me. Humouring his pleasantry, I replied that, 'being tall myself, I could be content with a little husband.'—'In order, I suppose,' said

Peter, 'that you may have the *upper* hand of him. Ah! you Polish women!' And with that he left me. Both he and his consort danced several dances, and stayed to supper, when he drank wine out of a large goblet, and gave as one toast, the 'health of Augustus II., and the prosperity of Poland,' to which he declared himself a well-wisher. The Polish ladies he certainly did seem to be taken with, if I might judge from his familiarity towards them. He was greatly amused by the sally of one Polish noble, who, on the czar's health being drank, said that 'should there ever be an election for a King of Poland in his time, he should give his vote for Peter of Russia.'

"Peter himself acquired considerable popularity in Poland, which is more than can be said of his favourite, Prince Menshikov, who was accused, among other acts of extortion, of having seized upon all the jewels of Madame Oginski, the aunt of the Ogiuski who was one of Peter's staunchest adherents, and served under him in the war against Sweden. The czar, however, interfered, and Menshikov was ultimately obliged to give up his plunder.

"Peter and his consort stayed five days at Sluck, and I saw them every day, either in the street or at the house of Jan Chlevinski. On the first time of his meeting me after the ball, the czar recognised me again, and repeating his joke, said he was 'determined to make a *grenadieress* of me.' After all, however, in spite of his affability, I admired him less than I did the quiet and cogitative Charles of Sweden."

Though Peter the Great did not carry into effect his threat of making a "*grenadieress*" of my great-great-aunt, the old lady kept up a system of subordination and discipline in her establishment, that would have done honour to the army. She had always been exceedingly fond of embroidery and tambour-work, and being now past applying to it herself, she spent a great part of her time in superintending a sort of manufactory of it in her own house, where upwards of a score of orphan girls and other females were employed every day in working carpets and hangings. The walls and furniture in almost every room were covered with their labours, and some of their performances were scarcely inferior to the finest Gobelins tapestry. This hobby of the old dame's was rather an expensive one; for, as she scorned to sell any of her stock, it only enabled her to display her liberality, by making ample presents of carpets and hangings to her relations and her acquaintance, or sometimes even to strangers, as she once did to the King of Poland, sending him some of the choicest specimens of her manufacture, which were greatly admired by connoisseurs in such matters, for she spared no expense in obtaining the best designs from artists. Some of the larger pieces of hangings represented battles and hunting-subjects, in which the figures were as large as life. The rich and massive, though antiquated furniture, harmonised admirably with the prodigal array of loom-work throughout the house; and the family crest and armorial bearings were lavished as profusely on the various articles of furniture, besides being carved over doors and windows, and upon stoves and chimney-pieces. In one of the rooms, which served as a portrait-gallery, was a collection of likenesses of our ancestors from the sixteenth century. In short, the mansion itself, as well as its mistress, might fairly be called "*historical*," it being so replete with memorials and traditions, that, did Lithuania possess a Sir Walter Scott, Rusinowicz and its *chatelaine* would most assuredly figure in an historical romance.

A SUMMER IN RUSSIA.

CHAP. VI.

THE CAUCASUS—THE SWORD AND THE TONGUE.

Terra tamen in universum aut silvis horrida, aut paludibus fæda
 Memoria proditur quasdam aies inclinatæ jam, et labantes, a feminis resti-
 tutas constantiâ precum, et objectu pectorum,
 Jam verò infame in omnem vitam ac probosum superstitem
 Principi suo ex acie recessisse.

Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum.

Failure of the Russians in the Caucasus accounted for—Starvation, Imprisonment, and Epidemics—Animal Warmth of Southern Races—The Qui-hi and the Cockney—Circassian Geography and Strategy—Church Militant—Amazons—Georgian Beauties—Estimate of the Russians as Linguists—The Bar of Billingsgate—Identity of Dialects—Nubian and Northumbrian Soûées.

DURING our sojourn in the camp, we naturally endeavoured to ascertain, as far as the communicativeness of the officers would admit, the true position of affairs in the Caucasus; but here we had to deal with a three-fold difficulty; firstly—a laudable reluctance to detail to foreigners statistics not peculiarly flattering to either national or professional pride; secondly—a fear of provoking the jealous *surveillance* which extends to the discussion of even the most unimportant particulars of any branch of the public service; and, lastly—a disinclination to dwell upon the miseries of a compulsory exile; for a campaign in the Caucasus is regularly prescribed as a corrective of any political, or social outbreak, not sufficiently grave to undergo the *ultima ratio* of Siberia.

All the hot spirits who exhibit any unruliness in observing the laws, whether moral or imperial—who are disposed to rebellion, or extravagance—in fine, to tamper violently with their own constitutions, or that of their country, are submitted to the cooling process of a Circassian bivouac with the utmost practical effect; for the survivors seldom require a repetition of the treatment.

The arrival, however, of a bulletin from the seat of war, on the day previous to our departure from Krasnoï-Celo, and the determination of the emperor, at the suggestion of Count Woronzow, the commander-in-chief, to make the contents of it public, dispelled all mystery, and dissolved the ice of caution. Consequently, anecdotes of flood and field were let loose like

The frost-pent airs of old Munchausen's horn,

and we no longer wondered at the successful resistance of a handful of mountaineers to the gigantic power against which they are arrayed. It is, in fact, a war more of climate and circumstances, than of strategy.

The causes of failure on the part of the Russians are manifold. There are but few months of the year in which any military movement is practicable, and the vast majority of the troops engaged in the annual campaign commence their operations enfeebled by long confinement, and unwholesome diet. They are stationed in isolated forts, surrounded by a

country which affords no adequate subsistence, and they are consequently supplied only with such salt provisions as the disinterested humanity of a commissary is disposed to vouchsafe. The watchful enemy is always on the prowl with his unerring matchlock, and wo to the adventurous straggler, or sportsman, who separates himself from the parties, which occasionally sally out in search of forage and fuel. The climate is fearfully unhealthy : and when the sun is in his altitude, the heat of the narrow valleys is insupportable, even to men who enjoy the infernal atmosphere of a Russian bath.

The stagnant marshes reek with malaria, and the dense woods exhale poisonous miasma. Hence gastric fevers and dysentery prove the most effective auxiliaries to Schamyl. The nights are cold in the opposite extreme, and this rapid transition is fatal to the constitution of the hardy-looking mujik, who in the northern provinces braves with impunity the alternate action of raw damp and clear frost thirty degrees below Zero. It is a remarkable, but well-authenticated point in natural history, that tenacity of life, and capability of adaptation to sudden changes of temperature, are found to exist in a much higher degree in natives of the genial and enervating south ; and it would seem as though they were imbued with such an exuberance of caloric, as to enable them to draw, when necessity requires, upon their reserve of "*vigor igneus*," just as a camel resorts to his extraordinary supply of water.

In the disastrous retreat from Moscow, it is stated by Baron Larrey, the chief of Napoleon's medical staff, that the corps of the *grande armée*, which had been recruited from among the "fiery Franks" of Provence, the Lombards, and the Neapolitans, survived privations and sufferings, under which the luke-warm northern Germans and Poles sunk in thousands.

Even in England we are familiar with the fact, that the influences of climate continue to affect the human system long after it has been withdrawn from their operation. Thus, when that appanage of Leadenhall-street, which will soon extend from the Indus to Cape Comorin, restores to us annually ship loads of mummied *qui-his*, who have survived their friends, their tempers, and their livers, they maintain such a continuous inflammation from the combined action of *coups-de-soleil*, and curry, that they may be seen, during the first two or three summers after their resurrection, opposing thin white jackets, and thinner nankeen faces, to the severity of British pic-nic weather, which would pierce the inmost blubber of a fat and florid Cockney, through the triple mail of broad-cloth.

The country is rocky, mountainous, and covered with the deep jungle of pathless forests : hence it is impossible to employ heavy artillery, and the light field-pieces are not of sufficient calibre to bear effectively upon the works of the almost inaccessible strongholds which command every pass. The same difficulties, of course, impede the advance of commissariat and ordnance waggons, and of *ambulances* for the wounded ; so that the want of all three had been severely felt in the short campaign, the particulars of which were now unfolded to us at the camp. Under these circumstances we can no longer marvel at the successive defeats of the Russians. Troops, whose moral tone has been depressed by tedious imprisonment, inadequate food, and sickness, are led on by officers, one half of whom naturally consider themselves as working out their sentences,

rather than executing the duties of their profession ; while the prospect of long marches, and short commons, and of exposure to the most trying alternations of weather, without ammunition and medical necessaries, is not calculated to awaken, or sustain a spirit of chivalrous self-devotion.

The system of warfare is constructed on Guerilla principles—ambuscades beset every track ; at every coign of vantage a selective fire, directed against the officers, or the most forward of the men, is opened by a force, which

Mocks their view, and, as they follow, flies ;

avalanches of trees, and rocks are launched from the crest of every gorge upon the defenceless files below, and even, if they should at length succeed in measuring swords with their opponents, they have to deal with an enemy desperate

As mountain cat that guards her young,

and stimulated by the exalted fanaticism of a church militant ; for their commanders-in-chief are chosen from among the priesthood. These sacerdotal soldiers—beaters of the “drum ecclesiastic,”

And such as built their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,

charge their congregations morally, and their invaders physically, with equal fervour. The women invariably take part in these operations with Amazonian courage.

An aide-de-camp—among other “memoirs of murder”—recounted to us, in the intervals of a peaceful cigar, that upon one occasion a cordon had been formed by an overwhelming body of Russians round a small fort, into which nearly four thousand Circassians, men, women, and children, had thrown themselves. As the besieged were totally unprovided with either provisions or ammunition, and as the slight walls were easily breached, an immediate surrender was expected ; when suddenly the gates were thrown open, and the whole garrison made a frantic *sortie*. Every woman bore a babe on one arm, and with the other wielded a yataghan. At first there was a disposition on the part of the Russians to allow them to escape, but they would not abandon their husbands, brothers, and lovers, and fought with such determination, that at length all mercy towards sex and age was forgotten ; the women were shot or bayoneted, and the brains of the infants were dashed out by the infuriated soldiery, till not one lived to bear the bloody tidings to their kindred. The flight of vultures wheeling above their banquet, alone revealed the scene of the massacre.

Such are life and death in the Caucasus ; and yet it must be admitted that these campaigns have produced and trained many able officers. The medals bestowed for remarkable conduct in them are flatteringly distinguished amidst the blaze of the worthless orders, which sparkle on every breast. There is at least as much of danger, hardship, and romance, as is required to invest the survivor, if he happens to be good-looking and sentimental, with sufficient poetry to win the sighs and smiles of the ladies of the court, many of whom, either from motives of policy, or from their greater beauty and liveliness, have been chosen among those families of Georgian or Circassian blood, who profess to be well-affected towards Russia. Their lustrous eyes and long lashes, the rapid play of their features, the eloquent mobility of their blood, their fervid vocabu-

lary, and their singular facility in acquiring and speaking correctly every *talkable* language, eminently qualify them for the representation of a court life.

With regard to this latter accomplishment, I cannot but think that the reputation of the Russians as linguists has been greatly over-rated. Their own language offers no inducement to its study and cultivation, and I believe that few of them know more of it than is necessary to give orders to their servants, just as many a Highland laird, unconscious of Ossian, or any less apocryphal relic of Celtic literature, can convey his wants to his gillies, within a limited range of communication. French has been for some generations the language of diplomacy and society at Petersburg, and almost every one writes it critically, and speaks it fluently, but with a very disagreeable accent, which is the more remarkable, as the pronunciation of Russian falls softly and musically on the ear of a foreigner. As to English, though it is always considered an indispensable branch of early education, we found scarcely one among the *men*, who retained it sufficiently to take part in conversation, without intense internal agony; and as they originally derived it from *bonnes* and nurses, selected without much care as to their "whereabouts," or acquirements, it was often amusing to trace intonations and inflexions, borrowed from the banks of the Tay and the Shannon, and turns of expression and graces of phraseology transplanted from the schools of Wapping and Billingsgate. The air of self-satisfied pride with which these half-forgotten treasures were laboriously drawn from the hoards of infantine recollection, was irresistibly ludicrous. The ladies have, on the other hand, generally matured their acquaintance with our language under English governesses of higher qualifications, and have consequently purified their accent and grammar, sufficiently to talk readily upon subjects with which they are familiar, as for instance, our poets and novelists, whose works they read with a thorough appreciation of their style.

Before closing this subject, it is worthy of remark, that, though the Russians are distinguished by great facility of imitation and flexibility of the vocal organs, they do not approximate to the pronunciation of the various nations who surround their borders, but maintain even among the descendants of the various races, who are scattered over an immensity of space, an almost unbroken uniformity of dialect and accent. Some foreigners, indeed, who had lived so many years in the country as to have become thoroughly naturalised, and to have mastered the language, informed us, that they were unable to detect any difference in the mode of speaking throughout the whole line of march from Petersburg to the frontiers of Asia. Now, without instancing the Scotch and Irish varieties, in England alone, despite the long-established facility of intercourse, and the centuries that have elapsed since the last infusion of continental blood, an intelligent alien, who had spent two years among us, would doubtless be sensible of a marked distinction between the atrocities of a Cockney, a Cornishman, and a Northumbrian. With regard to the two latter, though long and wide travels has bestowed upon me an average apprehension of strange sounds, I am free to confess, that I am totally incapable of following even the drift of the ideas intended to be expressed by them, and that I should feel quite as well qualified to sustain a part in a Nubian *conversazione*, as in an "at home," of either of these British barbarians.

CHAP. VII.

THE CAPITAL AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Tsarsko-Celo—The Farmer and the Soldier—The Dairy and Arsenal—The Gifts of Mahmoud—The Palace, its Decorations and Associations—Pavlosk—Vauxhall, a mere Wiesbaden—Return to Petersburg—Sanctity of Pigeons—Kwas and Vodka—Water, universally a Strong Drink—Amiability of Drunkenness—The Hermitage and its Contents—Inhumanity of Statuary in Russia—The Marble Palace—The Taurida Palace—Faded Splendour—The Prestol—Churches of St. Alexander Nevskoi, &c.—The Arsenals—The Stelitzes—The Citadel—The Imperial Cemetery—The Cottage and Museum of Peter—The Academies of Arts, Sciences, Mining, and Military Affairs—The Exchange—The Hospitals—Prize-Patients.

HAVING bid a long adieu to the court and camp we next turned our attention, which these uninterrupted hospitalities had diverted, to the remaining objects most deserving of the traveller's notice within the precincts of the city, and in the immediate environs.

In a country where almost every thing is new, barren, and glaring, it was a peculiar refreshment to eyes fatigued by the glare of the plain, or the flash of arms, to dwell on the deep verdure, and cool shades of the plane avenues of Tsarsko-Celo—i. e. the imperial village.

Though the situation is level, and the disposition of the ground somewhat monotonous, yet there is an air of comparative antiquity, and of dignified repose more palatial than any of the gaudier and more modern erections, though pavilions, columns, cottages, and kioks, Turkish, Dutch, Chinese, are scattered through the park in tasteless profusion. These memorials of worthy public servants, and unworthy private favourites, are emblems of the strength and weakness of the Second Catherine, who understood the art of governing every thing but her own passions. The peaceful and warlike, however, may amuse themselves respectively with the Dutch dairy and breeding-farm on the one hand, and with the arsenal on the other.

The former, with its flat landscape, its sleek stock, and neat interior, is a *tableau vivant* from Cuyt and Ostade; the latter, a castellated building, contains not only a chronological series of European armour from the earliest times, but is peculiarly rich in the fantastic and gorgeous weapons, and trappings of the East. Two saddles, and their corresponding horse-furniture, presented on two occasions in the hour when his need was the sorest, by the late Sultan Mahmoud to the present Tsar, are absolutely dazzling.

One was sent as a peace-offering after the passage of the Balkan by the Russians, when Diebitsch had advanced within a few days' march of Stamboul, and when the Padishah—he, who arrogates the proud titles of Zilullah, and Alem-penah, “The Shadow of God,” and “The Refuge of the World,”—was compelled, for the first time since the Crescent was proudly planted on the European shore of the Bosphorus, to crave

With bated breath and bended knee,

the mercy of the Giaour; the other, which bristles with diamonds, of a value proportionate to the assistance sued for, was humbly laid at the feet of Nicholas, when the victorious Ibrahim, after the annihilation of

the Turkish army at Konieh, menaced the throne of his liege, and was only balked of his prey by the intervention of the Tsar, upon conditions, which have rendered the waters of the Euxine as much his own as those of Lake Ladoga.

In a small oratory we came suddenly upon the model of a statue of the late Grand-duchess Alexandra, which is to be executed in marble, and placed in a chapel about to be raised to her memory. She is represented as rising to heaven, and clasping to her bosom the child, whose birth cost her life.

In another part of the gardens Dannecker's Christ stands, inappropriately and irreverently, in a paltry building erected for the purpose, but not consecrated; so scrupulously observed are the Greek canons, which are directed against image worship. The grounds are kept in the most exquisite order, the Emperor Alexander having determined to exceed even our strict system, and veterans are consequently on the watch to intercept every falling leaf, as if it contained a trespasser, according to Wordsworth—

Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his airy parachute.

The palace is a building of immense length, and is quite unique in its external decoration. The mouldings and reliefs were originally gilt with barbaric magnificence, but the climate having speedily rebuked such lavish profusion, a variety of the tawdriest colours have been substituted, and the façade now presents the appearance of a London dowager, or a New Zealand chief, artistically prepared for action in their war-paint.

Internally, there are some rooms which arrest the traveller's curiosity—one has a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and its walls are covered with unframed pictures, closely fitted together, precisely like a scrap-screen. Another, lined with amber, both in the rough and polished state, has the effect of a gigantic *confiture* of crystallised sugar; but the weary eye turns for repose from these gauds, and from the voluptuous boudoir of the dissolute Catherine, with its secret doors, to the plain and unpretending study of the Emperor Alexander, which has been undisturbed since he left it, when about to commence his last fatal journey to Taganrok. His hat, gloves, and unfinished notes, lie carelessly on his table, as if he were about to return immediately. Nature will force her way,

And bid each chord to own,
The thrilling sway of feeling's finer tone,

and thus the human heart is readily affected by these simple evidences of every-day life, though it remains untouched by the more gorgeous memorials, which suggest the attributes of the sovereign, rather than those of the man.

Pavlosk, which is distant some eight versts from Tsarsko-Celo, has been less indebted to landscape gardening for its beauties, and its dark vistas of fragrant pines recall the forests of the Taunus.

Close to Tsarsko-Celo stands Vauxhall—a combination of concert-room and garden, in which hot tea and loud music are dispensed to a congregation of uniforms and smooth chins, as European in its appearance as the congress of *mauvais sujets* from all parts of Snobdom, who infest

Wiesbaden. The only existing railroad in Russia, though many are projected, runs hence to Petersburg, but the monotony of the dismal country which it traverses, is relieved by daily explosions and collisions of trains.

On our return to Coulon's Hotel, we resumed with resignation all our discomforts, and placed ourselves at the disposal of the bearded mujiks, who perform the duties of chamber-maids. This domestic misery drove us abroad, and urged us to enjoy manfully what Madame de Staël justly calls "*le triste plaisir de voyager*," as far as the necessity of sight-seeing is concerned: we, therefore, having been assigned as victims to various great public officers, felt ourselves under the obligation to labour uninterruptedly from morn till dewy eve, in the enlargement of our topographical knowledge, and the diminution of our patience.

The street-population, though protected by severe penalties against furious driving, is active and courteous in avoiding contact, except the pigeons, and the sellers of kwas and vodka, who are both equally fearless in obstructing the highway. The former are unmolested from a feeling of reverence entertained towards them as divine emblems; the latter dispensers of two fluids, between which it is difficult to adjudicate the palm of nastiness, are in too constant requisition among the droski-drivers to fear an onslaught.

Having been informed that the ingredients of kwas are barley-meal, salt, and honey, we did not venture upon it, as we had already sufficiently tampered with our systems in tasting other national horrors.

Vodka, "little water," is a powerfully ardent spirit, distilled from rye. It is not unworthy of notice, by the way, that the bibulous of all countries pay homage to temperance, and dissemble their strongest drinks under the name of the innocent element, as *eau-de-vie*, *aqua vita*, *kirsch-wasser*, and *whiskey*, from the Celtic *uisge*—water. If truth lie at the bottom of a well of this nature, the Russians must be essentially an amiable people; for no quarrel or disturbance ever arises among the numerous drunkards, who may be seen rolling through the streets with a ludicrous expression of amateness and philanthropy swimming in their lack-lustre eyes.

There being nothing national in the collection of pictures in the Hermitage, or the Winter Palace, except the modern portraits of the heroes of the French war, a large proportion of which were painted from copies, or recollection, it is not worth while to dwell upon their magnificence. Many of the best galleries of Europe, both public and private, have been transferred here at an enormous expense, as the commission to purchase them was unlimited.

The pillars and vases of malachite, porphyry, and jasper—the produce of native mines and quarries, are such as no other country can exhibit.

Statuary does not seem to be so much considered. This may arise partly from the abhorrence of images inculcated by the Greek Church, and partly from a Samaritan reluctance to expose even the semblance of humanity to the cruelty of the climate. The figure of poor Suvarof, however, in the Champ de Mars, though he plumed himself upon his hardiness, and his economy of wardrobe, shivers in a "cuttie sark," which does duty for a Roman garb; but Kutusoff and Barclay de Tolly, with greater attention to correct costume and comfort, are provided with the "regulation" cloak. The action of the weather is very perceptible,

even upon the statues, which stand in the comparative shelter of the summer gardens. These latter afford a "*gratior umbra*" in the noonday heats, and are laid out in good taste. The natives show with considerable pride the railing of iron spears with gilt heads which encircles them.

The Marble Palace, built by Catherine for Orloff, is now in a ruinous condition, but is about to be repaired for the residence of the Grand Admiral, the Grand-Duke Constantine.

The Taurida Palace, another relic of imperial passions was erected by the lavish Potemkin. The architecture is contemptible, but the immense ball-room, connected with a conservatory of kindred dimensions, is a striking memorial of the mighty favourite, whose tastes were all gigantic. At present this "banquet hall deserted," with its false marble columns, its tarnished mirrors, which startle you with a dim distorted shadow of yourself, and its blackened silver-foil decorations, excites only sad reflection.

When, however, in the first freshness of its splendour, the "festal blaze" of twenty thousand wax-lights (according to my cicerone), arranged in spiral coils round the pillars, shed its radiance on a verdant forest of the rarest shrubs, while the bleak and black winter lowered without, the frost-king must have marvelled at the genial temperature, and the tropical vegetation.

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

In the hall stands the prestol—a sort of temple resembling the Baldolino of the Latins, which is intended for the Isaac Church. It is entirely formed of malachite, and is said to be worth a million of roubles—a noble present from Demidoff—the great proprietor of mines.

The Church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, dedicated to the military saint, who in the thirteenth century triumphed over the Danes, Swedes, and Livonians, is remarkable only for its massive silver shrine, a ton and a half in weight.

But enough of native churches at Petersburg, which want alike the hallowing touch of time, and a total revolution in the style of their decoration. As all sects are tolerated in Russia, though, religiously speaking, no creed is more practically bigoted than the Greek, there are places of worship (of no architectural interest) erected for the various denominations of Protestants, for the Catholics, and Armenians, and even for the Tartars, who profess a debased Islamism.

In the Catholic church, a plain slab is inscribed with the name of Moreau, but the monument raised to him by the Emperor Alexander, at Dresden, on the spot where he received his death-wound, is a more fitting memorial of him, who was equally great in attack and retreat—who quenched the "furious Hun,"

By Iser rolling rapidly,

and when compelled to retire, forced the pathless fastnesses of the Schwartz Wald. There are two arsenals, the new and the old. The former, though interesting to a military visiter, has no distinctive character, except the almost exclusive adoption of brass as the material of the cannons; but the latter contains a variety of objects interesting from their antiquity, or their associations.

Here is preserved the banner of the Strelitzes, a most singular piece of tapestry, which was borne aloft on a chariot in the solemn processions

of these "king-makers;" until Peter the Great set the example, which has since been so faithfully copied by Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali, in the extermination of the Janissaries and the Mamelukes. It is of immense size—nearly twenty feet square, and represents the Day of Judgment, in which the best quarters are of course reserved for the sacred soldiery. The Russians seem to have a Mosaic passion for hoarding old clothes; for there are several cases filled with the moth-eaten and mouldering uniforms and decorations of the sovereigns from Peter downwards. The most interesting *personal* relics are the helmet worn by Charles XII. at Pultawa, and a black eagle wrested from the ensign who bore it under the eyes of Frederick the Great; proud trophies of victory won from "foemen worthy of their steel."

The citadel, which, like the fortifications of Paris, seems to have been constructed to command, rather than to defend, the capital, unites within its walls the state prison, and a church consecrated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which is the imperial burial place, as though the imperishable spirit of despotism loved to rise vampire-like from the graves of those whom it had possessed in their life-time, and to hover watchfully around the objects of their former anxiety.

Quæ gratia vivis

. . . . cadem sequitur tellure repostos.

The imperial tombs are plain blocks of unsculptured marble, covered with a richly-embroidered pall, each bearing the initials of the tenant, and this again is protected by an overlay of coarse black cloth.

The cottage, and the boat of Peter—the chrysales of his capital and his fleet, are preserved in the neighbourhood with jealous care, and are enclosed in an outer building, like the Santa Casa at Loretto; for such is the divinity supposed to emanate from a tsar, without regard to his life or conversation, that the small chapel, which he rarely entered, though the descendant of patriarchs of his church, and himself the first political head of it, is frequently selected as a place of worship by those who desire the celebration of divine service after any remarkable family event of joy or sorrow. His museum is filled with self-multiplying memorials of his mechanical industry, which would have required the undistracted labour of a longer life than his mingled energy and debauchery allowed him to enjoy.

Ilic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit.

Here he sits in his chair of state, done in wax à la *Tussaud*, from a mask modelled after death, while his European *petit maître* dress of faded blue-satin contradicts broadly the lowering expression of brutal and unnatural passions which darken the brow of the Oriental despot.

The Academy of Sciences, founded by Peter, is well worth a visit for a single object, the skeleton and a portion of the hide of the great mammoth, which was thawed out of an iceberg some forty years ago. When first discovered the flesh was so thoroughly preserved, that various beasts of prey were found—

Growling and gorging o'er carcase and limb

of this antediluvian monster. The skin is as thick and impenetrable as the sensorium of a British protectionist.

The Academy of Arts is a sickly exotic. The native productions are below the reach of criticism, with the sole exception of the Burning of Pompeii, by *Bruloff*, who would seem to have derived his name from his principal performance, and who has treated an impossible subject with considerable power and poetry. The rooms are half filled with copies of the Italian schools.

The Mining Academy is a very necessary institution for instructing the cadets destined to be subsequently employed in the government mines of a country so rich as Russia in every species of that mineral wealth, from which she draws a large proportion of her revenues.

The Oural Mountains produce a greater amount of gold in an accessible state than any other country in the old or new world. The magnificent specimens of it as well as of platina, malachite, and crystals, in infinite variety, with which the museum is filled, would gladden the heart of a geologist. In order to assist the progress of the pupils, and to give them a more practical idea of their future operations, a labyrinth of tortuous passages under ground has been painted to represent the strata of mines, and furnished with a supply of air as cold and nauseous as if ventilated by Doctor Reid's apparatus, and we speedily retreated from this too real mimicry. The traveller who has been taught to believe with Horace that

Merser profundo, pulcrior evenit,

will find to his cost that nothing repays him so little as a premature descent into the bosom of the earth; he is either begrimed and blinded with coal-dust at Newcastle, or salivated with quicksilver at Idria, or frosted with salt at Salzburg, and between noise, darkness, and horizontal crawling, generally emerges without any increase of information, but with the determination that his next subterranean movement shall be arranged by his executors.

The military academies, which are all under the direction of the Grand Duke Michael, are numerous, and embrace every branch of the science devised for facilitating human destruction. Neither pains nor expense are spared in their maintenance and improvement, but the system is one of too severe an uniformity. This, doubtless, would be very effective if man was a mere machine, but it is idle to apply the Procrustean principle to the infinite variety of passion and propensities which diversify the character of youth.

An attempt has been made to give something of classical dignity to the Exchange, by the erection of two *columnæ rostratæ*, as the Romans called them, pillars decorated with the prows of galleys and crowned with open grates for purposes of illumination. They are, however, happily dissolving before the severity of the climate.

The hospitals are built on a scale of palatial grandeur, and the comforts and luxuries of the sick are such that it is impossible not to suspect that an exhibition of *prize-patients* is got up to electrify a stranger, who betrays any symptoms of authorship.

There are no manufactories exclusively directed by Russians, and therefore we declined seeing necessarily imperfect imitations of processes borrowed from other countries.

CHAP. VIII.

THE CAPITAL, &C., CONTINUED.

The Admiralty—Triumphal Arch—Gastinói Dwor—English Magazine—Fraud of the Native Shopkeepers—Proud Pre-eminence over the Jews—Ascent of the Isaac Church—The Canals—The Bridges—The Craft of the Neva—The Ancient Watchmen of London—Firewood—Fire-towers—Fire-places—The Lime-kiln and the Knout—The English Club—The Native Cuisine—Spirit of Gambling—Skittle Gallery—The Islands—Yelagen—The Passport and Podaroshna.

THE Admiralty has, internally, little to interest any one who has visited Portsmouth, Plymouth, Brest, and Toulon, but is chiefly remarkable for its immense length and its gilded spire, which forms a beacon to the footsore wayfarer in the more distant quarters of the city, as several of the streets radiate from the central tower. The building is a positive caricature of the peculiarities of modern Russian architecture.

The endless façade, the profusion of gilding, and the group of pillars and allegorical figures in vile plaster, at the base of the steeple, could not be paralleled elsewhere.

Opposite to the Admiralty, and at the *debouché* of a street, which intersects the Hotel de l'Etat Major, an arch has been turned, upon the crown of which stands a Victory, or some such personification, driving five-in-hand. The horses diverge from the chariot or droski, like carrier-pigeons despatched in different directions.

The Gastinói Dwor, a hollow square of shops, by no means realises the ideas derived from travelling Russians, who usually boast of it as an emporium of all the productions of the universe. The shops are small and paltry, and, generally speaking, the goods exposed are European ware of an inferior description. It is, undoubtedly, a very busy scene, and the bows and contortions of the bearded chapmen must be resisted with cool determination, or you will find yourself forcibly transported to the stifling atmosphere of a frowsy back-room, and compelled to ransom your retreat by the purchase of a bargain.

The shops of the lower part of the Nevskoi perspective and the English magazine being almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, you may expect to buy goods which are what they profess to be, at about twice their real value. But, if you confide in the conscience of the native dealers, you may calculate not only upon extortion but deceit, for the American is not more ingenious in the construction of wooden nutmegs, or in the substitution of brick-dust for cayenne pepper, than the Muscovite, who, being debarred by his political system from the exhibition of patriotism in its ordinary phases, centres his national pride in sustaining the reputation for cheating, which has been nobly won by his countrymen. Even in the time of Peter the Great, the arithmetical pre-eminence in roguery of a Russian over a Jew was proudly claimed by the regenerator of his race to be in the proportion of three to one, and since that period the increased intercourse with Europe has opened a field for enterprise which has been ambitiously occupied.

This panorama of Petersburg will be most fitly completed by an ascent of the Isaac Church, from which you look down upon the vast city spread beneath you.

From this point of view you perceive the immense advantages derived from the canals. The chief of them, the Caterina, the Moika, and Fontanka, not only carry off the drainage of the morasses, on which the capital is founded, but form highways for conveying the more cumbrous

necessaries of life into the remotest quarters, while the vast number of red granite bridges with iron railings prevents any interruption of land communication.

The eye is greatly struck by the floating forests of firewood built up in towering piles upon the barges, which throng these channels.

The consumption is necessarily enormous as the stoves—not mere British cinerary urns—but substantial temples of plastered brick or china, called *peetches*, maintain uninterruptedly a Vestal flame. English fire-places have, however, been introduced into several of the palaces, with a somewhat inconsiderate adoption of our customs. The birch, which in the north appears to be more resinous than with us, is chiefly employed for fuel.

The Neva presents an animated movement of singular-looking craft. Foreign vessels seldom pass Cronstadt, and if we except the steamers, which bear the rather pedantic name of *Pyroscaphes*, the waters are solely peopled by the small ferry-boats, fantastically painted with many-coloured stripes, and usually decorated with the profile of an eye on either bow, or by lighters of a larger draught called *Struses*, which ply on the lakes.

Their rude build, their quaint carving, and high over-hanging poops resemble the illuminated pictures of the Venetian galleys, which transported the earlier Crusaders to the Holy Land.

In this “*Diable boiteux*,” view the attention is drawn to the frequent appearance of tall towers, furnished at their summits with a telegraphic apparatus for signalling the outbreak of fires, which, in a city more than half built of wood, are equally common and dangerous. Great vigilance is exercised with regard to this department, but, as a general rule, the civil police, to whose hands the guardianship of the streets is intrusted, does not obtrude itself unnecessarily. Either from the natural disposition of the Russians to orderliness, or from their conviction of the certainty, that immediate punishment would follow the commission of any offence; the peace officers are seldom called into action, but lounge listlessly about with their broad axes, looking as inefficient as the Welsh-wigged veterans, who at no distant period “slept the sleep that knew no waking,” in their private boxes at the corners of the streets in London, unprovoked by the convivial chorus of the devious drunkard, or the crow-bar of the burglar.

Small, ugly, drum-shaped buildings are dotted about in the open spaces, but their unsightliness is readily forgiven when you are informed that they contain fires, around which the unhappy servants congregate, during the season when the thermometer is some thirty degrees below zero.

For many years after the permanent establishment of society in Petersburg, there was no more consideration for human life than was exhibited by our immediate predecessors for the corn and cotton slaves of Dorsetshire and Manchester; and the nobles never wasted their sympathies upon the easily replaced *Mujik*, who was frozen to death while—

Fruits glisten'd, lamps sparkled, meats steam'd, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth, ran redder than blood.

within the warm and lightsome palace; but at length, when a certain amount of expense and *luxe* in their equipages grew into vogue, and a good hand on the box became an object of vanity and competition, it began to be considered a bore to find, when you called your carriage, that your coachman was candied, and accordingly these humane lime-kilns sprung into existence, as being better calculated to maintain circulation, than the old-fashioned stimulant of the knout.

The English club, so called from its original founders, for but few of our nation are at present members, is conducted upon very comfortable principles, and strangers who are introduced have the option of dining at a table d'hôte, or *à la carte*.

The cuisine is less Russian than I was prepared to find, for, though the emperor encourages the maintenance of native customs, the higher orders of nobility, seem to have adopted the cookery of other countries, in almost every respect, except the cold soups above alluded to, which are inevitable.

On one occasion, at our own desire, a dinner was given to us by one of the aides-de-camp, at which Slavonic dishes alone appeared, selected, however, from the catalogue of abominations, which the most experienced cannibal would hesitate to face.

After schnaps, raw fish, &c., a sort of savoury millet pudding was handed round, eminently calculated to smother the appetite, and well worthy the attention of schoolmasters and poor law guardians.

This was followed by *chtchi*, illustrated with ham, force-meat, and rice pudding. A sucking-pig stewed in sour cream was the next outrage on our digestion, and here we cried hold! enough. On the other hand a *purée* of fruits, in which their respective flavours were most happily blended in their clarified juice, proved some atonement, but our culinary curiosity attempted no further researches.

This club is distinguished by high play, the natural consequence of closing up the avenues of thought; thus intelligence and energy which, if directed in other channels, would "lead to fortune," are here thrown away upon whist, lansquenet, and *preference*.

A comfortable, well-warmed, and covered skittle-ground below stairs, is a great resource in bad weather. The brilliantly lighted gallery contrasts rather oddly with men in their shirt-sleeves, *bowling*, in every sense of the word—the champagne cup being an inseparable ingredient of the game.

The islands of the Neva are the pride of the inhabitants of Petersburg. They amount altogether to about forty, some of which, I believe, are not even at this hour entirely wrested from the dominion of the seal and the wolf, but five of them are connected by bridges, and covered with gardens and villas belonging to the principal nobility.

Of course the climate does not admit of any great variety of vegetation, but, when the trees are in full leaf, and spread their arms over the bright sward, and the calm, full river, the effect is singularly pleasing. Their beauty however is utterly exaggerated by the natives, for the milder heaven, and deeper soil of Holland, the least picturesque country of Europe, can everywhere furnish richer landscapes.

Many of the imperial family have villas scattered over them, but Yelagen is exclusively the possession of the Tsar.

The house is most unpretending, and comfortable, and the gardens are kept in exquisite order, for the Russians, despite their physical disadvantages, seem to have imitated more successfully than any nation on the continent, the English method of laying out and keeping up pleasure grounds.

Having completed our survey of the capital and its belongings, we now began to prepare for our departure, and underwent the absurd formalities of the police offices.

Though the bearers of a Foreign Office passport, obtained only a few weeks before in London, and backed by the letters of Russian officials stationed there, we were required to produce a certificate of English birth from her majesty's consul resident at Petersburg.

That impartial official, who up to the present moment has never had the privilege of seeing one of us, not allowing himself to be biassed by any evidence on the subject, at once conceded to us the rights of Britons, and the title of Cockneys.

After paying two visits and heavy fees to the alien office, and after inditing a petition in pure Russian, upon Heaven knows what theme, to the governor of the city, which cost us a further depletion of our pockets, we at length obtained a passport, in which each of our names was so grotesquely travestied, that—

The very mother that him bare
She had not known her child—

and a *podaroshna*—a permission to take post-horses, the requisite number of which is specified on the face of the document; a similar string of *aliases* was published on our behalf in the Petersburg gazette, as no one can leave Russia without having advertised his intention of doing so, but even the proverbial acuteness of duns must often fail to detect a debtor among the marvellous misnomers which appear.

The director of the posts, to whom we had letters of introduction, proposed to furnish us with a government *feld-jager*, who doubtless would have been of great service to us in stimulating the torpor, and correcting the rascality of recusant postmasters, but the additional weight, and the presence of an inseparable spy upon our actions were voted to counterbalance these advantages, and we determined to trust to the unsupported energies of our courier alone.

We had previously purchased a native carriage—a long-bodied hybrid, between a *britchska*, and a German *stuhlwagen*, with a moveable leather head.

A board, capable of being shifted, was placed between the front and back seat, so as to form, with the addition of a cushion, a perfect platform, upon which our mackintosh beds were destined to rest.

Thus equipped, and to speak nautically, *found* in a few portable luxuries, which we were cautioned to provide ourselves with, we were whirled out of the court-yard of our penitentiary by a team of four rough, but lively horses, harnessed abreast, and we rolled merrily over the wooden pavement.

There is doubtless an uneradicable tendency to savage life implanted in civilised man, which leads him to look upon most of the conventions of society as restraints, possibly wholesome, but not the less irritating, and in this mood of mind we hailed our departure as an escape. We had seen several objects of deep interest, we had been received as denizens at the most splendid court and camp of Europe; we had been thrown into hourly intercourse with the great, the intellectual, and the beautiful of the land; we had met with the most cordial and considerate hospitality at the hands of our countrymen, and our diplomatic friends; yet we experienced a schoolboy feeling of emancipation, when we exchanged the schako, epaulettes, sword-belt, and sash, for the cool, free cap and blouse.

Our minds, eyes, and tongues had been kept for several weeks on the stretch, which rendered the conviction the more delightful, that we were no longer called upon to see, and to answer, or—a yet harder task—to ask appropriate questions; so that when we threw ourselves indolently and silently back on our cushions, and lighted the first *unwatched* cigar, that moment was worth the whole campaign.

THE PHANTOM CARAVAN.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ONE evening, a solitary Arab was leaning against a lonely tower, a fragment of olden times that stood in the very heart of the desert. His dress was that of a Bedouin, and his form was unusually spare. He appeared to have known little shelter from the sun, for the red and yellow kerchief which shielded both head and shoulders, was so tanned by constant exposure, and his white cloak was so soiled by the sands, that he might have lain like a lizard on the ground, and been passed by unnoticed. There he stood alone, where there was no tent but the sky, no sojourners but the stones, no travellers but the sun and stars, and he scowled as gloomily upon the waste around him, as do the guardian rocks of the desert's borders upon the stranger who is about to venture upon their perilous expanse. Before him there was a hollow in the soil, of basin-like aspect, and on its rim were a few stunted and withered plants as if there had been once water there.

The day had been, like a long series of its predecessors, clear and hot, but the evening was lurid, and a haze had risen, at first spreading its fiery wings across the azure heavens, and then consolidating itself into a great overhanging bank, which shut up the hot air below and rendered it noxious and suffocating.

A caravan was approaching from beneath this portentous sunset. It seemed as if gliding out of light into darkness, and its pace was slow and listless in the extreme. At its head was the experienced Bakri, who had in his long and arduous life-time conducted many a caravan across the desert, unlike in that respect the Jew, Julius Schalmalat, to whom a monument at Palmyra ascribes the honour of having conducted *one* caravan in safety.

Bakri was mounted on a neat-limbed Damascus ass, and he held in one hand the halter of the leading camel, his chibuk or pipe, hanging neglected in the other. A familiar eye could alone have detected in his travel-worn features an expression of anxiety gleaming through a countenance habitually composed by the most perfect resignation to the will of the Almighty. A half-naked Nubian slave walked by his side, rolling a pebble to and fro in his parched mouth. The hoofs of the camels sank into the sands with the sound of red-hot iron dipped into hissing water and their tiny bells tinkled in the hot air with a faint and muffled sound.

A few mounted Arabs hung upon the skirts of the caravan, but there was little movement, save that of a slow and painful progress, even with them. Their horses appeared to be tired past endurance, and the plumes of black ostrich feathers which tasselled their spears seemed to droop as if mourning over master and steed. As the camels came more distinctly into sight, piles of goods parched and cracking in every direction became discernible, and luxurious merchants lay gasping upon gilt wove tunics which they would have gladly bartered for a cup of water.

One young horseman alone kept his place by the long line of camels.

He rode by the side of a sleek young animal which bore a light weight, the little travelling house of an eastern lady. And ever and anon he seemed to look anxiously up, and to speak in terms of encouragement to its invisible tenant. But slowly and hopelessly, for even the prospect of relief appeared incapable of arousing man or beast to exertion, did the caravan approach the ruined pile which indicated the site of the lonely well in the desert, *Ain al furaj kadimah*, "the spring of the old monument."

"Allah! which of the fountain-spirits is this, my brother, who, with a repose so ominous, scowls over the well?" exclaimed Bakri, as he perceived the frail stature of the Bedouin standing in musing attitude by the basin-like hollow. And he followed this involuntary exclamation by a silent prayer that the Holy Prophet would see them safe through their journey, reserving, at the same time, certain low mutterings concerning the *Jinn Ayun*, or spirits of the springs, for his innermost man. Old Bakri was satisfied from the absence of all emotion on the part of the experienced four-footed friend that stalked along by his side, that there was no water in the well; but, with the resignation of a true believer, he proceeded on as if nothing had happened, and taking a circular sweep, fell into a position, so that the whole of the caravan as it came up, was marshalled in a kind of semi-circular disposition round where water ought to have been. As camel after camel and rider after rider took its place, not a word or a lamentation was heard. Each and all had become tacitly aware of the wreck of their last hope, and grief and suffering attained an intensity which exceeded all expression. The Bedouin remained all this time at the same spot, watching, to all appearance with deep sympathy and anxiety, the movements of the doomed crowd.

As the young camel in its turn knelt down, the attendant Arab opened the curtains, but only to find the object of his attentions speechless and sinking. He turned to his steed, and glancing inquiringly at its appearance, muttered,

"Yes, it must be done, or by to-morrow's sunrise all will be over."

Flinging himself on his saddle, he rode at once to the Bedouin, and, after the usual salutation, asked the way to the nearest tents. A simple extension of a gaunt finger towards the dark bank which was now approaching nearer and nearer, was the only answer. The young Arab turned and sighed, and then repeated his question somewhat more peremptorily. The finger was now pointed in the direction from whence the sun had risen up that morning like a radiant furnace. The young man rode on. The Bedouin watched him for some time and, as his slim figure faded away among the sands of his fatherland, he shook his head and turned again to contemplate the half-living, half-perishing crowd before him. The figures of the men and beasts which composed that caravan appeared then in harmony with the scene around, where the ground gave food to nothing save the serpent, and dead bodies could alone find rest; and a strange smile played upon his lips.

By this time the dense black arch of clouds stretching across the whole of the visible horizon overhung the caravan with its fringed outline. The space underneath was filled up with dust, pebbles, and plants, torn by this fierce whirlwind from the surface of the wilderness, and the line of its base as it rapidly approached, was distinct as a pall. In its overhanging fringe the colour passed from pale yellow to a brighter orange,

but in its central parts the moving mass was of a fiery colour, as if reddened by anger, and where its base breasted and buried itself in the ocean of sand, it was dark as night.

The sun arose next morning upon a lifeless heap of men and women, of camels and horses, lying amidst sand and stones and scattered plants, unentombed. How still those horsemen—how fearfully still their steeds! On the dead camels sat also the dead merchants—a whole host glittering in an intrenched camp of sand—a silent wreck of living things. The Bedouin approached nigh but they moved not, he challenged them but they spoke not; the samm had done its work of death and had left it to the sammum* to do theirs—to bury the dead. The samm delights to return to the scenes of its former devastations. It abides by them with the fierce tenacity of the hyanâ to the grave-yard.

The same sun also rose that fatal morning upon an encampment of Arabs, dispersed within a hollow embanked space, where once stood a proud city. Here bustle and activity had prevailed since break of day. Horsemen were giving to their steeds, picketed before the tent-doors, a hasty feed, or were lingering to tie their belly-bands flapping in the morning air, for all were ready saddled, and their masters held their spears in their hands, impatient to be off on a hurried expedition. It was an expedition of succour. In another spot a number of females were busy refreshing with draughts of camel's milk a youth who lay faint by the side of a dead horse.

At this moment there came into the encampment—no one knew how—a stranger, apparently a Bedouin from the desert, yet fresh as the bird that has just dipped his wings in the morning dew. Stepping hastily towards the object of the woman's solicitude, he informed him that rain had fallen from the clouds and that the caravan had been enabled to continue its journey. The young man rallied at this un hoped-for intelligence and the news spread like a watchword through the encampment, putting a stop to the preparations making for assistance.

"Are they coming here?" was now the general question.

"No! they will reach the river at the usual point, at Al Kayim," was the answer.

"Then I must meet them there," said the youth, looking sorrowfully at his lifeless steed, and from it to the stranger, whom he now first recognised as the solitary tenant of the ruins at the spring, and an involuntary shudder crept through his frame.

The young Arab's limbs were supple and active, his anxiety was irrepresible, and regardless of the sun, he walked on all that day and reached the mounds and date groves of Al Kayim the same evening. The caravan he knew would not travel by day, and could therefore only reach the same place after the ensuing night's march.

The night was cool and pleasant, and as he sat by the Euphrates' banks, the breeze lifted the tiny wavelets to core and spend themselves at his feet. The birds of night flapped the waters with their heavy wings, and stars glimmered through the broad fronds of the palm trees like little lamps illuminating the grove. But time seemed to hang wearily with the Arab, and long before daybreak he had already noted in his mind the time when the caravan must be approaching.

At length, before the sun had bared one-half its glorious disc above the horizon, the tinkle tinkle of little bells fell upon his delighted ears. He rose from the shelter of the palm, and gained the side of the grove where it faced the desert. There, to his infinite joy, was the same sturdy old camel in the van, the contented Bakri astride upon his hairless donkey, and the Nubian lighting his pipe by his side. One after the other camels and horsemen winded along, and soon the little house with its clean white covering and its embroidered trappings, came up also. The young man could scarcely contain himself, but Arab pride and decency forbade the exhibition of tumultuous feelings or the use of undignified exclamations. He walked by the side of the sleek young camel, trembling for the moment when with the rest it would kneel down at the customary halting-place by the river's banks.

Dimly and indistinctly at first, but gradually with horrible certainty, he saw Bakri, the father of regularity, and his experienced camel and his imperturbable Nubian move onwards across the broad waters, their forms becoming fainter as they proceeded, till they appeared as if fading away and becoming totally lost in a mist before his straining eyes. As each laden camel or mounted horseman came up, so it went on and passed away. Vision-like, each in succession advanced only to disappear, and so it happened also to his own sleek camel and its much loved burthen.

A lonely Arab dwelt for a long time after this event in the desolate groves of 'Al Kayim, where every morning at sun-rise he was known to welcome, with ever recurring delight, the arrival of a lost caravan. The spirit of the spring had left him the only solace possible in his bereavement, never to know his loss. The roving Arabs provided for the few wants of one, who in their eyes was sanctified by his illusions; and when he became aged, and ultimately died watching the caravan as it disappeared for the last time over the waters, they erected to his memory a square mausoleum surmounted by a dome, which is still to be seen on the summit of the mounds of Al Kayim.

LINES ON A SKULL.

BY THE HON. J. MAYNARD.

I.

THE gem hath left the casket—lo !
The soul hath fled from earth ;
Yon mould'ring thing its mansion was
Where fancy once had birth !

II.

Bright eyes have shone with liquid fire
Within those spaces drear,
Lit by the mind's intelligence
Full many a circling year !

III.

And from those orbs we humbly trust .
One sacred drop fell down,
The sacred drop of penitence
That wins a heav'nly crown !

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

BEFORE I proceed to give any account of the further inquiries of the three magistrates who remained, I shall beg leave to follow Mr. Wittingham to his own house. 'About two hundred yards distance from the justice-room he stopped, and leaned for a minute or two against a post, and again paused at his own gate as if hardly able to proceed. He reached his own dwelling, however, and after several attempts, with a shaking hand, succeeded in thrusting his private key into the lock, and opening the door. The hall was vacant; the whole house still; there was neither wife nor child to receive and welcome him; no kindred affection, no friendly greeting to sooth and cheer the sick old man, whose pursuits, whose hopes, whose tendencies through life had been totally apart from the kindly sympathies of our nature. But there are times, steel the heart how we may, when a yearning for those very kindly sympathies will come over us; when the strong frame broken, the eager energies quelled, the fierce passions dead and still within us, the strong desires either disappointed or sated, leave us alone in our weakness, to feel with bitter regret that there are better things and more enduring than those which we have pursued; and when the great moral lessons, taught by decay, are heard and listened to for the first time, when perhaps it is too late to practise them. That lonely house, that silent hall, the absence of every trace of warm life and pleasant social companionship, the dull, dead stillness that pervaded every thing had their effect upon Mr. Wittingham, and a sad effect it was. All was so quiet and so still; all was so solemn and so voiceless; he felt as if he were entering his tomb. The very sunshine, the bright sunshine that, streaming through the fanlight over the door, fell in long rays upon the marble-floor, had something melancholy in it, and he thought "It will soon shine so upon my grave." What was to him then the satisfaction of the greedy love of gold, that creeping ivy of the heart, that slowly growing, day by day, chokes every softer and gentler offspring of that on which it rests? What was to him the gratification of that vanity, which was all that the acquisition of wealth had satisfied? Nothing, all nothing. He stood there friendless, childless, companionless, alone; sick at heart, disappointed in all those expectations he had formed, having reaped bitterness from the very success of his labours, and finding no medicine either for the heart or the body in the gold he had accumulated or the station he had gained.

He paused there for a moment, whilst a deep and bitter anguish of the regret of a whole life took possession of him, and then staggering on into the trim, well-arranged, cold and orderly library, he sunk into one of the arm-chairs by the side of the fireless hearth and rang the bell sharply. For two or three minutes no one appeared, and then he rang again, saying to himself,

"There never were such bad servants as mine; ay, ay, it wants a mistress of a house," and he rang again furiously.

In about a minute after the door opened, and Mrs. Billiter appeared, and Mr. Wittingham inquired, angrily, why nobody came at his summons? The housekeeper replied,

"That she thought the footman had come, but finding the bell ring again she had hastened up herself."

Mr. Wittingham's rage was then turned upon the footman, and after denouncing him in very vehement terms and condemning him to expulsion from his household, his anger either worked itself off, or his strength became exhausted, and he sat for a moment or two in silence, till Mrs. Billiter quietly began to move towards the door.

"Stay, Billiter," he cried; "what are you going for? I tell you I am ill, woman, very ill."

"I was going to send for Mr. Slattery," said Billiter, in a cold tone; "I saw you were ill, sir."

"Send for the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Wittingham, "that fellow Slattery is no good at all. Here have I been taking his soap-pills and his cordial-boluses for these three weeks, and am no better, but rather worse. I will go to bed, Billiter—get me a cup of hot coffee—I feel very ill indeed."

"You had better see some one," said Mrs. Billiter, "for you don't look right at all, and it would take some hours to get another doctor."

"Well, well, send for the man if it must be so," said Mr. Wittingham, "but he does nothing but cram one with potions and pills just to make up a long bill. Here, help me up-stairs, I will go to bed, and bring me a cup of strong coffee—I declare I can scarcely stand."

As soon as Mr. Wittingham was safely deposited in his room, Mrs. Billiter descended to the kitchen, and sent the housemaid at once for Mr. Slattery, taking care to spend as much time as possible on the preparation of the coffee, not judging it by any means a good beverage for her master, in which she was, probably, right. The surgeon, however, was so long ere he appeared, that she was obliged to carry up the coffee to Mr. Wittingham, whom she found retching violently, and complaining of violent pains. He nevertheless drank the coffee to the last drop, in the more haste as Mrs. Billiter expressed an opinion it would do him harm; after having accomplished which he sank back upon his pillow exhausted, and closed his eyes. The colour of his skin was now of a shade of deep green, approaching to black under his eyes, and the housekeeper, as she stood by his bedside and gazed at him, thought to herself that it would not last long. It must not be pretended that she was in any degree greatly affected at the prospect of her master's speedy demise, though she had lived in his service a very many years, for he was not one to conciliate affection in any one, and her meditations were more of how she could best serve the graceless lad, whose disposition she had assisted to ruin, than of his father's probable fate.

While she thus paused and reflected, the quick, creaky step of Mr. Slattery was on the stairs, and the moment after he entered the room, rubbing gently together a pair of hands, the fingers of which were fat and somewhat red, though very soft and shapeless, presenting the appearance of four long sausages and a short one. He had always a cheerful air, Mr. Slattery, for he fancied it comforted his patients, kept up their spirits, and prevented them from sending for other advice. Thus he

would stand and smile upon a dying man, as if he had a real and sincere pleasure in his friend's exit from a world of wo ; and very few people could discover from the worthy gentleman's countenance whether a relation was advancing quietly towards recovery or the tomb. Thus with a jaunty step he approached Mr. Wittingham's bed-side, sat down, and as the sick man opened his eyes, laughed benignantly, saying,

"Why, my dear sir, what is all this ? You must have been agitating yourself," and at the same time he put his fingers on the pulse.

"Agitated myself !" cried Mr. Wittingham, "it is that old bankrupt brute, Sir John Slingsby, has nearly driven me mad, and I believe these servants will finish it. Why the devil do you leave my wig there, Billiter ? Put it upon the block ; don't you see Mr. Slattery is sitting upon it ?"

"Well, I declare," cried the surgeon, "I thought I felt as if I were sitting upon a cat or something of that kind. But, my dear sir, you must really keep yourself quiet, or you will bring yourself into a feverish state. The pulse is hard and quick now, and your skin is very hot and dry. We must make a little addition to the soap-pill, and I will send you directly a stomachic cordial-draught, combined with a little narcotic, to produce comfortable sleep."

He still kept his fingers on the pulse, gazing into the sick man's eyes, till Mr. Wittingham could have boxed his ears, and at length he said,

"The draught must be repeated every two hours if you do not sleep, so that you had better have somebody sit up with you to give it you."

"I will have no such thing," said Mr. Wittingham, "I can't bear to have people pottering about in my room all night ; I can take the draughts very well myself if they are put down by me."

"But they must be shaken before taken," said Mr. Slattery.

"Well, then, I can shake them," said Mr. Wittingham ; and the worthy surgeon, finding his patient obstinate, gave up the point. He proceeded to ask a variety of questions, however, to which he received nothing but gruff and grumbling replies, the worthy gentleman principally insisting upon receiving something which would relieve the great pain he felt in his side. Thereupon Mr. Slattery undertook to explain to him all the various causes which might produce that pain ; but the confused crowd of gall-bladders and gall-stones, and indurated livers, and kidneys, and ducts, and glands, conveyed very little tangible information to the mind of his hearer, and only served to puzzle, alarm, and irritate him. At length, however, the surgeon promised and vowed that he would send him all manner of remedies for his evils, and spoke in such a confident tone of his being better on the next day, or the day after, that he left him more composed. The housekeeper followed Mr. Slattery out of the room, but did not think fit to make any observation till they reached the foot of the stairs, when she touched Mr. Slattery gently on the arm and beckoned him into the dining-room, "He seems in a bad way, sir," said the housekeeper.

"A case of jaundice, Mrs. Billiter," replied the surgeon, raising his eyebrows, "which is never very pleasant."

"But I want to know if there is any danger, Mr. Slattery," continued Mrs. Billiter, "it is very necessary that people should be aware."

"Why, there is always danger in every disease," answered the surgeon, who abominated a straightforward answer to such questions ; but then,

bethinking himself, and seeing that it might be better to be a little more explicit, he added, "Jaundice, even the green, or black jaundice, as it is sometimes called, which your master has, is not in itself by any means a dangerous disease; but there are accidents, which occur in the progress of an illness, that may produce very fatal results, sometimes in a moment. This is by no means uncommon in jaundice. You see the cause of that yellow, or green tint of the skin and eyes is this, either in consequence of biliary calculi, or the construction of the ducts leading from the gall-bladder, or pressure upon the gall-bladder itself, the bile is prevented from flowing, as it naturally does, into the intestinal canal."

"Lord 'a mercy," cried Mrs. Billiter, "what do I know of all such stuff? I never heard of people having canals in their inside before, or ducks either, except when they had eaten them roasted; and that I'll swear my master hasn't for the last two months. Gall he has, sure enough, and bitterness too, as the scripture says."

"Wait a moment, wait a moment, and you will see it all clearly directly," said the worthy surgeon. "As I have said, the bile being thus prevented from flowing in its natural course, is absorbed into the vascular system; and, as long as it is deposited merely on the mucous membrane, showing itself, as we see, in the discolouration of the cuticle, no harm ensues; but the deposition of the smallest drop of bile on the membranes of the brain acts as the most virulent poison on the whole nervous system, and sudden death very frequently follows, sometimes in five minutes, sometimes in an hour or two. Now this was the reason why I wished you to sit up with him to-night; but, as he won't hear of it, it can't be helped; and one thing is certain, that even if you were there, you could do no good, should such a thing occur; for I know no remedial means any more than for the bite of a rattlesnake."

"I wish he would see his son," said Mrs. Billiter, "but you told him he would be better to-morrow or the next day, and so there is no hope of it; for, unless he is frightened out of his wits, he would fly into a fury at the very name of the thing."

"Well, wait till to-morrow, wait till to-morrow," said Mr. Slattery, "and if I see that it won't hurt him, I will frighten him a bit. I don't see that there is any danger just at present, if he keeps himself quiet; and he must not be irritated on any account. However, if I were you, I would be ready to go to him directly, if he rings his bell; and in the meantime I'll send him the composing draught."

Notwithstanding Mr. Slattery's composing draughts, Mr. Wittingham passed a wretched night. He was feverish, heated, full of dark and horrible fancies, hearing the blood going in his head like a mill, and thinking of every thing that was miserable within the whole range of a not very extensive imagination. He bore it obstinately, however, for some hours, taking the potions by his bedside, within even less than the prescribed intervals, but finding no relief. At length he began to wonder, if people would hear him when he rang. He found himself growing weaker and more weak; and he suffered exceeding pain, till darkness, and the torture of his own thoughts, became intolerable; and stretching out his hand, he rang the bell about three o'clock in the morning. The old housekeeper, who had remained dressed close at hand, was in his room in a moment; and Mr. Wittingham felt as much pleased and grateful, as it was in his nature to feel. She did her best to sooth and comfort him;

and, just as the light was coming in, the sedative medicines, which he had taken, began to produce some effect; and he fell into a heavy sleep. Nevertheless, when Mr. Slattery visited him, he found no great improvement; but a warm bath produced some relief. The worthy surgeon began to fancy, however, from all the symptoms that he saw, that he was likely to lose a patient of some importance; and he judged that it might be as well to establish a claim upon that patient's successor. He therefore determined to take the advocacy of Harry Wittingham's cause upon himself; and, in order to prepare the way for what he had to say in the evening, he gave the worthy gentleman under his hands a significant hint, that he was in a good deal of danger.

Mr. Wittingham heard the announcement in silence, closed his eyes, compressed his lips, and seemed more terribly affected than the worthy surgeon had at all expected. He therefore judged it best to throw in a little consolation before he proceeded further, and he continued in a soothing and cajoling tone:

"I know you to be a man of strong mind, my dear sir, and not likely to be depressed at the thought of a little peril. Therefore, if I had thought the case hopeless, I should have told you so at once. It is not so, however, at all; and I only wished to warn you, that there was some danger, in order to show you the necessity of keeping yourself quite quiet and taking great care."

Mr. Wittingham answered not a word; and, after a very unpleasant pause, the surgeon took his leave, promising to come again in the evening.

When he did return, Mr. Slattery found his patient wonderfully composed as he thought. Nevertheless, there was an awkward something about the pulse, a sort of heavy suppressed jar, which did not make him augur very favourably of his prospects. As he sat by the bed-side with his fingers upon the wrist, and his eyes half shut, as if considering all the slightest indications which might be afforded by that small agitated current that beat and quivered beneath his touch, what was Mr. Slattery reflecting upon? Not Mr. Wittingham's state, except as far as it was to influence his conduct in a non-medical capacity. He said to himself—or thought, which is the same thing, "This old gentleman will go. He has not stamina to struggle with such a disease. As I can do little for the Wittingham present, I may as well do what I can for the Wittingham to come. If I show myself his friend, he may show himself mine; and though perhaps the discussion may make life's feeble tide ebb a little faster, it is not much matter whether it be low water half an hour sooner or later."

Mrs. Billiter, however, did not happen to be in the room at the moment, and Mr. Slattery resolved to have a witness to his benevolent proceedings. He therefore asked numerous questions, and discussed various important points affecting the sick man's health till the good house-keeper appeared. He then gradually led the conversation round to young Harry Wittingham, remarking that he had had a long drive since the morning, and speaking of Buxton's Inn, as one of the places at which he had called.

"By the way, I did not see your son, my dear sir," he added, "he was out. Indeed he may be considered as quite well now, and only requires

care of himself, kind attention from others, and a mind quiet and at ease."

Mr. Wittingham said not a word, and Mr. Slattery mistook his silence entirely. "I now think, my dear sir," he continued, "that it would be a great comfort to you if you would have him home. Under present circumstances it would be advisable, I think, I do indeed."

Then the storm burst, then the smothered rage broke forth with fearful violence. I will not repeat all Mr. Wittingham said, for a great deal was unfit for repetition. He cursed, he swore, he gave Mr. Slattery over to perdition, he declared that he would never let his son darken his doors again, that he had cast him off, disinherited him, trusted he might come to beg his bread. He told the surgeon to get out of his house and never to let him see him again; he vowed that he was glad he was dying, for then that scoundrel, his son, would soon find out what it was to offend a father, and would understand that he could not make his peace whenever he pleased by sending any pitiful little pimping apothecary to try and frighten him into forgiveness. In vain Mr. Slattery strove to speak, in vain he endeavoured to excuse himself, in vain he took a tone of authority, and told his patient he would kill himself, if he gave way to such frantic rage. Again and again Mr. Wittingham, sitting bolt upright in bed, with a face black and green with wrath and jaundice, told him to get out of the house, to quit the room, to close the books and strike a balance; and at length the surgeon was fairly driven forth, remonstrating and protesting, unheard amidst the storm of his patient's words.

Mrs. Billiter did not think fit to follow him, for she knew her master well, and that his ever ready suspicions would be excited by the least sign of collusion. Besides, she was not altogether well pleased that Mr. Slattery had thought fit to take the business out of her hands without consulting her, and made as she termed it, a fine kettle of fish of the whole affair. Thus she acted perfectly honestly, when Mr. Wittingham turned upon her as soon as the surgeon was gone, exclaiming,

"What do you think of all this, woman? What do you think of his impertinence?"

And she replied, "I think him a meddling little fool, sir."

"Ay, that he is, Billiter, that he is!" answered Mr. Wittingham, "and I believe he has tried to frighten me, just to serve his own purposes. But he shall find himself mistaken, that he shall.—He has done me harm enough, though—putting me in such a passion. My head aches as if it would split," and Mr. Wittingham pressed his hand upon his forehead, and sunk back upon his pillow.

By this time night was falling fast; and Mrs. Billiter retired to obtain lights; when she returned, Mr. Wittingham seemed dozing, exhausted, as she thought, by the fit of passion, to which he had given way. Sitting down, therefore, at a distance, she took up a book and began to read. It was one of those strange, mystical compositions, the product of a fanatical spirit, carried away into wild and daring theories regarding things wisely hidden from the eyes of man, in which, sometimes, by one of the strange contrarieties of human nature, the most selfish, material, and unintellectual persons take great delight. It was called the "Invisible World Displayed," and it had been lately bought by Mr. Wittingham, since he had fallen into the melancholy and desponding state, which usually accompanies the disease he laboured under. For

more than an hour Mrs. Billiter went on reading of ghosts, and spirits, and phantoms, and devils, till her hair began to stand erect under a thick cushion-cap. But still there was a sort of fascination about the book which carried her on. She heard her master breathing hard close by; and more than once she said to herself, "He's getting a good sleep now, at all events." At length she began to think the sleep lasted somewhat long; and, laying down the book, she went and looked in between the curtains. He had not moved at all, and was snoring aloud; so, as the clock had struck eleven, she thought she might as well send the other servants to bed, resolving to sit up in his room and sleep in the great chair. About a quarter of an hour was occupied in this proceeding, and in getting some refreshment; and, when she returned, opening the door gently, she heard the same sonorous breathing; and, seating herself again, she took up the book once more, thinking: "I dare say he will wake soon; so I had better not go to sleep, ere I have given him the other draught." Wonderful were the tales that she there read, of people possessed of miraculous warnings, and of voices heard, and of apparitions seen in the dead hour of night. Tarningham clock struck twelve, whilst she was still poring over the pages; but, though she was a good deal excited by what she read, fatigue and watching would have their effect; and her eyes became somewhat heavy. To cast off this drowsiness, she rose and quietly put the room in order; then sat down again, and had her hand once more upon the book, when suddenly the heavy breathing stopped for a minute. "He is going to wake now," said Mrs. Billiter to herself; but scarcely had the thought passed through her mind, when she heard a sudden sort of rattling and snorting noise from the bed; and, jumping up in alarm, she ran forward, and drew back the curtain. The light fell straight upon the face of the sick man; and a horrible sight it presented. The features were all in motion; the eyes rolling in the head; the teeth gnashing together; foam issuing from the mouth; and the whole limbs agitated, so that the bed-clothes were drawn into a knot around him. Mr. Wittingham, in short, was in strong convulsions. Mrs. Billiter was, naturally, greatly alarmed; and her first impulse was to run to the door to call for help; but suddenly a new view of the case seemed to strike her: "No, I won't," she said; and, going back, she got some hartshorn, and applied it to Mr. Wittingham's nostrils, sprinkled some water on his face, wetted his temples, and did every thing she could think of to put an end to the fit. It continued violently for several minutes, however; and she thought, "Perhaps he ought to be bled; I ought to send for Slattery, I do believe;" but at that moment the spasm seemed relaxed; the contorted limbs fell languid; a calm expression spread over the features; the eyelids fell heavily, rose, and fell again; and though the fingers continued to grasp the bed-clothes, it was with no violence. "He is getting better," said the housekeeper to herself. The next moment the motions of the hands ceased; a sharp shudder passed over the whole frame; the chest heaved and fell; then came a deep sigh; and the eyes opened; the jaw dropped; all became motionless; there was not a sound. Mrs. Billiter listened. Not the rustle of the lightest breath could be heard. She held the candle close to his eyes; the eyelids quivered not; the pupil did not contract. A cold, damp dew stood upon the sunken temples; and all was still, but it was the silence of death. She set down the candle on the chair, and gazed at him for two or three minutes,

almost as motionless as the dead body before her ; then, suddenly starting, she said in a low tone: "There is no time to be lost; I must think of the poor boy; for he was a hard-hearted old man; and there is no knowing what he may have done. She pressed her hand upon her forehead tight for a minute or two, in deep thought; then putting the candle on the table at a distance from the bed-curtains, she went out, ran up stairs, and called up the footman, waiting at his door till he came out.

"Master is very ill, John," said Mrs. Billiter; "I don't think he will get through the night, so you must run up—"

"And bring down Mr. Slaterry," said the footman, interrupting her.

"No," answered the housekeeper, "Slaterry said he could do no good; and master and he had a sad quarrel, but you must go and call Mr. Harry. Tell him to come down directly, and not to lose a minute."

"I had better take the horse," said the man, "for Buxton's Inn is a good bit of a way."

"He is not at Buxton's Inn," answered Mrs. Billiter, "but at Morris's little cottage on Chandleigh-heath. You can take the horse if you like, but be quick about it for Heaven's sake. It is a clear, moonlight night, and you can gallop all the way."

"That I will," said the man, and ran down stairs.

Without calling any one else, Mrs. Billiter returned to the chamber of death, looked into the bed for a moment or two and saw that all was still. She knew he was dead right well, but yet it seemed strange to her that he had not moved. There was something awful in it, and she sat down upon a chair and wept. She had not loved him; she had not esteemed or respected him; she had known him to be harsh, cruel, and unkind, but yet there was something in seeing the life of the old man go out solitary, untended by kindred hands, without a friend, without a relation near, with bitterness in his spirit and enmity between him and his only child, that moved the secret sources of deep emotion in the woman's heart and opened the fountain of tears.

While she yet wept, she heard the horse's feet pass by towards Chandleigh-heath, and then for about an hour all was silent. Buried in deep sleep, the inhabitants of the little town knew not, cared not, thought not of all that was passing in the dwelling of their rich neighbour. At length a distant sound was heard of hoofs beating fast the hard road; it came nearer and nearer; and starting up, Mrs. Billiter ran down stairs with a light in her hand and opened the hall-door. The next moment she heard the garden-gate opened, and a figure came forward leading a horse.

Casting the rein over the beast's neck and giving it a cut with the whip to send it towards the stables, Harry Wittingham sprang forward, ran up the steps, and entered the house. His face was not pale but flushed, and his eyes fiery.

"Ah, Master Harry," said Mrs. Billiter, as soon as she saw him, "he is gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Harry Wittingham, "do you mean he is dead?"

"Yes," answered the old woman; "but come up, sir, come up, there is much to be thought of." *

Without a word the young man stood beside, whilst she closed and locked the door, and then followed her up stairs to his dead father's room.

She suffered him to gaze into the bed for a minute or two, with haggard eyes and heavy brow, but then she touched his arm, saying,

"Master Harry, Master Harry, you had better think of other things just now ; he was very hard upon you, and I can't help thinking tried to do you wrong. Four or five days ago he wrote a great deal one afternoon, and then told me afterwards 'he had remembered me in his will.' You had better see what that will is—he kept all the papers he cared most about in that table-drawer—the key hangs upon his watch-chain."

With shaking hands Harry Wittingham took up the watch, approached the table and opened the drawer with the key. There were several papers within and different note-books, but one document lay at the top with a few words written on the outside, and the young man instantly took it up, opened and began to read it. Mrs. Billiter gazed at him, standing at a distance, with a look of anxiety and apprehension. When he had read about a dozen lines his face assumed a look of terrible distress he dropped the paper from his hand, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed,

"Good God, he thought I shot at him !"

"But you didn't ? you didn't, Master Harry ?"

"I ?—I never thought of it !" exclaimed Harry Wittingham.

Mrs. Billiter ran forward, picked up the paper, and put it in his hand again.

"There's a large fire in the kitchen to keep water hot," she said in a whisper ; "all the maids are in bed, and the man has not come back yet, but he won't be long—be quick, Master Harry, be quick."

The young man paused, gazed thoughtfully at the paper for a moment or two, then took up the light and hurried out of the room.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WE must go back to an early hour of that same Sunday morning, and to the cottage of Stephen Gimlet, near the little church. Both Stephen himself and his mother-in-law had risen betimes ; and the boy was still sleeping in his bed. The old lady spent three-quarters of an hour in writing an epistle, with her spectacles on her nose ; while her son-in-law ate his breakfast ; and when the act of composition was over, she folded up in the letter an old piece of paper, partly printed, partly written, the very same in fact, which had flown out of her family Bible one morning, when poor Billy Lamb, coming in, had found the book in the hands of Stephen Gimlet's little boy. She then added thereto an old, somewhat crumpled, and well-worn letter, first reading over the address attentively, got a light and a small piece of red sealing-wax, sealed the letter, and stamped it with the end of her thimble.

"There, Stephen," she said, giving the letter to her son-in-law, "he is back now, that's certain ; take that up to him, and tell him, that if he wants to hear any more about it, I can give him information of the whole. I know all the names, and I believe the minister is alive still.—I would not go out of the house, if I were you, till I saw him ; and, if by any chance he should not be come down yet, I would hang about and catch him, when he arrives ; for it is only just right he should know how the whole matter stands, before he goes any further."

"I won't miss him this time, goody," said Ste. Gimlet ; "so you and the boy get your dinner, if I should not come back in time. I

am very uneasy at its not having been done before ; for we poor people cannot tell what may become of such things with great folks, and after all you tell me, I am very sure, that blackguard fellow, Moreton, is not hanging about here for any good."

Thus saying, Stephen Gimlet put the letter carefully up, and went away, as usual, with his gun in his hand, and his dog following. It was not yet more than half-past five o'clock ; and, recollecting that the servants of Sir John Slingsby were not very matutinal in their habits, the gamekeeper thought he might as well go upon one of his rounds, which led him near to Chandleigh-heath, and see if he could get any inkling of Captain Moreton's proceedings. He walked slowly along up the lane from his own house, crossed the high-road from Tarningham to London, and then taking a path across the fields, soon came to another lane, which led him to a sandy way, having a high hedge with elm-trees on the left, and Chandleigh-heath on the right. It was sunk down some way beneath the rest of the country, so as to give no prospect over the common ; but, a couple of hundred yards further on, a footpath went up over the bank and divided into two, something after the fashion of a bird's merrythought, one branch leading to an old tumulus, topped with firs, and the other, which was much shorter, running down to the cottage inhabited by Captain Moreton. About twenty yards before he reached this turning, the dog, which followed at Stephen Gimlet's heels, began to growl in a somewhat angry manner ; and the gamekeeper turned round to look in what direction the beast's eyes were bent. Before he could ascertain, however, a man suddenly sprang over the hedge, and cast himself upon him, seizing the barrel of his gun with both hands. A fierce struggle ensued ; for Stephen Gimlet at once perceived who his adversary was ; and the gamekeeper, though taken unawares, was decidedly getting the better, when he suddenly found his arms seized from behind, and a cord passed quickly round them. The next instant the cord was drawn tight in spite of all his efforts ; but at the same moment he had the satisfaction of hearing the voice of Harry Wittingham exclaim : " Damn the dog, he has bit me to the bone ;" and, as his legs were free, he made so strenuous an application of his thick-nailed shoes to the shins of Captain Moreton, that the respectable gentleman let go his hold ; and, darting away, Stephen Gimlet ran forward, as fast as he could, in the hope of meeting some one, who would render him assistance. I have said, that his assailants sprang upon him from behind ; and, consequently, the only paths open for the fugitive were those which led towards the cottage or to the tumulus on the heath. In the latter direction he was not likely to find any one to help him ; but down the lane, which passed close by the cottage, were a number of poor men's houses, the inhabitants of which usually went out to work about that hour. It is a pity that Stephen Gimlet did not recollect that it was Sunday ; but so it was ; and the good labourers were taking an additional nap to refresh them after the toils of the week. No one knows how much one limb aids another, even in the peculiar functions of the latter, till some deprivation has taken place. Now, at the first consideration, we should say, that a man did not run with his arms ; but yet the arms help a man very much in running ; and Stephen Gimlet soon found to his cost, that he could not run as he was accustomed to do, without them. He was much swifter of foot than either of those who followed ; but yet, by the time that he had got

three hundred yards down the lane, they had recovered their hold of him and thrown him down. In fact, it was a great convenience to them, that he had run; for every step that he had taken was in the direction which they had intended to carry him; and when they overtook him, he was not thirty yards from the garden-gate of the cottage. He was easily dragged along for that distance, brought into the house, and put into a room, which had been constructed by the retired hosier for what he called the butler's pantry, though it is by no means to be understood that he ever had, or expected to have, such a thing as a butler, or any thing the least like it. Nevertheless, as the room was destined to contain a certain amount of silver spoons, tea-pots, and other little pieces of the precious metal, strong bars had been put up to the windows; and the butler's pantry now formed a very convenient little cage for the bird, which the two gentlemen had caught out upon the common.

Before they shut the door upon him, Mr. Henry Wittingham made some proposal to Captain Moreton in a low voice, to which the other replied :

"No, no; he'll make an outcry and wake the women; and then we shall have it all over the place. You can lick him well before we let him out, if you like. Let us attend to the main business first, and, having got him in, keep him in; nobody knowing any thing about it.—Good morning, Master Wolf; you shall have some bread-and-water, if you like, but nothing else for the next four-and-twenty hours."

Stephen Gimlet answered not; and it is to be remarked, that—whether, because he thought that shouting would be of no use, or that he chose to imitate the beast, whose name he had acquired, in its taciturn habits under adversity—not a word had he uttered from the beginning of the fray until the end. He suffered the door to be shut upon him in silence; and, while he remained revolving what was to be done, or whether any thing could be done, his two captors retired to the little drawing-room, where they sat down and laughed for a moment at the success of their scheme. Their first merriment, however, soon gave way to some uneasy sensations. Captain Moreton rubbed his shins, which had suffered considerably from the contact with Stephen Gimlet's shoes. Harry Wittingham unceremoniously pulled off his boot, and found his whole stocking stained with blood, and the marks of four large fangs very apparent in the heel and tendon.

"Come along with me," said Captain Moreton, when he saw his companion's state; "we'll get a little salt and water; you shall wash your heel with it, and I will wash my shins, for that d—d fellow has kicked all the skin off—salt and water is the best thing in the world."

While they go to perform the part of surgeons upon themselves, I will, with the reader's leave, return to speak of one of the actors in the scene of Stephen Gimlet's capture, who has not had as much notice as he deserves. The dog, who had followed him from his own cottage, after having paid due attention to the heel of Mr. Wittingham, and received a severe kick for his pains, gave chase to the pursuers of his master down the lane, tore Captain Moreton's coat with a spring and a snap; but then suddenly, as if he saw that his own unassisted efforts could do little, and judged, that it might be right to seek assistance, darted off at a right angle across the common, with his head hanging down, his tongue out, and some angry foam dropping from his mouth. He ran straight

through a farm-yard on the opposite side of the heath, bit at a woman who was going to milk the cows, but only tore her apron, wounded the farmer's dog with a sharp snap, went clear over the wall and straight on toward Tarningham, biting at every living thing that came in his way, but never stopping to ascertain whether he had inflicted much or little evil. This misanthropical spirit soon called the attention of the people, and excited their indignation. They gave the poor dog a bad name; and, though no one could be found to undertake the exact task of hanging him, they followed with pitchforks, sticks, shovels, stones, and a very miscellaneous assortment of other weapons, such as pokers, tongs, &c.: and, driving him into the court-yard of the mayor's house at Tarningham, succeeded in killing him without doing any other further mischief.

Such is the tragic history of Stephen Gimlet's poor dog; but of none of the particulars were Captain Moreton and Harry Wittingham made acquainted at the time; for both those gentlemen thought fit to keep themselves strictly to the house during the whole morning. Of much and many things did they talk; they comforted the outward man, as had been proposed, with salt and water; they comforted the inner man with toast, coffee, eggs, and broiled ham. The broiled ham left them thirsty; and at twelve o'clock they tried to assuage such unpleasant sensations by a glass of cold brandy-and-water; and, finding that not succeed according to their expectation, they tried another glass hot. After that, Harry Wittingham declared he felt tired and sleepy with getting up so early, and retired to lie down for a time; but he continued sleeping in a broken sort of confused slumber for between three and four hours, when he was roused by hearing some very high tones, and apparently sharp words proceeding from the neighbouring room. Without difficulty he recognised the voices of Captain Moreton and his fair companion, who had seemed in no very good humour when she supped with him the night before; but he could not distinguish the subject of dispute on the present occasion; and, looking at his watch, he found that it was past four o'clock. Knowing that the dinner-hour at the cottage was five, he washed his face and hands, arranged his hair, as best he might, and went down to the drawing-room, still hearing the strife of tongues raging in the adjoining room.

It was some quarter of an hour before Captain Moreton joined him; and he was then informed by his worthy friend, that dinner would be half an hour later that day, as the maid had been sent to Buxton's Inn, for the purpose of ordering a chaise to be at the door at night-fall.

This announcement startled Harry Wittingham a good deal.

"But where the devil are you going to, Moreton?" he inquired; "you are not going to leave me alone with this fellow, are you?"

"Only for a short time, Mr. Wittingham," answered Captain Moreton, in his easy, nonchalant way, "not long enough for him to eat you, or for you to eat him. You know what obstinate devils these women are; and I have got to do with the most pig-headed of the whole race. The fact is, Wittingham, we have got in our hands, if we do but use it properly, the means of having full revenge upon one or two good friends of ours; amongst the rest, that fellow, who, as you ought to remember, was second to Captain Hayward in his duel with you, Mr. Beauchamp, he calls himself."

"Why, I hear he has turned out a Lord Lenham, and is going to marry old Sir John's pretty daughter."

"Exactly so," answered Captain Moreton, drily; "but if he doesn't mind, his wedding tour will be a different one to what he expects; however, I have the greatest difficulty in preventing my fair friend Charlotte from spoiling the whole business; for she is in one of her violent fits, and then she gets as mad as a March hare. She and I must act together; but I must not appear in the business; for you see there are two or three little things that the people might bring against me. I have resolved, therefore, to get over to Winterton, till to-morrow's work is blown over; for she will be present to witness the marriage, do what I can to stop her. As the mischief would have it, however, I threatened to blow the whole matter up, if she would not submit to management; and so she will not let me out of her sight, threatening at the same time to cut my throat, or some pretty little thing of that kind by way of making herself a pleasant companion. However, she must go with me, that's clear, and come over in a chaise to-morrow, to the wedding. If she does not spoil all, and this man here can be kept in, we have got them completely in our power."

"Why, what in fortune's name can he have to do with Lord Lenham's marriage?" asked Harry Wittingham.

"I don't know, exactly," answered Captain Moreton, musing gravely, "but I have a good many suspicions about him, which it won't do to mention just yet. All I ask, is to have him kept in here, till after the marriage is over; and you will have nothing further to do with it, than to keep the key of the room and prevent any of the girls from going in. By so doing you will punish him ten times more than if you licked him for an hour. I know you are not given to be afraid of any thing; but, if people should make a fuss about it, it is very easy to say you did it to punish him for knocking you down the way he did."

Harry Wittingham smiled; and the moment after Captain Moreton continued: "Here she comes, by Jove; I'll get out of the way for the present, and cram some meat down that fellow's throat without untying him. You'll stay, Wittingham, won't you? I shall be back to-morrow night."

"Why, I must stay, I suppose," said Harry Wittingham; "for good old Dame Billiter thinks I shall be here till to-morrow night; and I expect her to send me up some money, if she can get it."

Captain Moreton did not wait for any thing further than this assent, but disappeared by the right-hand door; and the moment after, the fair lady, whom I have so often mentioned, entered by the other. Her face was somewhat redder than usual; but that was the only sign of agitating passions that could be discovered in her demeanour. Her step was calm, stealthy, and cat-like; her eyes looked cold and flat, with a meaningless sort of glassy glare about them, as if purposely covered by a semiopaque film to veil what was passing beneath. She looked slowly round the room, without taking any notice of Mr. Wittingham, though she had not seen him that day; and, walking round to the mock-rosewood sofa, she sat down in silence and took some papers out of the drawer of the table. Harry Wittingham wished her good morning, and addressed to her some common-place observation, to which she replied with a forced smile, and then busied herself with her papers again. When Captain

Moreton re-entered the room about a quarter of an hour afterwards, a sudden fierce gleam came into her eyes and passed away again ; but she uttered not a word ; and, dinner being announced soon after, she took Mr. Wittingham's arm and walked into the small dining-room. When the meal was over, and she left the gentlemen to their wine, she passed by Captain Moreton's chair, and bending down her head, she said in a low voice, but loud enough for Mr. Wittingham to hear :

"Remember, Moreton, remember! You know me!"

Captain Moreton only laughed, though the words were said with a threatening manner; and, as soon as she was gone, he plied Harry Wittingham with wine, which was followed by brandy-and-water; and in the pleasant occupation thus provided, the two worthy compeers continued to exercise themselves, till the sky grew grey, and the roll of a chaise was heard before the garden.

"There, Wittingham," cried Captain Moreton, starting up, "there's the key of the little cellar—small enough, but there's sufficient in it to lay you dead-drunk for a fortnight. There's the key of the cage, too; keep the bird safe till ten or eleven o'clock to-morrow. I will try to keep my grey mare in hand; and, if we can manage both, you will hear some news to-morrow night, that will make you laugh heartily—Farewell, my good fellow," and going to the door, he shouted aloud, "Where's the portmanteau?"

"I put it in the shay, sir," said the girl; and, turning once more to Harry Wittingham, Captain Moreton told him that he should see him before ten the following night, and went to seek his fair companion.

In a few minutes more they were gone; but the gentleman they left behind did not see any reason why he should not finish the bottle of wine on the table, "just to take the taste of the brandy out of his mouth." After that he fell asleep in an arm-chair; and so sound was his slumber, that the maid came in twice and looked at him; but seeing that there was no probability of his waking for some hours, she put a fresh pair of candles on the table, and went to bed.

Harry Wittingham slept and dreamed: He thought he had committed some horrible act, that the hue and cry was raised, the whole county in pursuit, and that he could hear the galloping of horses coming close after him. He struggled to spur his own beast forward, but its legs would not move: and, looking down with horror and consternation, he found it was a rocking-horse with little bells at its ears and its tail. Suddenly a constable seemed to grasp him by the shoulder; and, starting up in agony, he found the servant-girl shaking him.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Billiter has sent up the man to say, that your father is dying, and you must go down directly."

Without a moment's thought or consideration, Harry Wittingham ran out, snatched up his hat in the passage; and, telling the man to follow on foot, mounted the horse and rode away to Tarningham.

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CHAP. XL.

THE sun shone bright in Stephen Gimlet's cottage for a couple of hours after dawn, till about an hour before evening's close. For the first three or four hours the same sunshine seemed to pervade the interior house that glowed without. Widow Lamb seemed contented with what she had done; her meek face wore as warm a smile as ever now shone upon

it; and she busied herself during the morning in all the little household arrangements, and in teaching the boy his letters. The boy himself played about merrily, whilst she was occupied with the inanimate things of the place, and then came and said his letters, infamously ill, indeed, but still somewhat better than usual. When the sun got round to his southernmost point, Widow Lamb, not at all surprised at her son-in-law's absence, as its probability had been announced beforehand, gave the boy his dinner, and took a very moderate portion of food herself; but, when the day had three or four hours declined from its prime, she wondered that Stephen had not come back, and, at the end of an hour, grew somewhat uneasy. She consoled herself, however, by supposing, that Lord Lenham had not yet returned from London, and that Stephen was waiting for his arrival; but another hour passed, and another; and at length her son, Billy Lamb, made his appearance, inquiring somewhat anxiously for his brother-in-law.

Mrs. Lamb simply told him, that Stephen was out, adding that he had been away all day.

"It is droll I haven't seen him," said the boy, "but I dare say he is vexed about his dog."

"Why, what has happened to the dog?" asked Widow Lamb. "He took it out with him this morning early."

"Ay, but the people of Tarningham killed it for a mad dog," said Billy Lamb, "I dare say the poor beast was not mad at all. I saw it afterwards and knew it directly; but I have seen nothing of Stephen."

"He is up at Sir John's," said Widow Lamb, "and I dare say is waiting till the young lord comes down from London."

"No, that can't be, mother," replied her son, "for the gentleman came down yesterday evening; one of our postboys drove him."

"That's very odd," said Widow Lamb, "I wonder Stephen has not come back then. I hope nothing's the matter."

"Oh, dear no," replied the deformed lad; "you know Ste was always fond of wandering about, and would, at times, be out for a couple of days together; but I wanted to tell him that I have found out nothing about that Captain Moreton, except that he is going away from the cottage somewhere to-night. I did not see him myself, when I took up the letters to him to-day; but the servant-girl told me she had been sent up to Buxton's Inn to order a chaise, and that it was to be down there just at nightfall."

"Ay, ill birds fly at night," said Widow Lamb; "but I wish Stephen would come home, for he has been now gone well-nigh twelve hours."

"Oh, he is safe enough, mother," reiterated her son, "it is not like if it were night-time, or winter either—but I must get back; for there will be all the supper-beer to carry out;" and, after a few more words, he departed.

Hour after hour, however, went by; and Stephen Gimlet did not appear, till the good old lady's apprehensions increased every minute. She put the boy to bed and sat up and watched; but eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and no one approached the cottage-door. A terribly anxious night was that which followed; and, though about midnight Widow Lamb went to bed, sleep did not visit her eyes for some hours. She lay and revolved all that could have happened. She was anxious for her son-in-law; anxious for the result of his mission to Beauchamp; and she had resolved to set off early on the morrow morning for Tarningham-park,

taking the boy with her. At about half-past three, however, weariness overpowered the old woman, and she slept. Her frame was not very strong; and, exhausted with both watching and anxiety, the slumber that fell upon her was profound and long. The first thing that awoke her was the little boy pulling her by the arm and saying, "Granny, granny, you are a sluggard now, as you called me the other day. I am very hungry, I want my breakfast."

Widow Lamb started up, and looking at her old round watch in its tortoiseshell-case, she saw that it was half-past seven o'clock. Vexed and angry with herself, she hurried on her clothes, and proceeded to give the boy some food, urging him to hasten his meal, as she was going to take him a walk. The temptation was strong, and at about a quarter past eight they were out of the cottage, and on their way to Tarningham-park. She heard village-bells ringing merrily, as on a day of festival; but Widow Lamb's heart was sad. The whole country was smiling in the morning light; but, though to a fine mind the beauties of nature never lose their charm, yet to the old there is, at all times, a melancholy mingled with the pleasure they produce; and to the spirit cast down with apprehension, or affliction, the very loveliness becomes a load. The boy lingered, and would fain have played by the way; but his grandmother hurried him forward as fast as his little legs could carry him; and they reached the mansion of Sir John Slingsby a few minutes before nine. There were carriages already at the door. Servants were seen bustling about; but all were too busy to take notice of the old widow and the little boy, till, going into the court-yard, she addressed herself to one of the helpers in the stable, whom she had seen and known, and told him her apprehensions about her son-in-law.

THE GRAVES OF THE SEA. •

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

[“The neighbouring inhabitants show some rocks, visible only at low tides, which they say are the remains of an island that was formerly the burial-place of the ancient proprietor of Ballyheigh.”—*DR. SMITH'S History of Kerry.*]

I.

If you wander alone on some bright afternoon,
When the waves and the wind ever make their sad tune;
Be sure you may see 'neath the clear shining wave
The tombs that their sons to our forefathers gave!
Oh! oft as I've rovd by that storm-beaten shore,
I've seen through the wave the rude dwellings of yore,
And thought, with a sigh, that our sires were as free
As the waves that roll over the graves of the sea.

II.

And better by far than a tomb on the shore
Are the sea-beaten graves of the heroes of yore;
For their souls could not rest under Erin's green plains,
While the hand of the Saxon their sons held in chains;
Then we swear by the rocks 'neath the bright flowing waves,
That point to the spot of our forefathers' graves,
We will ne'er cease to struggle, nor strive to be free,
Till we sleep with our sires in the graves of the sea!

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. IV.

So much as from occasions you may glean.—*Hamlet.*

SELF-CONFIDENCE A DUTY.

WHEN Leibnitz says, "the present is pregnant with the future," we are not to receive the dictum as an abstract proposition, but as one in which every individual is interested, and in the verification of which he is destined to form a part. As the child is the father of the man, so, in a moral as well as in a literal sense, the living is the parent of the unborn generations; and it should elevate us in our own estimation, as well as in our sense of the duties and powers committed to us, if we reflect that every individual mind may contain some germ, some seed, some latent principle, the development of which may sooner or later produce an important and beneficial influence upon the whole wide-spread world. Idle, not to say impious, were it to distrust God's power to work such a miracle in our own person, because our position may be humble, our means and our intelligence seemingly inadequate to the production of grand results. Neither natural nor mental expansiveness is to be measured by the capacity of the recipient. What! were not all the oak forests of the earth once contained in a single acorn? In the history of nations it would seem that some mysterious law generally deduces the greatest events from mean causes. A camel-driver founded a new religion, and changed the fortunes of whole empires; a Genevese adventurer, by discovering America, opened a new world to the conquests and the commerce of the old; an obscure German, by the invention of the printing-press, widened the whole intellectual sphere of man; and an Augustine monk, by denouncing the sale of indulgences, accomplished the greatest religious revolution that the world had experienced since the introduction of Christianity.

"True, all very true," sighs the supine or the desponding reader; "but those were times in which great events could be wrought by comparatively insignificant instruments. In those days people were generally unenlightened, and therefore easily led by superior minds." Your pardon, slothful and misgiving man. Similar miracles have been accomplished in our own age and country, for, however wide may be the diffusion of intelligence, there will always arise, and often from the inferior classes, superior minds, whose indomitable energies, whether directed to scientific improvements, to the removal of political abuses, or to the reform of social institutions, will render them the benefactors not only of their own age and nation, but of all ages and all nations. May not *you*, perchance, become one of these Godsendings to earth? Look around you, indolent excuse-seeker! Are you not the contemporary of Clarkson, a man originally of no mark or likelihood, who, when the slave-trade was in the full vigour of its legal recognition, and extensive practice by all the commercial states of Europe, solemnly dedicated himself to its extinction, and lived to accomplish a vow which, at the time it was made, was ridiculed as the dream of a half-crazy enthusiast? Have

you not seen Cobden, a manufacturer, chiefly by his own irrepressible perseverance, alter, in a few years, the long-established and deeply-rooted commercial system of the British empire? Nay, have you not had the honour of living in the same age with a lone woman, an unaided Quakeress, who, devoting herself to the improvement of gaol-discipline and the reform of prisoners, shamed the legislature into the adoption of her recommendations, and whose memory is at this moment about to be honoured with a testimonial to perpetuate the national sense of her benevolent exertions? Has not Rowland Hill, by his single-handed efforts, achieved a similar triumph? Easy were it to multiply living instances of the giant deeds performed by apparent pigmies, but enough has been recorded to show that where his cause is good, there is no social dwarf who may not become a moral Hercules. Every individual should consider himself not only destined to promote the advancement of his species, but qualified to accomplish it, if he will but give development to the divinity that is within him. Such is the lofty faith that leads to lofty deeds; and such will be the lofty deeds that shall eventually elevate the human race, and render the moral not less perfect than the physical scheme of creation.

CAPITALIST STATESMEN.

"NOTHING can be more reasonable," says Addison, "than that those who have engrossed the riches of the nation should have the management of the public treasure, and the direction of its fleets and armies." If the mere fact of amassing wealth evinced administrative talent, there might be some ground for an opinion which would only be a new version of the old dictum, that knowledge is power. Taken without this qualification, Addison's "reasonable" view would give us, at the present moment, an opulent oligarchy of money-changers and manufacturers for our form of government, and perhaps a Judaic—I mean a "Mosaic-Arab-Caucasian" junto for our governors. Curious is it to consider the various modes, in different ages of the world, by which men have usurped dominion over their fellows. In the early and rude stages of society, brute force was the only means of mastery, and kings and warriors tormented and bullied the people at will, until priests arose to scramble for a share of the prize, by setting up spiritual authority as equal, if not superior, to that of kings and chieftains. The priesthood formed the first democracy, and, with all the abuses of the order, which were neither few nor unimportant, the world made an immense stride in advance, when mental obtained a pre-eminence over corporeal endowments and the accidents of birth. Signal was the change when Henry II., after struggling with Thomas à Becket for predominance, was obliged to do public penance for his murder.

The king, the church, and the barons, contended with each other for dominion, till the extorted signature of Magna Charta established a form of constitution, at least for the privileged classes. What the church gradually usurped in domains and possessions, and consequently in power, until its enormous opulence tempted the cupidity of Henry VIII., it is needless to record. For the laity there was no wealth and no means of influence except through their landed estates, until the revolution of 1688, which, after it had established the sovereignty of Parliament, and the supremacy of the law, introduced a great social change by originating the Funding system, an innovation that quickly gave a share of political power to that

class whom Bolingbroke designated as the "Party of the Bank," the "Common Corporations," and the "Moneyed Interest." That this spendthrift contrivance for mortgaging the future resources of the nation, and enabling it to indulge its extravagance and ambition by living upon its capital instead of its annual income, has given an inordinate, not to say an unnatural, elevation to this country, cannot be denied; but it may be fairly questioned whether the disadvantages have not overbalanced the benefits of the scheme; and whether, in point of fact, any one age has a right, in its frantic profusion, to saddle its successors with an almost intolerable burden.

Whether for good or for evil, the Funding system called into existence a new class to contend with the landholders; and as Bank-notes had now

Lent Corruption lighter wings to fly,

and a representative government enabled their possessors to influence elections by bribery, and to purchase rotten boroughs, their power constantly increased up to the Reform of Parliament, in 1830, when the latter abuse was partially closed, both against themselves and their titled or large-acred competitors. The manufacturing interest, a potent, perhaps a predominant portion of the moneyed class, has sprung up in modern times, and what *they* can accomplish has been already shown in the carrying of the Bill for the abolition of the Corn Law. In the progress of our national development, every thing points to the further advancement of these interests, and to the consequent declension of the old aristocratical and landed parties. According to Addison, "nothing can be more reasonable." Certain it is, that if either greater wealth or superior knowledge be power, the want of those comparative advantages, a want which the general diffusion of intelligence and riches renders daily more conspicuous in the aristocracy and the squirearchy, must tend to weaken their influence, both socially and politically.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PUBLIC MORALITY.

Louis XIV., James II., Queen Anne, Lord Bolingbroke, Lady Masham, and many others, hesitated not to derive money from the slave trade, even when its horrors were at their height. The three first were among the Lord's Anointed; many of their accomplices were honourables and right honourables, some perchance right reverends; yet would the law now pronounce them to be all malefactors and culprits! Not a great many years have elapsed since the sons of kings' mistresses were made hereditary legislators. The monarch still possesses this prerogative, if there *can* be a right to do wrong, but public opinion would prevent its exercise. Shall a man be ridiculed as an optimist or a visionary because he predicts that future improvements measured by the past will be in the ratio of geometrical as compared with arithmetical progression, until man, who has well been termed "Heaven's exile straying from its orb of light," shall finally be restored to his bright original sphere.

A CASTLE IN RUINS.

A new castle, of which the sharp angular outlines refuse to harmonise with those of the surrounding scene, while its glaring colours cannot be made to blend with the general tone of the landscape, offends the eye as much as a discord jars upon the ear, and is immediately pronounced un-

picturesque. How different the effect of a castle in ruins! Its outlines assume those rugged and indistinct forms which are the more interesting because they stimulate the imagination to complete the design; its walls are tamed down by lichens, ivy, and the breath of ages, to a mellow tint; trees spring up within and around its area; nature's own hand places flowers upon the window-sills, and forms a variegated parterre upon ledges, cornices, and "coigns of vantage," which the hand of man could never have reached. How eloquent is the silence of a ruin! how affecting when it is broken for a moment by the hollow echoes of a stone falling from some crumbling pinnacle into the deserted courts! how startling when the song of birds recalls that of the minstrels who once trill'd their merry lays on the same spot! And the moonlight, how solemn is its mournful smile upon the shattered keep and the obliterated tombstones of the unremembered great! Nature, the best of all artists, resuming what man has abandoned, and combining her own sylvan charms with the architectural beauties that time has spared, blends the forms and tints into one of those harmonious pictures which she alone can produce. Never can *her* face be deficient in variety or beauty. Lights and shades are its smiles and tears; in the waters and the winds are heard her laughter and her sighs; and if the earth and sky be not talking to each other, if all be hushed and mute, such a landscape as we have described becomes the most beautiful of silent poems.

Grateful, too, are all the associations connected with a ruined castle. Our self-love, which with one root has a thousand branches, always finds consolation for individual insignificance in contemplating the evidences of fallen grandeur, and our spirit crows within us as we take unopposed possession of some fortress that once belonged to the Tudors and the Plantagenets. Well may our hearts distend with a more disinterested exultation as we reflect that the necessity for these strongholds, once made subservient to violence and oppression, no longer exists; and that an Englishman, with the law for his feudal baron, requires no other castle than his own house.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

A cannon ball, striking the oaken ribs of a man of war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon the waves, it swerves aside, and is conquered by their unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury. So the first burst of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by a stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless when it is met by softness and submission. The moral, old as the fable of the wind, the oak, and the reed, has been remembered long enough to be forgotten by many. Quakers, however, have obtained their objects, as a sect, by passive resistance; and many a wise wife has followed the same course with similar success. "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" but thus to suppress your anger is not always to extinguish it. Inwardly it may smoulder, and you may be only hiding the fire with fuel that it may eventually burst out more fiercely. To secure it from re-kindling you must steep your heart in the waters of oblivion.

VOLITION.

According to Locke's definition, volition "is the actual exercise of the
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power the mind has to order the consideration of any idea, or the forbearing to consider it; or to prefer the motion of any part of the body to its rest by directing any particular action, or its forbearance." Yes, the simple Will can at any time order up an idea for consideration, but neither your own will, nor the combined wills of all the world can compel you to adopt that idea, if it be repudiated by your reason. So may you command such action of your limbs as nature has intended; but no exercise of volition will enable you to soar into the air or dive into the earth, or to do any thing repudiated by your corporeal powers. Now, religious belief, or conviction of any kind, being utterly independent of the will, and resulting solely from the conclusions of our reason, mere volition can no more enable our minds to adopt a particular faith, than it can empower our bodies to soar into the sky, or plunge beneath the earth. How strange that the world should so perversely shut its eyes to a fact so manifest and irrefutable! how melancholy to reflect that all the *odium theologicum*, all the persecutions, all the religious wars that have tormented mankind, should have been as absurd in aim, as they were diabolical in execution.

"But there cannot be more than one true religion," exclaims some over-zealous preacher; "every man should fairly subject it to the test of his reason, and be severely punished if he do not eventually adopt it." Another grievous error! There is such a thing as a relative truth which may be, at the same time, an abstract falsehood. Whatever a man has been educated to believe, and does conscientiously believe, is to that man a relative truth, and in so far, it is a true faith, however erroneous. The doctrine which a man merely professes to believe, having uninquiringly adopted it from circumstances of birth, from interest, or from indifference, is in him a false faith, however unimpeachable may be its veracity. And who is to determine the precise truth. If an infidel be enticed or frightened into Christianity, which of its sects and subdivisions of sects is he to select?

"What inference would you draw from these suspicious premises?" angrily demands the aforesaid over-zealous preacher.

"Reverend sir, I would infer the necessity for toleration from all to all; and I would ask permission to quote a passage from a most intelligent French writer."

"The God of charity, equity, and humanity, has permitted us to substitute a humane code for the cruel law of the middle ages. But you would maintain its barbarity. This exclusive right suppressed contradiction only by killing the contradictor. Ours admits differences; of divers tones it makes harmony; it does not wish that our enemy should die, but that he should become our friend, and live. 'Save the conquered,' said Henry IV., after the battle of Ivry; 'Kill all,' said Pope Pius V. to the soldiers he sent into France before St. Bartholomew."*

Morality may be grievously perverted by the crooked policy of kings and rulers, but it is never completely stifled except by superstition.

* *Priests, Women, and Families.* By J. Michelet. Preface to the first edition.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAP. XII.

ANGELIQUE did not make her appearance that day at dinner; the cause, Madame de Vaudet said, being a slight indisposition. I put this to the right account, for I remembered well the emotion which she had displayed when she discovered my situation in the cabaret, and the intensity of my passion for the amiable girl increased with the thought that she suffered for me in secret. I managed, however, to make a tolerable dinner; for, as I have often heard Jawley say, "there are certain phases of excitement when the abnegation of self amounts to confirmed grannyism."

Madame de Vaudet was rather pensive, and I, who am of cameleon-like susceptibility, should in all probability have caught the infection, had it not been for the exuberant spirits of Sir Henry Jones, who, contrary to my expectations, joined the party, and did the honours of the table that day with a grace and vivacity which were perfectly charming. I ascribed this gaiety of heart, and a hint from the baronet assured me that I was right in my conjecture, to the success which had attended his mission on behalf of the Jews; in whose welfare he was so assiduously engaged, so true it is that virtue is ever its own reward. At Sir Henry's recommendation I tried a very nice sparkling wine, grown, he informed me, on an estate of the Vicomte de Vieux Rusé, in Normandy—a province whose vintages are amongst the most remarkable in France—and I found it peculiarly exhilarating, so much so, indeed, that in a short time I rose to the baronet's level, and felt myself equal to any thing.

Our conversation naturally turned upon the events of the preceding day, and the boldness I had shown in presenting myself at the palace to demand justice in the name of an outraged Englishman, was universally applauded.

"It is pity," said the viscount, in his well-intentioned but ungrammatical style, "you was not see de king when you call on him to-day, for he would have make haste to put you to rights; but it is true he was gone out a walking as Sare Henry say, for I met de whole famille myself at the Jardin des Plantes dis very afternoon. His majesty is very glad of going dere to see de monkeys practise deir mouvements; it remind him, he say, of de Chambre des Deputés, where dey all shatter togeder and scramble for de best places. He tink it a good lesson for his littel grandson de Comte de Paris, and more amusing dan de Palais Bourbon or de Luxembourg. De king would have been much please to see you dere, Mr. Grin. You could den have say, with my late master Charles Dix, 'Il n'y a qu'une bête de plus.'"

Though I did not fully understand the force of this compliment, yet, by the reference which the viscount made to royalty, I felt that it was one, and I returned my acknowledgments by giving him a hearty shake of the hand across the table—a truly British mode of expressing myself which excited much mirthful approbation.

"I will nevare be surprise," continued Monsieur de Vieux Rusé, pursuing the subject, "to hear of Mr. Grin being send for to de château dis same evening."

"Precisely what I was telling him, my dear viscount," exclaimed Sir Henry; "indeed, it almost follows as a matter of course, when you remember that I took him there."

"You are quite right, Sir Jone," replied De Vieux Rusé, "for though it is before your face, I do not mind to tell you that I do not know any body for who his majesty have more greater regard. De baron and myself have often hear him say so. N'est ce pas vrai, baron?"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Von Spitzbube, pausing a moment in the demolition of a fricandeau de bœuf to which he had just helped himself, and spluttering as he spoke; "mein Gott! der König liebt den Herr Jones wie Sein Bruder; he loff him, Her Grün, like his brudder."

This singular coincidence of opinion with the statement made by Sir Henry in the morning, was a powerful confirmation of what he had told me in such strict confidence, and its value was enhanced in my mind by the reflection that these were courtiers who spoke, a class of men naturally jealous of the favour of kings, and not very likely to go out of their way to praise another, perhaps at their own expense.

"You are both very good, gentlemen," said Sir Henry, with the manly frankness that so well became him; "but, knowing the king's obligations to yourselves, I feel that you can afford to be generous. The viscount's mother," added he, turning to me, and speaking in an undertone, "rendered an inestimable service to Louis Philippe when he was in his cradle, which his majesty has never forgotten, though it is one of those delicate things that of course he never alludes to. Spitzbube's claims, too, are very great—diplomatic services—you understand. Between you and I, the peace of Europe would more than once have been endangered, but for him and somebody else who shall be nameless. However, we neither of us grudge Louis Philippe his title of the 'Napoleon of the Rue de la Paix'—so, I think, Sir Henry called him."

"It is a great satisfaction to me, Mr. Green," said Madame de Vaudet, now for the first time joining in the conversation, "it is, as you may suppose, a great satisfaction that you should find, on a closer acquaintance with the guests at my table, how truly honourable and distinguished they are. But this, my dear sir, is the constant effect of real merit, which, like that of my sweet, retiring child, Angelique—poor thing! she is suffering dreadfully to-day—you really must be less rash, Mr. Green—I mean to say her headache is so severe—what was I observing?—oh! I remember—I am the last person to counsel you to bestow your confidence hastily, but this I may say, there is not a person in this house to whom you might not unfold your most secret thoughts, with the perfect assurance that the deposit would be as carefully guarded as if it had been entrusted to your own mother."

Madame de Vaudet's eyes actually filled with tears, as she pronounced this eulogium on her household: it was clear that she was deeply affected, and it was with a voice husky as that of the Prodigal Son that I replied to her, for she had made an accidental allusion which touched me in a tender part.

"Your daughter, mum," I answered, "that is to say, I haven't any doubt—I am perfectly sure—if there is any thing you advise me to do—I can only observe—a feeling of—of—"

"I perfectly understand you, Mr. Green; I accept the generous con-

fidence you have so freely offered. We will enter upon the subject to-morrow, after we return from the review. I trust Angelique will be well enough to go. You will pardon a mother's anxiety, Mr. Green, if I leave you at this moment; but my daughter's organisation is of so delicate a texture, her moral temperament is so highly excitable, that a mother's presence is constantly necessary to sooth and console her when she is *souffrante*. Have you any message to send to the poor invalid?"

"Tell her," said I, with impassioned energy, "tell her that I beg, I entreat, I trust—for the sake of—every body," I added, suddenly checking an avowal I was on the point of making, but which I felt at that moment would have been premature, "that I hope she will be well enough to come down to-morrow to breakfast."

Madame de Vaudet smiled, as if she had fathomed my thought.

"I will tell her all you say, Mr. Green, and," continued she in a whisper, "perhaps it may be as well not to impart your confidence to any of my noble friends, worthy of it as they are, until we have had our little *entretien* together. There are some things, you know, which a female breast can alone respond to."

I returned a significant nod to this wise, womanly counsel, and Madame de Vaudet withdrew, leaving us at table, for Sir Henry, in true English fashion had ordered more wine, and the politeness of the guests induced them to remain.

We had drunk what the French call "un toast" to our amiable hostess, and I was mentally preparing a speech in the event of my own health being given, when Antoine entered the room with a large square letter, sealed with an enormous cachet, which he presented to Sir Henry Jones.

He looked at the seal with a triumphant glance, and then at the superscription.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I said so;"—then, tearing off the cover, he read the enclosure: "Yes, yes,—this is all right, my boy,—hey, Jolly, what do you think? An invitation from the king, for you and I to go and drink tea at the Tuileries, this evening, in the private apartments."

Prepared as I had been for the possibility of such an occurrence, I confess I was a good deal fluttered at the announcement. It was the first time within my own recollection that any of my family had received such an honour. It was true I had seen William the Fourth on the cliff at Brighton, when I was a little boy, but his majesty had not made any observation on the occasion, so that I could hardly be said to have been introduced to the presence of royalty. But here there was not only a tangible, *bonâ-fide* meeting proposed, but on the most familiar terms. I certainly blest my stars, that my footsteps had been led to Paris, and esteemed the assault and robbery which I had suffered, a fortunate circumstance, since it had led to such an agreeable result. More than all, I congratulated myself on having discovered the Hotel de Vaudet, and made the acquaintance of the friendly baronet.

I was anxious to see the letter of invitation, which Sir Henry at once handed over to me, and which I have now in my possession. It is one of those relics which I trust will ever remain an heir-loom among the archives of the family of Green.

For the benefit of such of my readers as may not have had the ho-

nour of being the object of a royal correspondence—and it is not every one who is so favoured—I here transcribe it. It ran as follows :—

“ Aux Tuileries, le 6 Octobre, 1845.

“ Cabinet du Roi.

“ Mon cher Jones,

“ Le roi a été très peiné de ne pas avoir été chez lui quand vous êtes venu ce matin, au château, avec votre compatriote célèbre, M. Jolly Green, dont sa majesté a beaucoup entendu parler.

“ J’ai reçu les commandements de sa majesté de vous communiquer le vif désir qu’elle éprouve de vous voir tous les deux ce soir, pour prendre une tasse de thé, tout à fait en famille. Il n’y sera que la reine et les princesses avec deux ou trois messieurs de la cour, qui sont de votre connaissance.

“ Veuillez donc vous présenter sur les 9 heures au guichet des appartements particuliers qui donnent sur la Rue de Rivoli, et agréez mon cher Jones l’assurance de ma parfaite estime.

“ Le Secrétaire du Cabinet,

“ CAMILLE FAIN.

“ Le Chevalier Henry Jones, Baronet,

“ En son Hôtel, à Paris.”

“ That’s so like him,” said Sir Henry, as soon as the letter had been read to me; “though he knows how to keep up his dignity. He’s just the same good fellow now that ever he was when we used to take our chop together at the Cheshire Cheese, and finish the night at the Coal-hole.”

“ You astonish me,” I said, “ I had no idea he went so fast as that.”

“ I give you my word of honour—’pon my soul it’s perfectly true. Isn’t it, viscount ?”

“ Every one ting what Sare Jone tell you, Mister Grin, is as true as de oder,” observed De Vieux Rusé, with emphasis.

“ How must we dress ?” I inquired.

“ Oh, there’s no occasion for being very particular—evening dress, that’s all.”

“ Sare Jone shall pardon me,” interposed the Viscount, “ if I make one littel changement. Our friend,” he said, turning to me, “ is so accustomed to go to the château, dat he tink of you as himself. But as you are de stranger, Mister Grin, and as it is probable de king will be dress for de occasion, it is necessary dere should be a difference. I shall recommend you to wear a cock-hat, a sword, and a vig, all of vich I shall lend you; it vill make a charming addition to your evening costume, and verre mosh gratify de ladies, who like to see de fine person, as your great poet says, adorn de most.”

“ There’s no disputing the opinion of M. de Vieux Rusé,” said the Baronet; “ you have lived too long in courts, my dear Viscount, not to know exactly what belongs to them. In what court was it I first met you? It’s so long ago now, I scarcely remember. Wasn’t it in one of the courts of the Savoy ?”

“ Yes, you are right,—I was at dat time de Grand Chambellan to de King of Sardinia. I have live in a great many courts, Monsieur Grin, but I always find my way out of dem to come back to ma belle France. But it is time for you gentlemen to tink of getting ready for your tea-

party. As dere is no reception chez madame dis evening, I am going to meet de chevalier at the Variétés; shall you join us, Baron?"

"Mit allem mein Herz," replied Von Spitzbube. "Herr Jones,—ein Wort."

The diplomatists withdrew on one side for a moment,—doubtless to talk over some secret treaty, for I perceived a very earnest expression on their countenances, which, however, soon gave place to one of a livelier character, as if the difficulties of the question had been suddenly met, for the baron began to laugh in his usual grim stalwart manner, and Sir Henry's countenance was flushed with a joyous feeling.

"My domestique shall bring you de vig and de oder tings," said the Viscount, addressing me. "Adieu, bon soir, make a tousand compliment from me to the queen, Sare Jone."

On this he departed in company with the baron, and I was left alone with Sir Henry, who, on the principle of keeping up, what he called "the stimulus," proposed a quiet glass of brandy and water before we dressed. I made no difficulty in acceding to his proposition, for I felt that I stood in need of something cheering, though my recollection of the events of the evening might perhaps have been clearer, had I abstained from any further potation. Sir Henry, however, was such good company, and put me so much at my ease with respect to the king, that it was impossible to resist his genial example, and very merry we both got before we separated. When we did so, it was agreed that the baronet should call for me in his private carriage about half-past eight, and drive me down to the château. I then retired to dress, and the viscount having kept his word, I arrayed myself in a very handsome full-bottomed wig, which I surmounted with a laced three-cornered hat, and girding on a superb Mameluke sabre in a crimson-velvet sheath,—a weapon which I afterwards learnt the viscount's father had battled with at Lepanto and Fontenoy,—I stood before the glass perfectly satisfied with my appearance. I might, perhaps, have sighed for the presence of Angelique—indeed, I have an idea, that I set down on the *table de nuit*, and wept for her sake—but from this state of feeling I soon rallied, and when it was announced to me by Antoine that the carriage was at the door, I felt all the Briton once more glow within my bosom.

It was a dark, misty night, and a thin cold rain was falling, which the wind drove against the windows of the carriage, preventing me, if I had even been so disposed, from noticing the route we took on our way to the palace. The distance appeared to me greater than I had expected, but Sir Henry explained this, by informing me, that the pavement being up in the Rue St. Honoré, we were obliged to make a detour.

At length the carriage suddenly drew up, but before the steps were let down, Sir Henry intimated to me that a curious custom prevailed at the French court, according to which, all foreigners admitted for the first time to a private interview with the king, before the public *entrée* had been granted, were obliged to submit to the ceremony of the mask and bandage, "a measure," he said, "rendered absolutely necessary since the attempts that have been made upon his majesty's life."

"When once you have had the countersign given you," he added, "there will be no further occasion for this ceremony."

As the romance of real life forms one of the principal features in the great motive which induced me to seek the delights of foreign travel,

this proposition, however, unexpected, was by no means unwelcome, for it smacked of adventure, and wherever that is to be found, the presence of Jolly Green is rarely remote; I therefore willingly assumed the mask and bent my brow to the bandage which Sir Henry drew from his coat-pocket, and tied rather tight round my head. He then gave me his hand, and conducted me through the private wicket. I heard the carriage drive off, a heavy door was closed behind me, and I stood within the walls of a palace!

After a brief delay, during which my companion conversed in a whisper with an unknown personage, who took my disengaged arm, I was led up what I conjectured to be a private staircase. I counted twenty steps before we came to a landing-place, where we paused for a moment, and then descended a flight of equal length. We then traversed what seemed to be a circular corridor, apparently no longer under cover, for I felt the night air blowing freely on the lower part of my face, and the rain pattering against my mask. At the extremity of the corridor we came to another staircase, and once more mounted twenty steps; we then proceeded through what appeared to me a series of passages, in which we turned many times, and afterwards made several descents and ascents,—the steps in every case being of the same mysterious number. Neither Sir Henry nor our guide uttered a word, though once or twice, a stifled sound, as of some suppressed emotion reached my ear, and a tremulous movement of the hands which grasped my arm, told me, plainly enough, that the undertaking required the possession of tolerably strong nerves. But I fortified my mind to the enterprise with the reflection that it is the destiny of the hero to submit to ordeals from which the common vulgar shrink, and I suffered no sign of apprehension to manifest itself.

At length we came to a halt, and our mysterious guide tapped three times at a door which barred our further progress. A voice was heard in reply, demanding to know, in the French language, who was there?

"Des briques régulières et pas de méprise," answered Sir Henry Jones.

"Pourtant, il faut donner la consigne," returned the voice.

"Tout autour de mon chapeau," exclaimed Sir Henry without hesitation.

"Entrez," said the voice, the key was turned in the lock, and we were admitted. Here the bandage which had hitherto confined my eyes, and the mask which had concealed my features, were removed, and I found myself in a small antechamber, dimly lit by a lamp which stood upon a sideboard; it contained very little furniture, and that apparently of the simplest kind. Both the guide and the person who gave us admission, were attired in a livery of a quaint, antiquated form; such as one sees on the stage in old comedies,—a clear proof to me that I beheld the very costume of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, which is always kept up at the French court.

"Quels noms, Messieurs?" asked the groom of the chamber, for such I concluded him to be from his wearing top-boots.

On hearing our designations, the doors were thrown open, and the groom in a loud voice answered:

"Sire Henri de Jonne et Monsieur de Jolligrinne."

The saloon into which we were ushered was about the same size as that

in which Madame de Vaudet was in the habit of giving her evening parties: it was illuminated like hers, principally by a cut glass chandelier which hung in the centre, and the pattern of the carpet and the curtains appeared to me to be the same, a circumstance which impressed me forcibly with the elegant taste of that accomplished lady, whose refined ideas and early associations constantly urged her to assimilate her dwelling as much as possible to that of royalty. There were, however, some striking differences in the decoration of the apartment which gave the saloon a truly feudal character, and these consisted chiefly in the judicious distribution of large tri-coloured flags which waved gracefully from the walls above the sofa at the upper extremity of the room on which his Majesty was seated.

Before I narrate the manner of my reception, I think it will be desirable that I should describe the personal appearance of the king and his amiable family, and in doing so, I must observe what a very imperfect idea is given of Louis-Philippe by the pictures which one sees in the print-shops. Portrait-painting in France is, indeed, a very arbitrary exercise of authority, and on this subject my eloquent friend Jawley has lucidly remarked, in a recent number of the journal which he adorns by his criticism :

“ Amongst our volatile neighbours painted portraiture, like histrionic portraiture, performs a violent and fitful seesaw between the extremes of rigid purism and fustian—if it do not always rather affect the latter—for there is a kind of concentrated bombast in the very intense quiescence which it bestows upon its ultra-dignified samples of the chaste style.”

The seesaw between the portrait of his Majesty, which I now beheld, and that which I had been gazing at on the Boulevard Italien, near the Café Richelieu that very day, was certainly violent, if not fitful.

Louis-Philippe is a man—I speak from personal experience, and am, therefore, fully qualified to give an opinion—of about fifty years of age ; he is of very slight make, and exceedingly tall, bearing a greater resemblance in this respect to Louis the Fourteenth (called “ Le Grand,” or “ the Tall,” on account of his height), than to any of his illustrious ancestors. Unlike Napoleon, who, after the true Corsican fashion, always wore a large curly wig, his majesty keeps his hair very closely cut, and the only hirsute ornament in which he indulges is a long pair of black moustaches which he is in the habit of twisting when very much excited. His eyes are gray, small, quick, and penetrating ; his complexion very sallow, and his cheeks extremely hollow ; his mouth is wide, the lips thin and very much drawn in ; his teeth irregular and not over white, and his nose long and pointed. His figure is unusually bent for his years ; his body, as I have observed, is exceedingly meagre, and I remarked that his hands were large and bony, as his, indeed, may readily be imagined to be who grasps a disputed sceptre. If it had not been for his moustaches, I should have said that his majesty’s resemblance to the Vicomte de Vieux-Rusé was as great as if he had been his twin brother. But as I had been given to understand that there are some curious stories in circulation respecting the birth of the present King of the French, I suppressed the thought as soon as it rose to my mind.

His majesty’s costume was very magnificent and peculiarly regal and gentlemanly, the *sans culotte* of the *ancien regime* being happily blended with the *laissez aller* of liberal institutions. It consisted of a vest of purple velvet made full in the sleeves and slashed with white satin, and orna-

mented up the front with a double row of gold buttons and embroidery, short trunks to match, similarly slashed and guarded ; tight pantaloons of elastic white web ; buff boots with red turnover tops, and large gold spurs ; on his breast he wore the blue riband of the order of the Saint Esprit ; round his throat was a deep ruff profusely ornamented with the best Brussels lace, and on his left shoulder hung a wide crimson velvet mantle, lined with ermine, on which was embroidered the star of the Legion of Honour in real garnets, for they shed a brilliancy through the room that was perfectly startling. He held in his left hand a field marshal's bâton, and his right, which was covered with sparkling rings, rested on the Decalogue as we see it represented on the national arms at the present day. A small dagger with a jewelled hilt hung from a girdle of red-morocco leather—and the regalia of France—his crown, was of course on his head. Altogether a more imposing-looking personage I had never beheld since I witnessed the representation of royalty at Astley's by the respected Mr. Gomersal, and I must do that intelligent actor the justice to say, that his costume was perfectly accurate, and gave an admirable idea of the descendants of Charlemagne.

On the left hand of Louis Philippe sat the partner of his bosom, the heroic Marie Amelie, "Reine des Français," as she is affectionately called by her subjects. She is yet in the prime of life, and her raven hair and lustrous dark eyes attest the vigour of a mind which neither time nor misfortune have been able to subdue. Her cheeks appeared flushed with excitement—a natural consequence when one considers that an English stranger was about to be presented to her—and a smile of intense meaning quivered round her mouth. It was singular, but again I detected a resemblance (I may mention that I possess a remarkable faculty in discovering likenesses), in the features of Marie Amelie to one whom I knew well. The reader will be surprised when I mention the name of Madame de Vaudet ; but so it was ! There was the same fascinating grace, the same dignity of expression, the same womanly tournure which had interested me so much since the first moment of my introduction to that lady ; and more than all, her features presented a striking resemblance.

I shall not weary the reader, I trust, if I describe the dress which her majesty wore on this occasion.

It may not be generally known that the Queen of the French is ardently attached to the manners and institutions of the middle ages, but being of middle age herself, this is only natural. Such, however, is the case, and, like her amiable consort, she exemplifies the interest she takes in that period of history, by the costume which she wears in private life, when, free from the toils and trammels of state, she is able to indulge her fancy. Her majesty had on a just-au-corps of blue and white velvet, *counterchanged gyrony* I think the heralds call it, half of the upper part being of the former colour and half of the latter. It descended but a short distance below her waist, where it was rounded off gracefully by a border of ermine ; the sleeves were tight, and confined at the wrist by Roman pearls of the purest water, corresponding in size and brilliancy with those of a superb necklace round her majesty's throat. The skirt of her dress of crimson satin was strewn with fleurs-de-lys of gold—a delicate compliment to the French, who, at the late revolution which placed her husband on the throne, adopted that flower as the national emblem. I must not omit to notice a richly jewelled *gibécière* which hung from her

waist, nor a rope of massive gold which confined her ceinture, and was interlaced by large heavy tassels of the same material. Her majesty's head-dress consisted of a bourrelet or turban of yellow silk, the ends of which, richly spangled and fringed with silver, fell gracefully on one shoulder; the whole was surmounted by a superb plume of white ostrich feathers tastefully tipped with red. To preserve the allusion to the customs of the fourteenth century, which the queen's costume so admirably illustrated—a (stuffed) falcon sat upon her left wrist; in her right hand she gracefully waved a royal sceptre.

I have been thus minute in my description of these crowned heads because I apprehend few persons have had the opportunity which I enjoyed, of being admitted to so private, I may say, so intimate an interview. If I pass over the dresses of the rest of the royal family, it arises solely from my desire to avoid a minuteness which might be considered monotonous; it will be sufficient, therefore, for me to add, that for brilliancy of colouring, correctness of outline, and harmony of ensemble, the group surpassed my most sanguine expectations.* The members of the family present consisted of Madame Adelaide and her interesting daughters, the Duchess of Orleans and the Princess de Joinville—the Princess Royal of France, who sat on a tabouret at the feet of the queen—and whose features, but no—I cannot trust my heart to say of whom they reminded me. The Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke d'Aumâle, completed the royal circle, into which, it will be observed, no strangers but ourselves found admission.

The behaviour of King Louis Philippe was highly urbane. He rose from the sofa as we entered, and taking off his crown, replied to our salutations with a low bow. He then deposited the bauble on the table, as much as to say, I have sacrificed enough to ceremony, and coming forward to the middle of the room shook Sir Henry heartily by the hand, and said in tolerable English, though not so good as I had expected,

“Well, Jone, how you do?—glad to see you—so dis is your fren’—I beg to have de honour of make his acquaintance.”

“Mr. Jolly Green, your majesty—a gentleman of property in Peckham—head of a distinguished family in that suburb—only son—freehold estate—travelling for information—anxious to pay his respects to your majesty.”

“Very happy, sare, to see you at my court,” said the king, turning towards me, and taking me also by the hand, which he most condescendingly shook with a rough, manly grasp, “dere is nobody more welcome as de respectable Englishmens who come to enjoy deirselves and spend deir money in Paris. How you like France, monsieur?”

It was with difficulty I was able to reply, for the novelty of my situation, his majesty's extreme affability, and the confusion I was in, arising partly from the stimulus to which I had had recourse, partly from a vague idea that the king's voice was familiar to me, all combined to unsettle my *sang-froid*, and rendered my answer less articulate than it is my usual custom to be. I managed, however, to say that I was highly gratified with my reception in his majesty's territories, and should not fail to make my countrymen acquainted with it through the medium of that palladium of empires the British press. But there was one circumstance I added respecting which I threw myself on his royal paternity, and I alluded to the outrage

which I had endured in the forest of Montmorency. It will be noticed that I generously as well as diplomatically forebore to mention the conduct of the officials who had incarcerated me on account of my mistake about the Legion of Honour. If I had done so, I make no doubt they would have been immediately guillotined.

"Eh bien, monsieur," said the king, with a smiling countenance, "we shall talk of your littel affair by-and-by. But you know de motto of de Frenchman—first of all de pleasure and den de busyness. I shall introduce you to de queen. Amelie, my dear, dis is Mr. Jolligrin, a great fren' of Sare Henri, and a great admirer of de ladies."

It is possible I may have felt a little embarrassed as I threw myself on one knee before the footstool of royalty, especially as the Mamelouk sabre which the viscount had lent me got between my legs at that moment and very nearly threw me down, but I contrived to recover myself in time, and burying my face in my three-cornered hat, according to diplomatic usage, I made my obeisance, perhaps with as much grace as has usually been witnessed at the coiff of the Tuileries.

The queen, who spoke very perfect English—infinately purer than that of Louis Philippe, a circumstance which may be accounted for by her having been educated, as I was informed, at a fashionable boarding-school at Kensington during the period of the emigration—was kind enough to observe that she was delighted to see me.

"I hope, Mr. Green," said her majesty, "now you have found your way to the Tuileries that we shall see you here very often. We are a very domesticated family, fond of a social evening, a little music, a dance now and then, or a quiet game at cards. Sir Henry knows our habits, and I dare say has told you what you have to expect. The princess royal, Mr. Green—my sister, Madame Adelaide—my nieces, the Duchess of Orleans and the Princess de Joinville—my royal sons, Nemours, Joinville, and Aumale—now I think you know them all."

I bowed right and left scarcely daring to raise my eyes as I was severally presented to the princesses; with the gentlemen of course I assumed a bolder air, and as I scanned their countenances it struck me I had never seen a more elderly family of young men. Had I not been certain of the contrary, I could have sworn that every one of them was as old as the queen herself, particularly the Prince de Joinville, who, from a habit which he has of screwing up his eyes when he speaks, reminded me once or twice of my friend the Chevalier de l'Escroc. But I must not again diverge into the chapter of resemblances, else I verily think I could have found likenesses to every body in the room. I accounted to myself for the time-worn aspect of these scions of royalty when I recollected the toils and hardships which they had undergone by sea and land in the course of the perilous services which they had devoted to their country. I recalled the threatened invasion of England by the Prince de Joinville, (not forgetting, by the way, my quarrel on his account at Boulogne), I remembered the arduous campaign of the Duke de Nemours in an affair of chaise-de-poste in Algeria, and as I gazed on the Duke d'Aumale the echoes of the cannon on the ramparts of Metz still thundered in my ear.

"Let us have tea," said the queen, "D'Aumale, you are the youngest, ring the bell."

As I happen to know what etiquette is, I was rushing forward to pre-

vent the prince from performing this menial office, but her majesty gently detained me. Laying her sceptre lightly on my arm, she said,

"You must not stir, Mr. Green, the dear boy is accustomed to obey my wishes. Besides, I wish to have some further conversation with you;" and as she spoke her majesty made room for me beside her on the sofa. "We are singularly desirous, Mr. Green," resumed her majesty, stroking down the plumage of the stuffed falcon on her wrist as she spoke and slightly averting her head, while in obedience to her commands I took the proffered seat—"we are singularly anxious to know your opinion of our country. Although I am aware that all Englishmen make a point of publishing their travels, I hope I may venture to ask you to anticipate at least so much as relates to your impressions in a general way."

The soothing manner in which the queen addressed me had an instantaneous effect in restoring my fluttered spirits, and placing myself in an attitude of respectful homage, I acceded to her majesty's request.

"France, madam," I exclaimed, with a fervid but honest glow, "France is a *terra incognita* of delight. In the words of our great poet, 'all her sons are virtuous and all her daughters bold.' Her piety is equalled only by her love of cookery, her modesty by her skill in dancing, in the strategies of war she rivals the ancient Parthians; in love she is the Jupiter Tonans of nations; in unchanging loyalty she is as faithful and stable as the Aurora Borealis. Her political institutions are time-hallowed, and her veneration for them excessive. Constant of purpose she is content under all governments, and her philosophical tranquillity is the envy and wonder of surrounding states, who see in her that great object for imitation the real Magnus Apollo Belvidere. I have not yet visited her *Enfants-trouvés*, her *Combats des Animaux*, her *Cabinets de Lecture*, her *Café des Aveugles*, or any other scientific or benevolent establishment, but nevertheless I take upon me to say that when I have seen them I shall be perfectly satisfied, and the French people may rest assured that on at least one intelligent Englishman her treasures will not be thrown away. To find a friend in every *gamin de Paris* (as her sons are graphically called), in every lovely *grisette* to encounter the partner of a bosom, and on the apex of the pyramid of society to behold assembled a royal group worthy to be known, and, as such, to be introduced to, is a privilege which none can enjoy who have not, like me, had the pleasure of travelling in France."

There was some strong points in this burst of enthusiasm which told upon my hearers, and I could perceive by the glistening eyes and suffused cheeks of the ladies that I had produced an effect. If my thoughts in this speech were not all original—and I confess I had heard some of the sentiments uttered at public dinners in London—I may at least claim credit for the exercise of powers of memory which rarely fail me.

Her majesty condescended to smile, both audibly and tangibly, if I may so designate royal laughter—for it went to that extent—at what she was pleased to call my enthusiastic eloquence.

"Your generosity, Mr. Green, ascribes to us many attributes which we do not deserve, but you have so happily applied them, that we should be most ungrateful not to accept them at their full value. I trust you will not fail to record your sentiments in print."

I assured her majesty of my obedience to her wishes, and the conver-

sation would in all probability have taken a still more interesting turn, but at that moment Louis Philippe, who had been talking and laughing with Sir Henry Jones in a corner of the room, came up, and slapping me familiarly on the shoulder, asked me how I got on.

"You are one sad bull-dog, I tink, monsieur," said he, jocosely, though mistakenly, "I see you make de queen laugh at your waggish speeches. Your fren, Sare Henri, have verremosh amuse me with some of your adventures. Dat is a man," said the king, with solemn energy, "for whom I have de most profound admiration. I recommend you to make de most of his acquaintance. Dere are very few like him to be met with anywhere."

"Mr. Green," said the queen, who was now pouring out the tea, "has been gratifying us by describing the impression which his visit to France has produced. He is as great a flatterer as an acute observer. Do you take sugar in your tea, Mr. Green? I am sorry we have no muffins to offer you, but those are luxuries which are confined to London. *Mais en revanche*," added her majesty, sentimentally, in French, "*nous avons des brioches*."

I am not, as the reader may perhaps have observed, a professed teatotalter, for I am of opinion, with the Jewish lawgiver, the respectable Moses, that wine was made to be drunk (though man was not), but I can safely pronounce the tea that one gets at the Tuileries to be equal, if not superior, to any I had tasted in France. This probably arises from the facility for obtaining hot water at the Palace, for I have been assured that the royal family almost entirely live in it. It certainly was a very different kind of beverage from that which I met with during my journey from the coast, at a place called Beaumont, where the water was brought in an open pot, and the tea itself bore a very close resemblance to the twigs of a birch-broom, chopped fine.

To return, however, from this digression: the whole of the royal family made, what we call at Peckham, "a very hearty tea," the king, who always dines at one o'clock, evincing a very decided predilection for bread-and-butter, of which he ate several rather thick slices. I was myself too much interested in the scene around me to feel an appetite for any thing but that on which I fed my eyes, and these which by turns embraced the whole of the royal female circle, constantly centered on the princess royal, who looked at me, I thought, as if an adventurous Englishman were not the especial object of her aversion. Another circumstance induced me also to regard her with attention, and this was the peculiarity of an ornament she wore—a bracelet—which, by a most remarkable coincidence, appeared to me to be the very fellow of the one I had bought that morning in the Palais Royal for Mademoiselle Angélique de Vaudet, and which I had requested Sir Henry Jones to take charge of for her. It might be folly, but as its serpentine form caught my eye, I could not prevent a cold shudder from thrilling through my frame, as if the demon of jealousy had gnashed at me with one of his envenomed fangs. It was true the bauble glittered on the arm of a princess, whose ample pocket-money gave her the means, no doubt, of indulging in any expensive whim she pleased, and I had no right to control her inclinations, but I felt that the unique character of my offering was lost, since it was no longer a solitary gem. Another circumstance, it may be, added to the strange sensations which I experienced in

gazing on it, namely, the fact that Sir Henry Jones, who had placed himself on another tabouret beside the princess, and had entered into an animated conversation with her, was evidently admiring the bracelet, for I could perceive by her manner, though I was too far off to hear the words uttered, that her royal highness was replying to one of his soft nothings on the subject. I tortured myself by the vain question of what there could be in common between the princess, Sir Henry, and an idle gewgaw, that should affect me so deeply. Once, too, I fancied I caught the word "Jolly," but whether this related to the beauty of the bracelet which bears that interpretation in French, or to myself personally, I was at a loss to conjecture. There was something mysterious in the whole transaction, which clung like a vampire to the fretted roof of my mind's cavity, and would not be charmed to silence. .

From the dismal reverie into which I had fallen I was roused by the tea-things being cleared away, and the tones of a piano which vibrated through the apartment. I started, and passing my hand across my brow, in the same way as I have seen done by several eminent tragedians, when they wish to dispel a corroding thought which will haunt them, even to the very footlights, I became once more calm and concentrated. I know not if my emotion had been observed by the queen, but, if so, she was too well bred to make any comment on it; or, perchance, it was by a delicate feminine artifice, characteristic of the sex, that she attempted to lead my thoughts into a different channel.

"Aimez-vous la musique, monsieur?" inquired her majesty, addressing me in the court dialect, which she evidently saw I understood.

"Oui, votre majesté," I answered promptly, "je suis un grand amant de cela."

"Dans ce cas, monsieur, il est possible que vous possédez le talent du chant."

I was not quite sure that I understood her majesty's meaning, for royalty loves to envelope itself in a disguise, and I hesitated for a moment, but recollecting that the word "chanter" means "to sing," my natural acuteness came to my aid, and I replied :

"J'ai le plaisir de pouvoir un petit."

The queen smiled at my readiness, and continued :

"Quel est votre genre, monsieur?"

"Je suis masculin, votre majesté," I returned.

"Sans doute, Monsieur, je ne suppose pas le contraire, mais dans quel genre chantez vous, Italien, Français, Anglais, ou Allemand?"

I saw that I had made a slight mistake here, in supposing that the word "genre" meant "gender," but I speedily recovered myself when I found by the question being put in English, that her majesty wished to know what was my style of singing.

"Moi chanter, madame, Anglais chansons; je non savoir pas plusieurs."

"Quels sont les noms de ceux auxquels vous donnez la préférence, monsieur?"

It was not a very easy task to express their titles in French, but I made the attempt.

"'Le Chien-Viande-Homme,'" said I; "'Le Rose Arbre en pleine portant; 'Chez-moi, douce Chez-moi; 'Règle Britannia; 'Ecoissais

qui ont ;' 'La Jeune Mai Lune;' 'Mon Appartement garni est sur la froide terre;' 'Sautez Jacques Corbeau,' et un peu autres."

"Mais voilà un beau repertoire," said her majesty, "though, added she, "I do not remember any of those songs ; still I have no doubt they are full of grace and feeling. By-and-bye I shall call upon you to oblige the company, but I see the king wishes to speak to you—*au plaisir*, Monsieur Green,"—and making me a curtesy the queen crossed to the other side of the room where the ladies had grouped themselves near the instrument, and I was left closeted with Louis Philippe.

"Monsieur Grin," said the king, as soon as we were alone, "I have hear of your infortune in de forest. Some of my subjects is dam scoundrels, but I shall give an order to my prime minister to arrest dem and cut off deir heads ; I hope you have not lose all your money ?"

I named the sum of which I had been robbed, but "that," I said, "was of no consequence ; what had annoyed me most was the outrage to which I had been subjected."

"As a representative of the British Lion, your majesty," I began to observe, but the king stopped me.

"Ah!" he said, playfully, "he is a verre fine animal—I have very often hear of him ; rely upon dis, Monsieur Grin, dat as long as de French cock vill crow, de British lion shall vag his tail in my dominion. I vill have justice done upon dose rascals what steal your argent ; but I like your sentiment about the dirty money. And so you have plenty more of de ready! Vell, den, I vill tell you what we vill do. Let us have a game of Lansquenet, and den, perhaps, Mistare Grin, who know, ha, ha, ha, perhaps you win him all back what you have lose."

There was so much kind condescension in this speech of Louis Philippe, that it made me feel quite happy to think of the accident which had determined me to appeal to his magnanimity, and I bowed with a manifest demonstration of pleasure.

"*Allons donc*," cried the king in a tone of exultation, as he rubbed his ample palms together,—"*Allons donc Spitz—c'est à dire Joinville, qu'on mette les tables de jeu!*"

From a corner of the room previously unnoticed by me, a large table, covered with green baize, on which were a heap of counters and several packs of cards, was wheeled forward by the young princes, and chairs were set round. His majesty immediately took his seat in one of them, and with a rapidity and dexterity that were perfectly marvellous, began to shuffle the cards into one enormous pack. I at once clearly comprehended for what reason Louis Philippe has been called in the English papers, "The greatest political shuffler in Europe ;" no man who had not made diplomacy his study could have displayed such brilliant *légerdermain*.

"Eh bien, Monsieur Grin," exclaimed his majesty, "savez vous jouer au Lansquenet? Dat is to say are you acquaint wiz de game?"

Now the fact was that I never had played at it, but I was quite courtier enough to conceal that circumstance ; and therefore evaded a direct answer, and merely said I had not played much lately, but I should soon pick it up again.

"Ah, very true, Mistare Grin,—no doubt,—you shall pick him up quick, but we shall first have a littel coup among ourselves and den you shall join in. Dere is noting like playing upon de square."

The veneration I already felt for Louis Philippe was, if possible, heigh-

tened by this declaration, so frank and so extremely honest; but it may be set down as a general rule, that people of integrity invariably make a point of announcing their sentiments when there is the slightest chance of a risk to be run.

The table was soon surrounded by the whole of the family with the exception of the princess royal, who remained at the piano, where Sir Henry Jones had permanently established himself. I glanced once or twice in that direction, but catching the eye of the princess, I discreetly withdrew my gaze and turned my attention to the game before me, which I endeavoured to master with my comprehensive *coup d'œil*.

The king having mixed the cards well together offered them to the queen, who cut them, and his majesty then taking up a handful played a card which he turned up and placed on his left hand; he then played another to the right and again a third in the middle. On the centre card his majesty laid down a twenty-franc piece, saying to me with a gracious nod, "We begin in de small way, Mistare Grin, I nevere suffer any body to play high in my house."

One of the princes then called out "Banco," and put down a Napoleon on each of the other cards, and the excitement of the game began. The king dealt out the cards which he held in his hand, and presently one was turned which corresponded with his own in the centre, and he won the stakes which he swept off as quick as lightning, pushed the cards already used on one side, and dealt out three more on the table for a repetition of the game, on this occasion putting down two Napoleons instead of one. This time no one said "Banco," and the corresponding sums were made up by different members of the royal group. The king again dealt and turned up the cards, but he was not so fortunate as before, for one of the company's cards came up, and the money which he had punted was distributed amongst them.

"You recollect him verre vell, now, I dare say, monsieur," said his majesty, again addressing me; "it is a verre simple and interesting game. De most virtuous persons may play at it vidout doing any body else any harm. It was de first ting I teach my sons and daughters, and dey have profit by my lessons. I learn it myself in Switzerland, when I keep de littel school in de mountains. Come, you shall have de pleasure to play with me, and Joinville, let us have some ponch; de sailors know how to make de grogs, hey, Mistare Grin?"

"Oui, mon papa," said the gallant prince, as he obediently left the room to execute the royal commands.

When he was gone I took my seat at the table and, with some slight trepidation, began to play. In the first instance, as no one called "Banco," I merely put down a five-franc piece each time; and it really surprised me to find how ridiculously easy the game was. Of course, such a thought never entered into my head, but it is also one at which no ingenuity can cheat, for everybody has an interest against the dealer. Poor Louis Philippe was not very successful in the outset, and I confess I handed in the five-franc pieces with a considerable degree of satisfaction. We had had about half-a-dozen rounds, and I was beginning to get into the spirit of the thing when the Prince de Joinville came in with a large bowl of blazing punch, which he set down at one end of the table, and immediately began, sailor-like, to ladle it out in glasses. Though

he spoke very little, and that with a strong German accent—for he was, I believe, educated on the banks of the Rhine—he seemed to have taken quite a fancy to me, and showed it in his rough, untutored way, by replenishing my glass as often as it became empty. This generous conduct almost caused me to shed tears, and I repented having used the expression towards him which had led to the duel at Boulogne. It would neither have been grateful nor polite to have refused to do justice to his hospitality, and I swallowed the very excellent, but certainly strong and nearly scalding-hot beverage as fast as he poured it out. I fancy that this must rather have added to the excitement which I had felt all the evening; it certainly raised my spirits, and encouraged me to a bolder style of play.

“*Banco—votre majesté*” cried I, suddenly, observing that the king had put down eight or ten Napoleons, evidently a little chagrined at losing his money.

A gleam of pleasure crossed his royal countenance as he heard the word; but it soon disappeared when my dog-star rose in the ascendant, and I won the stake. His majesty swore!

“*Sacré nom d’une pipe; ce monsieur va nous enlever tout notre trésor.*”

And, indeed, it seemed so (the queen gently whispered to me the meaning of his majesty’s exclamation), for three several times the same good fortune attended me.

“*Nous allons doubler le coup, monsieur,*” said the king.

“He have dobbble his biftake,” said the Duc de Nemours, whose English was not of the first order.

I comprehended him, however, and did the same; but, most unexpectedly, I lost; and a large portion of my winnings disappeared.

I did not care for this, for the queen encouraged me to proceed, and by this time the game had assumed the character of an affair between his majesty and myself alone. De Joinville plied me with punch, and I laid on the money boldly. My success was various; as well as I can recollect, for at this period of the game my head began to get rather confused, I was at one time a considerable winner; but, however that may be, I can distinctly recal the fact that, when the Archbishop of Paris—a venerable man, dressed in black—came in to announce that it was time to go to evening-prayers, I was endeavouring to write on a square bit of paper something that was being dictated to me by his majesty himself; and moreover, when I woke the next morning, I found that not only did I not leave off a winner, but that my pocket-book was completely emptied of the notes which it contained when I set out for the palace.

I have an uncertain idea of having expressed myself very pleasantly to the Princess Royal, and of having shaken hands with a good many persons; but whether I was blindfolded when I left the private apartments of the Tuileries, whether I walked or was carried out of them, or how, in fact, I got home, I am entirely ignorant.

I fear I must have taken too much punch.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

Alterations and Corrections in his Poems—Life at Sydenham—Mode of Study there—Anecdote—Compositions of his Odes—Lord Brougham : his Censures of the Poet's Criticisms upon Dryden—Gertrude of Wyoming.

CAMPBELL made a number of alterations in his shorter pieces which he had printed for correction and kept by him about this time. From a copy of the "Soldier's Dream," after its first publication, it is evident the following alterations were made,—

Our bugles had sung for the night-cloud had lour'd,—
to—

Our bugles *sang truce* for the night-cloud had lour'd.

the allusion is evidently to the pause in a conflict in the second version. In the first it is the common "go to bed," in the soldier's phraseology, sounded in the evening of the day. The last line of the second stanza ran,

And twice ere the cock crew I dream'd it again,—

it was altered to,—

And *thrice* ere the *morning* I dream'd it again.

The third stanza was written—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far had I roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way,
To the house of my fathers that welcomed me back.

It was changed thus—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,
'Twas *autumn*, and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the *home* of my fathers that welcomed me back.

In a copy of "Hohenlinden," which I possess, the fourth stanza reads—

Then shook the hills by thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And *rolling* like bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

In the same ode—

On Linden's hills of stained snow,
it once read—

On Linden's *heights of crimson'd* snow.

In the "Beech Tree's Petition," alterations were made as follows, from

Though shrub nor flow'ret never grow,
My dark unwarming shade below,

Nor fruits of autumn blossom born
My green and glossy leaves adorn.

to—

Though *bush* or flow'ret never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below,
Nor summer lend perfume, the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, &c.

The line—

The ambrosial amber of the hive,

stood—

The ambrosial *treasure* of the hive
Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude.

This was altered to,—

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow light, the forest green,
And many wintry winds have stood,
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my *pleasant* bower, &c.

“Pleasant” was altered from “rustling.” These were some of the retouches in the poet’s earlier works, with a view of rendering his verse more complete, but no similar efforts were made in regard to such inaccuracies as would, by remedying them appear to be the confessions of any error arising from an apparent deficiency of knowledge, as in those before alluded to in natural history, and the more obvious the more repugnant the feeling to a change. A sentiment not difficult to understand, where constitutional impulse governed, overcoming reason, because it always was in agreement with that self-respect which preponderated with the poet about his works above all things.

His mode of life at Sydenham was almost uniformly that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it a constant residence. He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined, a couple or three hours after noon, and then made a call or two in the village, oftentimes remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire again to his study, remaining to a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. In those days he took his wine freely at times, when he had company, as others did. When he had no company he generally left the table very soon after dinner was over.

His habits of study were discursive, and did not direct themselves to one object until it was worked out to the end. In the course of an investigation upon one topic, some incident would intervene which tempted him to a different pursuit for a time, and such an inclination he could not resist. This was one of the causes which prevented him from giving more of the fruits of his literary labour to the world. It is impossible to bring much to pass under such a system, when the propensity becomes uncontrollable, and this was continually the case with Campbell. The revision

of his lectures on poetry was once laid by in this manner for a year and a half, while he was editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, during which period he contributed no more than a few verses. He spent as much time over his books as usual, following some object of momentary curiosity, that generated a second novelty and then a new research, and then a third. This was adding to his knowledge at the expense of the gratification of others. His classical acquirements he did not follow up in the dry way of those scholars, who devote their attention to words alone, he laboured after the true sense and meaning of the writers of antiquity, and if he found he differed from the translators upon a passage, he was not easy until he had reconciled his mind to his own explanation, or to that of another equally satisfactory. He cared little about the pronunciation of classical words. In Scotland he said that the Latin was pronounced nearer the Italian than in England. He disapproved of the incessant changes in the pronunciation of English. A hundred years ago the first letter of the alphabet was pronounced much broader and more correctly than it is at present. This might be seen by examining the terminating words of the lines in the poets, in Pope for example. He said that the modern Romanic must be a better criterion of the pronunciation of the Greek, than the fancies of English schoolmen, who would vary that tongue and the Latin too, according to the continued mutation of the English.

Campbell, it is scarcely credible, was one day at a loss how to pronounce Alexandria, believing the common mode, or that in the old gradus not to be correct. With him there was a species of doubt generated sometimes upon very obvious and trivial points. Stating to him that Dr. Parr pronounced the word Alexandria, Campbell was pleased. "It must be so," he observed, "though I am no judge in England, and set no store upon what the schoolmen deem so precious: I shall always take care to pronounce it Alexandria in future, I see the gradus has made it so in later editions."

While he lived at Sydenham, or at least during a portion of the time, there resided in that village the well-known Thomas Hill, who was a sort of walking chronicle. He knew the business and affairs of every literary man, and could retail a vast deal more about them than they had ever known themselves. There was no newspaper office into which he did not find his way, no third-rate scribbler of whom he did not know the actual business at the moment. But his knowledge was not confined to literary men, he knew almost all the world of any note. It was said of him that he could stand at Charing Cross at noonday and tell the name and business of every body that passed Northumberland House. He died of apoplexy in the Adelphi four or five years ago nearly at the age of eighty, few supposing him more than sixty.

At the table of this singular personage at Sydenham, there used to meet occasionally a number of literary men and choice spirits of the age. There was to be found Theodore Hook giving full swing to his jests at the expense of every thing held cheap or dear in social life, or under conventional rule. There, too, came the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," whose humour was only the lowest among their better qualities. The poet living hard by, could not in the common course of things miss being among those who congregated at Hill's. Repartee and pun passed about in a mode vainly to be looked for in these degenerate days at the most

convivial tables. Some practical jokes, were played off there, which, for a long time afterwards, formed the burden of after-dinner conversations. Campbell was behind none of the party in spirits. He entered with full zest into the pleasantries of the hour. Some of the party leaving Sydenham to return home by Dulwich, to which they were obliged to walk upon one occasion for want of a conveyance, those who remained behind in Sydenham escorted their friends to the top of the hill to take leave, in doing which the poet's residence had to be passed. But he scorned to leave his party. All went on to the parting-place on the hill summit, exchanging jokes, or manufacturing indifferent puns. When they separated it was with hats off and three boisterous cheers. Upon one occasion Campbell, snatching off his hat, "not wisely but too well," pulled off his wig with it, and then to enhance the merriment upon the occasion, flung both up in the air amidst unbridled laughter. Thus in spirits as in every thing besides, he displayed his natural character, the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all. There was this, however, in the poet's temperament, that all he did he did with a good heart. He expressed himself, too, like a "good hater," if Sir Walter Scott's story of him be true, when he repeated "*Hohenlinden*" to Leyden, "Tell the fellow I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Scott delivering the message to Campbell, got for reply, "Tell Leyden I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation." Leyden was an overrated man, but as a linguist possessed considerable acquirements, which were much puffed by his countrymen, though as it required more than one language to supply his incessant volubility, this was well. He was also somewhat of an antiquary, a great botanist, and partly a coxcomb, if one may judge from his denominating Sir William Jones an "elegant humbug." He was a medical officer in the East India service, and died from exposure to the noxious climate of one of the islands in the tropics. The ground of his difference with Campbell is not known, but a man of such little sensibility himself might easily wound that of the poet.

In the metropolis he had composed his nobler odes, the "*Battle of the Baltic*," and the naval ode, "*Ye Mariners of England*," which with "*Hohenlinden*," stand unrivalled in the varied and extensive range of British poetry. With the odes of Dryden, they are from their style, nature, and subject, wholly out of the pale of comparison. Condensation of language, energy of expression, and loftiness of thought, are combined in the odes of Campbell to an extent rendering them productions worthy of ancient Greece. In these none of the diffuseness of the modern school of verse is observable. There is a concentrated simplicity of language about them which admits no novel words, no far-fetched similes. They were not of such a length as to exhaust the energy of the poet, but just of the amplitude to combine its full action. The effect is wrought out by combinations that make the result a wonderment; apparently so easy and yet so novel, simple, and yet thrilling. The "*Pleasures of Hope*" may be excelled, the gentle "*Gertrude*" outvied, but it does not seem probable that the odes of Campbell can ever be surpassed, because it is hardly possible for genius and language—the English language at least—to go further, though the copious English is capable of all that any modern language can do. Their simplicity of expression en-

graves them in every heart; the unlearned comprehend them at once, and the bosom of the patriot glows at the love of country which exhales from every line.

In referring to these odes it is hardly possible to overlook some censures upon Campbell highly characteristic of their author. I refer in Lord Brougham's volume of characters just published to that of Johnson. Lord Brougham, it is well known, can give opposite characters to the same individual, and hence it might be thought hardly worth while to notice the peculiar charity of his feelings and his rigid accuracy in the present instance. These might be left to their place in the same category as the constancy of his friendships and the stability of his politics. But Lord Brougham is no common example of talent perverted and of heartlessness glossed with the self-assumption of high sensibilities. His lordship, too, may have some unenviable admirers, of a similar constitution to his own, destitute of his talents but inflexible in their admiration of him out of a common sympathy. It is impossible, therefore, not to wish, if vainly, that these may not have the excuse of ignorance for their mistaken worship of virtues wrongly ascribed.

In the passage given out of Lord Brougham's book in the note below,*

* The following is the text and note of Lord Brougham to which reference is made :—

"The art of translation in which Johnson's love of accuracy qualified him to excel, as well as his facility of *pointed* composition, was possessed in a much higher degree by Dryden than either by Johnson or indeed by *any one else*. That he was unequal in his versions, as in all his works, is certain, and his having failed to render in perfection the diction of Virgil, which can hardly be approached in *any modern tongue but the Italian*, is no reason for overlooking his extraordinary genius displayed in this most *difficult line*. I have always read with pain the remarks on Dryden's translations, or rather on his 'Virgil,' in Mr. Campbell's "Essay on English Poetry," and the rather that when estimating Dryden's power as a translator, he *scarcely mentions his 'Juvenal,' and says nothing at all of his 'Ovid,' and 'Lucretius;'* these, with 'Juvenal,' being *past all doubt among his greatest works*. But indeed he consigns to equal silence the immortal ode which, with the exception of *some passages* in Milton, is certainly the *first poem* in our language. Had Mr. Campbell expressed himself coldly of such translation†—such metrical doers into crabbed and unpoeitical English as have of late been praised, merely because readers ignorant of Italian wish to read Dante without the help of a dictionary, he might have more easily been forgiven. Towards Dryden he is *wholly unjust*, nor had he apparently a due value for the poetry of Johnson. He includes the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' among the specimens, but he never mentions Johnson at all among the poets whom he commemorates. Bestowing so disproportionate a space upon Goldsmith *renders it plain that he undervalued Johnson*. For though Goldsmith is superior to him, they are *too near in merit*, and come from *schools too much alike* to authorise him who sets the one so high to *neglect or undervalue* the other."

† "I had often found in my deceased friend a disposition to undervalue this great ode. At length it broke out, the last time I saw him, just before he went to Boulogne, where he died. He expressed himself with great bitterness of attack on the bad taste of the world for admiring it so highly; no one could doubt that his jealousy was personally irritated : a feeling wholly unworthy of one who had written his admirable songs. I trust that nothing in the text may be supposed to have been written with any disrespect towards Mr. Campbell's 'ESSAY,' which is a work in every respect worthy of its author. Many of the critical observations have the peculiar delicacy which might be expected from so eminent a poet. Many parts of it are written with much felicity of diction. Some passages show all the imagination of a truly poetical genius. The description, for instance, of a ship launch, is fine poetry in all but the rhythm."

there is an obscurity of meaning which adds no grace to his lordship's critical abilities. Johnson's facility of *pointed* composition must be abandoned to the printer and his extra pointing, for any other meaning it offers. Dryden's "Virgil" has not been praised enough by Campbell in his "Essay on Poetry," when estimating the poet's power as a translator—so says his lordship. Now Lord Brougham ought to have known on better authority than his own, if not in law at least in literature, that scholars have long sanctioned Campbell's judgment, powerful and brilliant as many passages in Dryden's "Virgil" unquestionably are, considered as poetry. Campbell was giving a scholar's opinion of the translation in a cursory manner, because his "Essay" was necessarily brief, in accordance with his design. In corroboration of Campbell's judgment, only restraining his own breathless desire for rapidity of writing, had his lordship turned to the "Life of Pitt," he would have found Johnson summing up the merits of Dryden's and Wharton's "Virgils." "Pitt," says Johnson, "engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures and avoided them: and as he wrote after Pope's 'Illiad,' he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification." He then goes on to say, further, "If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and lifeless perusal; that Pitt pleases *the critics* and Dryden *the people*; that Pitt is *quoted* and Dryden *read*." So much for Lord Brougham's censure of Campbell who was of the same opinion as Johnson. It cannot but be painful to make unfortunate rejoinders of this sort, to assertions made, it is to be feared, amid breathless eagerness for writing something. Lord Brougham has ever been so exemplary for exactness of investigation, patience in research, and amenity in delivering his sentiments, that it is painful to shake the basis of a foundation thus deposited. But time has generally confirmed the criticisms of Johnson, and still more unhappily for the literary taste of Lord Brougham, Johnson is not unsupported by the judgment of others. So erroneous was Dryden in his translation of the "Georgics" and "Eclogues," says Pope, to quote his words, "That nothing could have made Mr. Dryden capable of such mistakes but extreme haste in writing, which never ought to be imputed as a fault to him, but to those who suffered so great a genius to lie under the necessity of it." Further, Lord Brougham never probably read the preface to Wharton's "Virgil!"

But Lord Brougham states that it is not from Dryden's "Virgil" alone that his opinion of that poet as a translator is formed, and upon which, it is presumable, he jumped to his conclusions. Campbell, who in a condensed "Essay upon Poetry," naturally intended to be general, and never dreamed of mentioning every original or translated piece of the poets he enumerated, has in addition to slighting "Virgil," according to Lord Brougham, heinously passed over Dryden's "Juvenal," his "Ovid," and even his "*Lucretius*," in estimating the poet's power as a translator. Can any thing be more absurd? Out of sixteen books of which "Juvenal" consists, five only (with Persius added) were translated by Dryden—only *five*! except some fine passages, which must naturally occur where so great a poet was the translator, Johnson observes, a better repre-

sentation of the Latin author may be given, and the "Persius" is designated by him as written merely for wages "in an uniform mediocrity." Of Ovid's *Epistles* only *one* was the translation of Dryden, and of the *fifteen* books of the *Metamorphoses* only *two* were from his pen, though in five or six books besides his name was associated with other translators, most likely to afford the whole work an access of popularity from his connexion with them, without his doing any part. The "*Lucretius*" which Campbell is accused of neglecting to drag unnecessarily into his limited "Essay," the world will be obliged to Lord Brougham to print as it is at present wholly unknown, because Dryden never translated "*Lucretius*" at all.*

But Campbell did not notice nor copy "Dryden's Ode." What ode we are not told, Alexander's Feast, it is presumed, though Johnson declared the ode to the memory of Mrs. Killigrew, by the same poet, to be the noblest in the language. The ode, whichever it be, Lord Brougham says, "with the exception of some passages in Milton, is certainly the first poem in our language." Are "some poems" of Milton not intended, or are "passages" synonymous with "poems?" Whichever it be, the lucidness of the expression is commensurate with the misrepresentation, nor will the *ex-cathedra* delivery of Lord Brougham's opinion mend the matter. The alliance of his lordship with poetry or any thing poetical, must be pronounced by the world a very great absurdity.

Campbell did not intend to select the best specimens from each poet, but only to give such as Ellis and Headly had neglected. It is rather hard that Lord Brougham should construe an author's intentions to suit his own purposes. Another charge is that Campbell did not estimate the poetry of Johnson nearly as high as that of Goldsmith—who ever did? Few who know what poetry is, except Lord Brougham, would admit Johnson to a poetical place above the lower step of the temple of the muses. Lord Brougham thus furnishes another happy illustration of his qualifications for a poetical critic.†

But all this is nothing to the characteristic note rendered so striking by its exuberance of charity. Nothing can exhibit more forcibly the heartlessness of its author. In numberless literary conversations, during a long intimacy with the business of literature, continually present, amid numberless references to the poets of the Augustan age, as some call it, Dryden again and again spoken about, never did I see one atom of that envious spirit shown towards "glorious John," which Lord Brougham attributes to the dead poet. Was it probable that Campbell should be jealous of the poets of the seventeenth century so long departed—that he should exhibit the envious temper towards them thus gratuitously

* In Dryden's poems there are sixty-five lines of one book, forty-eight of another, and eighteen of a third, being isolated passages translated from "*Lucretius*," perhaps done as exercises. Surely Lord Brougham will not have recourse to these as a scapegoat for his blunder, by making them pass for a poem of six books and seven thousand lines. Yet who knows how far his "friendship" to poor Campbell may not have carried him!

† It is singular Lord Brougham has not censured Campbell for that poet's observations in discriminating between Dryden and Pope, who, in allusion to Dryden, says, that had the subject of "*Eloisa*" fallen into his hands, "he would have given us but a *coarse* draft of her passion," a draft that might have suited Lord Brougham's taste.

attributed to him? The poet's last years were those of considerable irritability and some decay of bodily and mental power, and on certain occasions he might exhibit an occasional weakness, but such as that of which Lord Brougham speaks so confidently of the motive—to Lord Brougham the mention of motive should be a warning of inconvenience immeasurable—the inference is perfectly incredible. True, it is impossible to deny what Lord Brougham asserts respecting the poet's idea that the world overvalued "Alexander's Feast," for the poet is where no wisdom, knowledge, and happily "no device" reacheth; he cannot affirm nor contradict such an assertion of his opinion, innocent enough if spoken, but the charitable inference as to the motive, the "why" Campbell was of that opinion, splenetic, heartless, Brougham-like as it is, no one, having as good a right to judge as Lord Brougham, and who knew the poet well will credit. The ode bore not the remotest resemblance to any of Campbell's writings so as to provoke his envy. Dryden, a century and a half old, Campbell had studied, together with all the poets of the earlier time for the sake of his own improvement, as masters in his art. It is monstrous that if Campbell did express a conviction in a desultory conversation that the ode was overvalued, the motive should be attributed to a feeling wholly "*unworthy*" of him. It was not at all like one that would actuate the poet; his judgment was ever sound enough to tell him that no parallel could exist between his own and any of Dryden's odes to make him jealous of them. Every other breathing creature of God's workmanship, except Lord Brougham, would have felt how much they descend in honourable feeling who assume and then attribute injurious motives to others. To Lord Brougham such things may be but too common. In the present case his recklessness will have the additional consolation that its perfect detection is impossible. Even the prostrate situation of his lordship—

" Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen
Fallen from his high estate—

in the sight of all men, will not palliate his assumptions about the poet's motive, scarcely master of his splenetic feelings as he was when he thus attacked the "*deceased friend*" well knowing him silent to every power of replication, and at whose entombment his lordship exhibited such crocodile concern. Finally, there are more than one yet living who can vouch that the deceased poet fully appreciated the character of the fallen ex-chancellor. If the poet did not live to witness the want of common charity shown to himself, he lived to witness, unhappily for Lord Brougham, that development of his lordship's character which a friend once prophetically shadowed forth. Lord Brougham has not shown now, for the first time, that "evil be thou my good," is balm to his wounded pride, as it before proved to a spirit if of an erring yet of a more exalted nature than his own.

"Gertrude of Wyoming," in any other country but England, would render the locality of Sydenham renowned, because it was composed there. It occupied the poet but little more than a twelvemonth, and combines in itself the best characteristics of the classic and romantic styles, in that just medium which will be found perhaps to form the truest principle for modern poetry. There is less glitter in "Gertrude" than in the "Pleasures of Hope." It has not isolated passages equal in sentiment and

imagery perhaps to some that might be culled from the rich garland of the "Pleasures of Hope," but it is full of tenderness and feeling, equable, nowhere passionate; it is more uniformly invested with the graces of the poetical fancy; it is an unruffled lake, reflecting with accuracy of hue and outline all those beauties with which the imaginative soul of genius can clothe a plain and affecting incident; all the charms to which a sensitive, and cultivated heart responds with that delight, which is a mystery in the human constitution, seeming to display as through summer mist the undefined images of things belonging to a mysterious and invisible world.

The Spenserian stanza, in a certain degree, hampered the poet's freedom in this beautiful Indian tale, full of nature, and redolent with fragrance from the richest bouquets of fancy. There is seen here, divested of drapery, that sensitiveness which belonged to the poet's own character, however concealed from general observation, and therefore by some perhaps not thought to attach to him, because not blazoned forth in every word and action. Campbell thought deeply and felt keenly. The poet was by nature miserly of his sensations; he was continually looking inwards, and meditating oftentimes painfully upon things that would not touch men in general. Nervous temperaments keep their joys and sorrows under lock and key; sometimes a feeling of pride makes them imagine that others will think they make too much of what is of little moment, while they themselves set little value upon what they are aware others deem of great weight.

This poem was published in quarto, in 1809; a second edition in 12mo, appearing in the following year. It was kindly received by the public, and particularly by the Whig party, to all the leading men of which Campbell was personally known, and with most on terms of intimacy. Mackintosh, in India when "Gertrude" appeared, and Lord Holland, were among the heads of the party to whom Campbell was most attached. The circulation did not range as extensively as that of the "Pleasures of Hope." Party spirit ran high, so high no one in these days would give credit to it. Though the poem was not damned in the *Quarterly*, as it ought to have been according to many of those who were arrayed under that flag, the praise of the *Edinburgh* and the declaration of the author's Whig principles were against its circulation. It has been subsequently reported that Scott reviewed the poem in the first number of the *Quarterly*, and that as this great man never knew rancour in his literary dealings, he spared Campbell, the Whig poet, thus forgiving the politics for the sake of the poetry. In those days this, if true, was not always the magnanimity shown by political partizans.

Similar defects are repeated in "Gertrude of Wyoming" even in a more glaring degree than they were observable in the "Pleasures of Hope," and more palpably open to criticism. The poet was inexcusably negligent in not extending his researches into the natural history of the country wherein the scene of his delightful poem is laid. The panther of the torrid zone in the old world is placed in the woods of Ohio in the new, when there is no such animal in the United States—nothing but an ounce-like cat called the jaguar, and that rarely seen even in the south. The cougar, or puma, an animal somewhat resembling the leopard, is only known south of Mexico, or scarcely north of the Isthmus of Darien. The productions of the far south are introduced into Penn-

sylvania. The flamingo disports at Wyoming, and the aloe and palm-tree are introduced into its scenery. Denizens of the tropics, the severe climate of Pennsylvania will admit no such accessories, not even plants that will flourish in England. Campbell probably overlooked the fact of the continent of America embracing every climate. Many are apt to forget the relations of a territory so vast. The United States and Canadas were long, it was true, styled "North America" exclusively, the Spanish territories being a sealed book to the rest of the world. But in "Gertrude of Wyoming," a poem for all time, that as knowledge advances, will exhibit the error more and more from the numerical increase of readers, this is the deeper to be lamented. Campbell was made aware of his mistakes from seeing them pointed out in reviews at home and in America; but a dislike to confess his fault by altering the poem, or his natural indolence, prevented his applying a remedy. Were an American to lay the scene of a tale in England, and introduce the tiger and date-tree as natural productions, it would be thought in England as in America, no excusable error. Still with this fault the glory of the poem is not obscured; no one expects the best things to be faultless, yet because "Gertrude" is so glorious, and will be so lasting, it is impossible to avoid lamenting that such blemishes have an existence.

GIL PEREZ AND THE BRUXA.

A LEGEND OF PORTUGAL.

BY WILLIAM G. II. KINGSTON.

DURING the period when the fearful ban of the holy church hung over the kingdom of Portugal, on account of the unfortunate marriage of the Princess Theresa with her cousin Alfonso, King of Leon, there lived in the neighbourhood of Aveiro, or of the spot where Aveiro now stands, for I am not quite certain whether that city was then in existence, a sturdy farmer named Gil Perez. Those who have visited that city must be well aware, and for the information of those who have not, I must narrate, that close to it there is a long shallow lake, which in those days was a wide extent of marsh or fen full of tall reeds, and surrounded by a thick *mata*, or low underwood.

Gil Perez lived in a cottage of his own, with his wife and several children, whom he looked upon as paragons of perfection, in which sentiment Senhora Gertrudes, his better half, evidently joined him, as is not unusual in married couples with respect to their own handy work; though in most other points there was generally a difference of opinion, less or greater, according to the importance of the subject—that is to say, the more trifling the matter the louder they talked and the more they wrangled, as if their whole existence depended on the result; indeed the neighbours whispered that Senhora Gertrudes, whose voice was none of the sweetest, invariably had the best of the argument, if she was not in truth the better horse of the two. Notwithstanding their slight disagreements, Gil loved his wife, as well as most husbands do theirs. He was a jovial fellow, of an excellent disposition, rather short and very fat, with well-filled cheeks and black rolling eyes. He was a welcome guest at every Romaria, or merry-making, when his ringing laugh was sure to be heard above all the others, or the sound of his voice as he touched his tinkling viola.

One day it happened that leaving his wife at home to take care of the children, he joined a festa which took place in honour of the marriage of one of his friends, who lived on the opposite side of the marsh to where his cottage was situated. Gil enjoyed himself to the utmost, not the less so, perhaps, because his dear spouse was absent. He laughed and talked, and ate and drank enough for every body; he cracked his best jokes, he told his best story, and sang his best song. There was nothing to damp his spirits, when the dance began he snapped his fingers, nodded his head, and toed and heeled it with the youngest of them, every now and then taking a pull at the wine-skin just to prevent his mouth from getting dry. At last the shades of evening coming on, the guests began to separate, and at the same time it struck Gil that if he did not make haste to return home, he would receive rather a warmer reception than might agree with his ears when he got there. For some part of the way a considerable number of the revellers accompanied him, he walking at their head as proud as a peacock with open tail, with his guitar in hand, improvising songs in honour of the newly-made bride, the rest of the party taking up the chorus. One by one, however, dropped off on the road as they proceeded, till at last he was left to find his way home by himself as best he could. But that mattered little to friend Gil, he knew the way perfectly, as well he might, for he had traversed it frequently, both day and night—his heart was stout, and he had a tough bow at his back, with plenty of arrows, and a sword by his side, for those were not times when a man could walk abroad without arms. On he went for some time, caring little for the stones and puddles in his way, singing at the top of his voice, though there was nobody to hear him except the frogs, who kept up a no very melodious concert in the neighbouring marsh. At last he remembered that there was, for his sins it might be said, such a person as the Senhora Gertrudes, his wife, who, it was more than probable, would make his ears tingle if he were not at home at the time she desired him to return. In those good old days, watches, steam-engines, political economy, and most other of the wicked inventions of the freemasons, were unknown, so he could only guess that he had no time to spare, and just as he came to this conclusion, he came to a path which made a short cut across the marsh, by which he should save a quarter of a league at the least. That there were several very soft places in it he knew, but he felt so light, airy, and active, that he felt as if he could easily skip over them as he had often seen a daddy-long-legs do over a stagnant pond. The sky was clear, the moon was bright, so that he could not, by any possibility, miss the path. One thing he did not take into consideration, the difference of his own figure and that of a daddy-long-legs; indeed, honest Gil was not the only person in the world who had not a true perception of himself, whatever may be the case at present—times have changed since then. Well, he boldly turned off from the broad, well-beaten path, and took the narrow foot-way across the marsh, over which he had not proceeded far, singing louder than ever, for the cool air of the evening put him in spirits, not to mention a certain quantity of good wine he had imbibed at the marriage feast, when, on a sudden, up got before him a large bird, flying slowly along as if perfectly heedless of his presence.

"A wild duck, as I live!" exclaimed Gil to himself; "if I can manage to send an arrow into that gentleman's neck, to stop his flight, I will take it home to my wife for supper, and thus save my own ears."

Whereupon, throwing his viola over his shoulder, he seized his bow, and let fly a bolt directly at the bird. The creature uttered a cry just like a wild duck, and continued his course as slowly as before. Gil felt certain he had hit it; indeed, he fancied that he could hear the arrow strike, it was so near—he probably had broken one of its legs, and another bolt would bring it down. Again he let fly, but with equal want of success: the bird turned off a little on one side, and Gil followed. He was not a man to be deterred by disappointments, particularly in his present humour: arrow after arrow he shot away ineffectually; the bird kept the same distance before him; and so eager was he in the pursuit, that he quite forgot the direction he had taken. The ground beneath his feet became every instant more wet and swampy, but on he splashed through the water, his ears already tingling at the thoughts of returning home without a peace-offering to his dear Gertrudes. What a blessing it is to have a wife to keep one in order!

"The next shot must bring the beast down, to a certainty," he cried, as he let fly his seventh arrow; but the bird only uttered a loud, derisive, "Quack, quack, quack!" and flew on at an increased speed.

It now appeared to honest Gil to be a larger bird than he had at first thought it; but this only made him the more anxious to have it for his supper. On he ran, almost out of breath, not quite so lightly as he expected, for he was frequently up to his knees in mud and water, now and then he sank still deeper, and more than once came down on his face; but he was a true sportsman, not to be thrown out by such trifling accidents. Again he shot, and he was certain that he saw some feathers fly off from the bird, which went "Quack, quack, quack," louder than ever.

"Ah! Senhor Goose, I'll have you now," exclaimed Gil; "clever as you think yourself, you are no match for Gil Perez, let me tell you."

"Quack, quack, quack!" went the goose and flew on, Gil pursuing.

In a few minutes more poor Gil was thoroughly wet through, now up to his middle in water, now sprawling like a tortoise or a black turtle, on his back with his legs in the air, now with his face in the mud, but he somehow or other always contrived to get on his feet again, for he had now grown completely desperate. Have the goose he would, if he went on all night, he was determined. Gil now lost his temper, as well he might, for it was provoking to run such a chase when he wanted to get home, he began to curse and swear, which, besides being no manner of assistance to him was waste of breath and very wrong, but what was worse he forgot to call upon the saints who might have been of some assistance to him. To add to his difficulties, the sky, which had hitherto been clear was now obscured by clouds, and when, while once on his back, he looked up to see what had become of the moon, he could nowhere behold her. There was, however, just light enough to see the strange bird, which he still persisted in considering a goose or a duck, for he was, as may have been seen, in rather an obstinate humour. Whatever it was it had now grown larger than ever, and every arrow Gil shot struck it, but it cared no more for them than if they had been so many toothpicks, only giving vent to more unearthly quack, quack, quacks. A man in his calm senses would have been suspicious of evil, but poor Gil only thought of getting a goose for supper.

There was, indeed, little use in thinking of going home, for when he looked north, south, east, or west, he had not the remotest idea which

way to take. The highest object he could see was a line of bullrushes, and the gigantic bird just above them.

After going on in this way for an hour or more, when he had not a dry rag upon him, he came to a change of scene, namely, a thick mass of low trees and shrubs, which extended on each side as far as he could see. He thought that perhaps the bird would fly against them and be caught in their branches, but no such thing, over it flew just above the highest, and went skimming along as before. Gil had no help for it but to follow, or after all his labour give up the pursuit. I shall be dry, at all events, he thought, as he entered among the underwood. He soon, however, found to his cost that he had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. Before he had tumbled in soft mud and merely got wet, now his hands and face were scratched by the brambles, and his clothes were torn into shreds, still there was the strange bird flying unconcernedly on, just above his head, among the trees. Every now and then it turned round its head with a knowing look, as if just to see whether he was following, and Gil could see the malicious glitter of its eye.

"I'll have you, my fine bird, never fear," he cried, and dashed on. Just then he tumbled plump into a pit filled with briars and covered over with dry leaves. He had great difficulty in getting out, the blood streaming down from every limb, and he made sure the bird must have escaped him, but there was the creature stopping quietly on the top of a tree as if to wait for him. He had not time to draw breath after all his exertions, when away it again flew, and now being scratched and seamed all over, it was a miracle his eyes still remained in his head, he found himself clear of the wood. Whether he had changed for the better or worse was now to be seen. A wide extent of rocky ground lay before him, with hills in the distance, towards which the bird directed its course, quacking louder than ever to attract him onward.

Poor Gil! down he tumbled and broke his shins, then he scraped all the skin off his elbows, then down he came on his seat, black and blue in every part, till he found himself slipping over a wet smooth slab of stone, off which he fell splash into a rapid stream. Fortunately he could swim, though not very well, so his head went under several times till he was half full of water, and at length, by dint of great exertion, he reached the other bank, spluttering and blowing. A steep hill was before him, up which the bird flew, he following, climbing from rock to rock, now he caught hold of the branch of a tree, which gave way in his hand and let him fall down a dozen yards or so—he did not stop to measure the distance—he was up again in a moment, catching hold of trees, shrubs, tufts of grass, rocks, or whatever came in his way, till at last he was only a few feet from the creature on the top of the hill. He now saw its immense size, but undaunted at the sight, and furious with rage, he drew his sword and rushed at it to cut it down. The bird rose as he approached, so headlong was his speed that he could not stop his way, and over he went down a steep precipice. Over went poor Gil, bounding from rock to rock, the bird quacking and screeching in his ears all the time, every bone in his body cracking till he bounded on to a smooth rock, down which he slid, slid,* slid, every instant expecting to find himself in the ocean, which he could hear roaring beneath him; but a comfort it was, though a small and cold one, when instead, he was shot right into the soft sand on the sea shore. He looked up, there was the accursed bird flying round and round and round, as if about to pounce down

and pluck out his eyes, the only part of him which remained uninjured ; so he tried to rise, for he was, as has been seen, a plucky little fellow, a true Lusitanian of those days, but though he could not stand, he lifted himself up on his knees, drew his last bolt, his bow he had never relinquished, and let fly. The horrid bird uttered a louder shriek, which sounded like the derisive laughter of a hundred demons, and away it went right over the hill and disappeared. So thought Gil, "A pretty night's work I have had for nothing ; I have got only my eyes and my ears remaining whole, and the latter will be pulled off to a certainty when I get home. There is no use being drowned into the bargain, so I'll try and get out of this."

He accordingly crawled along till he found some soft, dry sand above high-water mark, and there he went to sleep to wait for the morning light to enable him to find his way home. At last he was awake by a rough shake on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here, my friend?" said a loud voice; and looking up, Gil beheld a fisherman standing over him.

"I've been sleeping," said Gil.

"I see you have," said the other.

"But where am I, Patricio?" asked Gil.

"Upon the sea shore, about six leagues from Aveiro," was the answer.

"Impossible," muttered Gil to himself, "six leagues in one night!"

"And what's your name, friend?" said the fisherman.

"Gil Perez," said Gil.

"You Gil Perez!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I don't believe it. Gil Perez is a quiet, sober man, and you, to say the best of it, look like a good for nothing drunken beast, who has been getting into some scrape or other and received a broken head."

"And so I have got into a terrible scrape, which has taken all the skin off my shins, and my head has been broken into the bargain," answered poor Gil. "But it was all owing to a terrible bruxa, which led me astray, oh, oh, oh," and Gil fell back from exhaustion.

Now the fisherman was a kind-hearted man, so he lifted Gil into his boat and rowed him back along the coast to the spot nearest his house, where he landed and carried him home. Poor Gil's troubles were not over, for no sooner did Senhora Gertrudes catch sight of him than, thinking he had got tipsy at the merry-making, without stopping to inquire the truth of the fisherman, she darted at him, nearly scratching out his eyes and pulling his ears till they were black and blue all over.

"Oh, oh, oh," uttered poor Gil ; but being too weak to defend himself, he resigned himself to his fate, as many another better man has done before under like circumstances.

The fisherman, however, published the story which Gil told him, and as he was a great favourite, the neighbours did him justice, some, indeed, going as far as to hint to each other that perhaps his wife was the Bruxa who so cruelly beguiled him.

These whispers of course honest Gil did not hear, but owing to his adventure he was one of the loudest in demanding the separation of the Princess Theresa and King Alfonso, that the ban of the church might be removed, till when, he affirmed, the people could never hope to get rid from the land of bruxas and other evil spirits. It is to be regretted that the removal of the excommunication had not the desired effect : bruxas having been met with at a much later date in Portugal.

"ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD."*

MR. ELIOT Warburton, in introducing the anonymous author of "*Hochelaga; or, England in the New World*," to an English public, remarks, that he speaks of Canada with affection—of the United States, with cordiality—but that his chief interest throughout is the relation that these countries bear to his own, and the influence that the latter exercises upon them. The reader must not, however, suppose from this that these volumes contain mere political essays, the author rightly judged that the picture of a people is best given by traits of daily life, and of the humour, the poetry, and the passions, that characterise them, and he has so artistically interwoven these into his narrative, that we do not hesitate to say that this is one of the most readable, most unprejudiced, and most amusing accounts of the New World hitherto published.

Arrived at St. John's, which the author characterises as the *fishiest* of modern capitals, he tells us that the red men were still known to linger in the forests of Newfoundland till within a few years.

"The winter of 1830 was unusually severe in this country, and prolonged beyond those of former years. Towards its close, a settler was hewing down trees at some distance from one of the remote villages, when two gaunt figures crept out from the neighbouring 'bush.' With sad cries and imploring gestures, they tried to express their prayer for help. The white man, terrified by their uncouth and haggard looks, seized his gun, which lay at hand, and shot the foremost; the other tossed his lean arms wildly into the air—the woods rang with his despairing shrieks as he rushed away. Since then, none of the fallen race have been seen. The emaciated frame of the dead man showed how dire had been their necessity. There is no doubt that the last of the Red men perished in that bitter winter."

The White man who shot the Red man, with probably as little compunction as he would have done a red deer, surely never came to a natural end!

After St. John's we have the St. Lawrence and Quebec, with a pleasing account of the fortunes of that renowned fort and city up to the late insurrections, and the fearful fires of May 1845, which latter are most graphically described. A long residence in the Gibraltar of the New World, enables the author to give many lively and amusing sketches of Canadian society and amusements. Military balls, pic-nics to the *Chaudière* and the Falls of Montmorenci, angling on Lake Beaufort, and excursions to twenty other lakes, to the tune of "*La claire fontaine*," are the staple resources, but here is one of a more characteristic kind.

"For about three weeks after Christmas, immense numbers of little fish, about four inches in length, called tommycods, come up the St. Lawrence and St. Charles: for the purpose of catching these, long, narrow holes are cut in the ice, with comfortable wooden houses, well warmed by stoves, erected over them. Many merry parties are formed, to spend the evening fishing in these places; benches are arranged on either side of the hole, with planks to keep the feet off the ice; a dozen or so of ladies and gentlemen occupy these seats, each with a short line, hook, and bait, lowered through the aperture below into the dark river. The poor little tommycods, attracted by the lights and

* *Hochelaga; or, England in the New World*. Edited by Eliot Warburton Esq., Author of "*The Crescent and the Cross*." 2 vols., Henry Colburn.

air, assemble in myriads underneath, pounce eagerly on the bait, announce their presence by a faint tug, and are transferred immediately to the fashionable assembly above. Two or three Canadian boys attend, to convey them from the hook to the basket, and to arrange invitations for more of them by putting on bait. As the fishing proceeds, sandwiches and hot negus are handed about, and songs and chat assist to pass the time away. Presently, plates of this dainty little fish, fried as soon as caught, are passed round as the reward of the piscatorial labours."

A moose-hunting expedition is a more serious and ambitious affair, the moose cannot run in the deep snow, and awaits the hunter with an imploring and tearful eye. When the author had killed one, he says that he was thoroughly disgusted with himself, and the tame and cruel sport. The moose, can, however, be extremely ferocious, and a curious anecdote is related illustrative of this fact.

"An officer of engineers, engaged in drawing a boundary line some distance south of Quebec, told me that a large moose attacked one of his workmen, who was cutting down trees on the line. The man ran for shelter to where two trees stood together, leaving him just room to pass between; the moose charged at him fiercely, striking its long powerful antlers against the trees as he jumped back; he wounded the assailant slightly with his axe, but this only made the animal more furious. Racing round to the other side, the moose charged at him again, and so on for two hours, till the woodman, exhausted by fatigue, was nearly ready to yield his life; but the moose, too, was exhausted. The brute, however, collected all his remaining energies for a desperate rush at his foe. He had barely strength to step aside yet this once, when to his inexpressible joy he saw the moose fastened by the antlers to the tree from the force of the blow; seizing the moment, the woodman sprang from his place of safety, and, with the blow of his axe, ham-strung the moose. The huge animal fell helpless on the ground, another gash of the weapon laid open his throat, and he was dead. The conqueror wrought up to a pitch of savage fury by the protracted combat, threw himself on the carcase, fastened his lips to the wound, and drank the spouting blood. He fell into such a state of nervousness after this affair, that it became necessary to send him to a hospital, where he lay for many months in a pitiable state."

Montreal is spoken of in very high terms, as uniting all the energy and enterprise of an American city, with the solidity of an English one, and as presenting quite a metropolitan appearance. Kingston is described as "an uncomfortable looking-place, and the public buildings are out of proportion to the size of the town." The removal of the seat of government gives it also a deserted look, and the grass is beginning to grow in the streets. This constant change of the seat of rule has an ominous look about it. In summer time thirty or forty steamers buzz about Kingston with wonderful activity, the great Ontario opening out like an ocean from the very doors of the houses. "I do not like these great lakes," says the author, "the waters are blue, pure, and clear, but they look dead." The English now possess twice as many steamers on this great inland sea as the Americans, and their shore is more populous, more solidly thriving, and better cultivated than that of their southern neighbours; ten years ago the reverse was the case. No town on the American continent has advanced more rapidly than Toronto, "and," says the author, "perhaps none so solidly. The houses are well built and lasting, the public buildings convenient, but not overgrown; commercial character and credit are high. Its prosperity is not the mushroom growth of staring, tottering,

wooden cities, run up by designing swindlers of foreign gold, but the result of honest industry and healthy progress."

"There is an indescribable pleasure in finding, four thousand miles away from our own dear land, a place like this, the healthy and vigorous child, with every feature of its parent marked upon its face, every family trait developed in its character. We greet it as the hope of 'England in the New World.'

"May the day of severance be far distant! But, perhaps, in the long future, when grown to sturdy and independent manhood, it may become expedient that there should be a separate household for the old and the young, and that with a hearty blessing and a friendly farewell they should part—let them then part—but in love. I am convinced that this fair Canada may grow great enough to be a balance of power on the American continent, undisturbed by rabble licence, uncursed by the withering crime of slavery, undishonoured by repudiation, unstained by a parent's blood."

Pleasant to contemplate, but very speculative. If the possession of Buffalo, and the communication established with the Hudson by the Great Erie Canal, did not confer upon the United States the trade of all the lakes except Ontario, its ambitious citizens would long ago have availed themselves of those broils, which are inevitable where there is a mixed population like that of Canada, to have taken possession of the St. Lawrence. It would not have been without the loss of much blood; but Canada could scarcely resist a nation which has just shown its capability of raising two or three hundred thousand militia in a few weeks, unless Great Britain was to throw her whole strength into the war, a thing which she is never in the habit of doing. The Americans are, in fact, only diverted from the north and west at the present moment, by the more easy and profitable field of conquest opened to them in the great maritime province of California and the northern states of Mexico.

Let us follow our author, then, from a country which interests us so much, to that of another whose present condition and future prospects are invested even with a more exciting and more mysterious interest. The travels and discussions connected with that country occupy the second of the author's volumes.

"Buffalo," says the author, "causes a total reaction in the mind after Niagara; brave men busily changing every day, going ahead with high-pressure force." Situated at the navigable extremity of the great chain of the western lakes, in whose waters the Americans have a far greater quantity of shipping than the English, the commerce of twelve hundred miles of these broad waters is centered in this point. It is full of foreigners, Irish, French, Germans, principally the latter, but all Americanised, all galvanised with the same frantic energy. From Buffalo our traveller took rail to Queenstown and steamer to Oswego.

"I talked to every one," he says, "I could get to listen to me, and found them courteous, intelligent, and communicative, well read over a very broad surface, particularly of newspapers, but only a surface; very favourably disposed to the English as individuals, but I fear not so as a nation; rather given to generalise on our affairs; on the state of the poor from the Andover workhouse; on the nobility from the late Lord Hertford; on morality from Doctor Lardner."

From Oswego, being an American town, it is unnecessary to say that steamers, stage-coaches, and canal-boats are perpetually issuing forth and entering in on all sides. It was seven hours thence to Syracuse, but the tyrant of the states, the conductor of an omnibus, forced our traveller

on without breathing time to the cars of the Utica railroad. "There is something infectious," says our traveller, "in this fever of activity, and I soon found myself rushing in and out of railway depôts and dining-rooms just as fast as any one else."

Schenectady was Syracuse and Utica over again, the usual high-pressure progress at work everywhere. At Saratoga, the Cheltenham of New England, the author tells us,—

"My bed-room had folding-doors opening into the sitting-room of the family. Unfortunately for me, within them was a piano, and the young lady of the house was learning the 'Battle of Prague.' The next morning, returning sooner than was expected after breakfast, I disturbed her in sweeping my bed-chamber; but to lose time, she laid aside her brush and ran over a few of the most difficult passages, till I left the room clear for her to resume her more homely occupation."

The same fashionable resort furnished a still more characteristic trait, which is thus related :—

"As I was walking in front of the hotel, a button came off the strap on the instep of my shoe. Seeing a shoemaker's shop close by, I stepped in, and in very civil terms asked the man to sew it on for me; he told me to sit down on a box and give him the shoe, which I did. He turned it round, looked at it, and then at me, and 'guessed I was a Britisher.' I owned 'the soft impeachment.' He then put the shoe on the counter, and took no further notice of me. After about ten minutes I meekly observed that as I was going by the twelve o'clock car, I should be much obliged if he could sew it on at once. He 'guessed' that he had not time then, but that if I called in a quarter of an hour, perhaps 'he'd fix it.' I hopped over for my shoe, and, curious to see how the affair would end, returned in about twenty minutes and again urged my request. 'Sit down and wait,' was the stern reply. Another quarter of an hour passed, and though my patience was not in the least exhausted, I was afraid of missing the train by indulging my curiosity as to his intentions, so I again alluded to my button, and to my time being limited. He then called to a person in an inner room, 'Fix this button for that man on the box, if you have nothing else to do.' A minute sufficed. I laid a dollar on the table asking what I owed him, and at the same time thanking him as quietly for the job as if he had been all kindness. He threw me the change, deducting a shilling for the button, and as I left the shop, said, 'Well, I guess you're late now.' His guess was, however, a bad one, for I was just in time."

The descent of the Hudson, not comparable in scenic effect to the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, and a notice of the military college at West-point lead us to New York, a field too well explored to detain us long. Speaking of the numerous religious sects in New England, the author says that the greater number of the wealthy and well-educated classes are Unitarians, which is the most fashionable persuasion in the country. He heard a sermon delivered by an Episcopalian clergyman, who wore his hair in the fashion of young America, and a beard which gave him rather too much the appearance of a dragoon to be suitable to the pulpit. Notwithstanding the one hundred and sixty churches at New York, out of the four hundred guests at the Astor House, the author says not a dozen went to divine service anywhere. Extreme toleration begets indifference, and among other sects you find that of "Christians," who are yet neither orthodox nor catholic.

We cannot agree with the author that the bombardment of Acre can in any way be considered as the first proposition in steam navigation in changing the axiom of modern warfare; the success obtained there in

battering stone walls with wooden ones, was mainly owing to a mistake made by the enemy. The batteries on Governor's, Bedlow's, and Ellis islands in the Bay of New York, would be very differently served in case of war, to what the batteries of Acre were.

The author proceeded south by Philadelphia to Baltimore.

"In entering Maryland," he says, "the day's journey was rendered memorable to me, but it was by a very natural occurrence. At the last stopping-place before arriving at the town, I saw a sight which filled me with a new and strange emotion. I saw a being which not one among thousands of our English people has ever seen. He walked, he spoke, he was tall and erect, with active, powerful limbs, and shape of fair proportions. He was made in God's own image—but he was a SLAVE!"

The sight of so remarkable an exception to the famous declaration of independence, "that all men are equal," quite upset our author, whose abhorrence of these exceptions in the constitution of a free, enlightened, and Christian republic, is not, as by many at home, counterbalanced by their love of cheap sugar. Maryland is, however, one of the states, which will no doubt, in the event of any political catastrophe, unite itself with the anti-slavery portion of the then disunited union. "The southern states are," the author tells us, "under such a system of things, becoming poorer and poorer every day, while the northern are rapidly made rich." At Washington, "the city of magnificent distances," the author was presented to President Polk.

"At eleven in the forenoon we arrived at the white house, under the shade of our umbrellas; from the intense heat a fire-king alone could have dispensed with this protection. It is a handsome building, of about the same size and pretensions as the lord lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park in Dublin; but much as I had heard of the republican simplicity of the arrangements, I was not prepared to find it what it was. We entered without ringing at the door; my kind guide, leading the way, passed through the lower premises and ascended the staircase, at the top of which we saw a negro dressed very plainly, in clothes of the same colour as his face. He grinned at us for a moment, and calculating from the respectability of my companion that I did not mean to steal any thing, was walking off, till he saw me with a simple confidence, which seemed to him too amiable to be allowed to suffer a betrayal, place my umbrella in a corner before entering the gallery leading to the private apartments; he immediately turned to correct my error, informing me that if I had any further occasion for its services I had better not leave it there, 'for some one would be sure to walk into it.' I of course took his counsel and my property, and proceeded till we arrived at the door of the President's room. My guide knocked, and the voice of the ruler of millions said, 'Come in.' Before obeying this command, I, of course, left my unfortunate umbrella outside; this done, I walked into the presence, and was introduced. At the same moment the watchful negro, the guardian spirit of my endangered property, thrust it into my left hand, with another and stronger admonition to my simplicity; but this time his tone of compassion for my ignorance had degenerated into that of almost contempt for my obstinate folly."

Of the President, the author says,—

"Mr. Polk is a remarkable-looking man; his forehead massive and prominent, his features marked, and of good outline. The face was shaved quite close, the hair short, erect, and rather grey. Judging from his dress and general appearance, he might have been either a lawyer or a dissenting minister, his manner and mode of expression were not incongruous with his appearance."

It is needless to mention that Mr. Polk was a lawyer in the state of

Tennessee, holding a respectable, but by no means a commanding position. Our traveller hurried back from Washington to Boston, rushing from steamboat to railway, and railway to steamboat, crushing into dining-saloons, devouring disgusting dinners, astounded at the wonderful alacrity in despatching such on the part of the passengers, suffocated with heat, annoyed by the smoke from the engines, accommodated with a bed-room for half-a-dozen, the furniture being capacious, brass-nailed, wooden port-manteaus. At Boston, he says, there is just the same evidence of activity and prosperity as at New York, but not the same bustle and fuss; every thing is more orderly and steady. The Oregon question had not been disposed of, to give time for the annexation of California, a far more valuable acquisition, when our author was travelling in the States, so we need not quote his experiences upon that subject. Concerning the Mexicans he merely intimates that those ignorant people have not yet received the undoubted fact—"part of the education of all the rising generations of Americans--that providence made the whole of this northern continent expressly for the United States, and that their continuing to hold any part of it, is nearly as preposterous as England or any other power continuing to do so."

That among the Americans, there is a very strong wish to enlighten this Mexican ignorance as soon as possible, and a pious zeal that the evident designs of Providence may be no longer delayed, is now not only familiar to all, but the means by which those designs are to be brought about are in part before the world. A stout little squadron is off Vera Cruz, an army of adventurers is on the Rio Bravo, or Del Norte, and a military colony of back-woodsmen, hunters, Mormons, and other strange, but resolute characters is advancing by Santa Fé, directly into the heart of the coveted California. Yet in the face of all these military movements the author tells us that—

"The cost of war to the United States is enormous, the expenses of the commissariat incredible; it is calculated that each Florida Indian taken or slain cost, I think, 10,000 dollars, and many lives, but the latter were not reckoned so jealously.

"The total strength of the regular army, including officers, is under 9000 men; their militia force is, however, enormous, being in fact, the whole population fit to bear arms. A gifted English traveller, who lately published letters from America, quoting from a pamphlet by Judge Jay, states that the cost of this force is 50,000,000 of dollars a year, that of the army 12,000,000 dollars, making a total of 13,000,000/ sterling—more than the cost of the army and navy of England put together. In estimating the expense of the militia to the country, the principal item is the loss of the labour of the population while drilling."

We cannot exactly accede to the principle admitted in such calculations that all that is not gain is loss or positive expense. It is a different thing to retard a country in a profit of thirteen millions of pounds sterling and expending that money upon a standing army, although in the latter case the money (at least in major part) does not go out of the country, in the former is wanting altogether. But even suppose the whole a *bonâ fide* transaction, it would weigh little against the spirit now let loose in this haughty and ambitious republic. The principles of Jefferson have triumphed over those of Washington. The working of the constitution has fallen into the hands of the unscrupulous, the ignorant, and the needy. There is yet such a weight of all that is good and sound in this great

Anglo-Saxon republic, that the principles advocated by the high-minded, the educated and the wealthy may yet predominate, but at the present moment unjust aggression and territorial aggrandisement are the order of the day ; the attainment of present advantage is the sole policy ; the consequences are made to justify the means, and the majesty of public opinion declares itself by assuming empire over all weaker nations that are incapable of defending themselves.

There are at the present moment the germs of three distinct nations in the United States ; by the annexation of Texas, California, and the northern provinces of Mexico, they are adding a fourth. Yet our author considers with every reflecting man, "that the separation of this great country will inevitably take place, and that it is absolutely necessary for the peace and freedom of the world that it should. In half a century, if they remain united, they will be beyond doubt the most powerful nation on earth. In the aggressive policy, certain in a great republic, will lie the danger of their strength."

Let us hope that the destiny of America points another way, and that Providence will not let it grow in power merely for aggression and bloodshed, and the extension of slavery. The separation of this great republic into distinct governments will not interfere with her mission ; let the states assume what combination they may, their progress is inevitable, and the energies of the Anglo-Saxon race will always be triumphant. But in what concerns us, Peace is the only conquering policy. There is no doubt but that in the commencement of a war we should be successful, but it is not so certain that the ultimate results would be either profitable or honourable. "Most of the present generation among us," says our author, "have been brought up, and lived in the idea that England is supreme in the congress of nations. I am one of that numerous class—long may it be a numerous one !—but I say with sorrow that a doubt crosses my mind, and something more than a doubt, that this giant son will soon tread on his parent's heels."

Wherefore with sorrow ! ought we not to be proud of the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race ? Yes, and so we would be, but that their watching us with jealousy and treating us with rudeness, constitute the most prominent features of their international intercourse. The vanity of the people has indeed become proverbial among all European nations. But the old country can still well afford to contemplate, with parental dignity and an occasional rebuke, the failings and the vagaries of Young America. The present moment is more than ever in their history full of promise of strange and stirring events. The national eagle is stretching out its claws to such an extent that one becomes unintentionally apprehensive of their being torn asunder. The jealousy of countries is, however, an affair of politics ; the regard for the individual is an affair of feeling. While we condemn the policy of aggression, let us rejoice in the prosperity of our brethren. It is in the course of events that the whole continent will fall before them, whatever may be the results as to their own unity of power ; and let us rather sympathise with the successes of those who speak with pride of the ancient glories of their race, than indulge in an ignoble envy of so dangerous an extension of political power.

TALES FROM THE SPANISH DRAMATISTS.

No. I.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

PRUDENCE IN WOMAN (*LA PRUDENCIA EN LA MUGER*). BY TIRSO DE MOLINA.

THESE tales must be taken precisely according to their intention, which is to give some notion of the subjects and style of the Spanish dramatists.

The practice of turning plays into tales is not new, but I thought it might be applied with advantage to this particular branch of literature. A translation of entire plays, unless a very special selection was made, would tire from its length. A description of the plot, with "here enters so-and-so," and "so-and-so is discovered," would be still more intolerable.

At the same time, while changing the form of the work from the dramatic to the narrative, I have adhered to the construction of the play, and have never departed from the course of action laid down by the dramatist. The three chapters correspond to the three acts of the Spanish drama, so that the reader will be fully able to judge of the grand divisions of the subject.

When a speech or passage has struck me, as possessing beauty or character, I have translated it into blank verse, hoping to make the reader acquainted with the style and tone, as well as with the subject and construction of the original. This method of interlarding description with extracts, running one into the other, without formally quoting, I borrowed from the "Spenser and his Poems," published in Mr. Knight's weekly volume. Blank verse has been selected in the place of the various metres employed by the dramatists, as more consonant with English dramatic notions.

With respect to the particular author who has furnished the substance of the following tale, it should be observed, that "Tirso de Molina" is only an assumed name, and that he is supposed to have been a friar, named Gabriel Tellez, who was born in 1570, and died in 1648. His dramas are very celebrated; of his life scarcely any thing is known.

The play is an historical one, but in the tale no reference has been made to real historical sources. Molina's own way of treating events and personages has been adopted without comment.

J. O.

CHAP. I.

On the death of Sancho the Fourth (commonly called "The Brave"), King of Castile, the charge of protecting his young son, a child of tender years, devolved upon his widow, the Queen Doña Maria. The task was by no means an easy one. Even the title of Sancho to the throne was doubtful, to say the least of it, and totally untenable, if we suppose the laws of primogeniture as firmly fixed as they are at present, for he was only the second son of Alonso X. (the Wise), and the son of his elder brother lived to survive him, though he never succeeded in obtaining the crown. The Queen Doña Maria, in guarding her son, who was placed on

the throne as Ferdinand IV., found two most formidable antagonists. One was the infant Don Enrique, son to the great Ferdinand III., and therefore uncle to Don Sancho. The other was the infant Don Juan, son of Alfonso the Wise, and therefore Don Sancho's brother. They rested their claim, in a great measure, on the alleged illegitimacy of the young monarch; Don Sancho, having been related to Maria within the prohibited degrees, and the impediment not having been removed by papal dispensation.

Don Diego de Haro, the powerful Lord of Biscay, was another opponent to the plans of the queen. It was not, that like the royal uncles, he disputed the right of young Ferdinand, but he had conceived a violent passion for Doña Maria, and hoped to marry her, whereas she had resolved never to quit her widowhood, but to remain faithful to the memory of Don Sancho. The other claimants ridiculed the Biscayan, and laughed at the barrenness of his iron mountains, at the fruitfulness of his land in the apple rather than the grape, and at that old tree of Garnica, beneath which the Biscayans used to elect their lord, and which the scoffers thought a sorry substitute for a royal throne; but Don Diego was as proud as they were, vaunting his descent from Tubalcain, and the invincible valor which had kept his countrymen independent even of the Roman power, and reminding the Castilians that it was only with the assistance of his iron Spain could preserve her gold. Each of the claimants had powerful allies. Don Juan had been on the side of the Moors against his brother Don Saücho, and they now adhered to his cause, Don Enrique was befriended by the King of Portugal, and the Lord of Biscay enjoyed the friendship of Arragon, and hoped for that of Navarre.

While the court was agitated by these troubles, a private feud was going on between the noble houses of Benavides and Carvajal, who though akin to each other, being both of royal descent, entertained a mutual hatred like that of the Montecchi and Capuleti of Verona. The residence of Don Juan di Benavides was at Valencia de Alcantara, whither he hastened from Leon on account of a suspicion that Don Juan de Carvajal had privately married his sister, Doña Teresa. His suspicion was well founded, and when he reached home, he found Don Juan de Carvajal and his brother Pedro at the very door of his house. Indignantly he addressed them :

Knights of true worth would never think to wed
In darkness, like some robber infamous.
He wrongs his blood and his nobility
Who strives to pilfer honour in the dark,
Unless, perchance, he thinks that in the day
He merits not what he dares seek by night.
And, by my troth, I make no random guess,
If I esteem your value as but small.
The article that sells itself in darkness
Must be of little price. That lion barred
Which on its field of argent plainly shows
My royal blood, which you have coveted —
You durst not see that lion's face by day.
But when you found that I was gone, and he
Guarded my portal, by the wall you came,
Believing, as 'twas night, the lion slept.

But Carvajal answered in the same strain, saying :

If at your gate a blazon'd lion stands
 Because you are descended from a king,
 To guard your fame—that selfsame king of Leon,
 Is ancestor to my nobility.
 The lion knew his kin and let me pass.
 If he had roar'd, I swear, it had not been
 With that mad anger which inflames your heart.
 But it had been a sign of joyousness,
 To see me bring fresh lustre to your house.
 Besides, your lion wakes no fear in me
 While, as my arms, I bear for my defence
 An ounce upon a band. I dread not him
 Who dares to threat my love, seeing I hold
 An ounce to tear him, and a chain to bind.*

The hostile kinsmen were on the point of coming to a personal encounter, when they were checked by the sudden appearance of Doña Maria, who had fled from her triumphant adversaries, and bringing her young son in her arms, placed him on a tree, as on a throne, and called upon the nobles to defend him. In loyalty there was no difference between the Carvajal and the Benavides. Both resolved to take up the cause of their infant monarch, and to postpone their private quarrel till his security was firmly established. The dialogue between the nobles and young Ferdinand, who was royally seated on his tree, was much in this fashion.

Car. Phœnix of Spain, born to increase her glory,
 Truly thou seemest as an innocent bird
 Seated upon this tree as in a nest.
 Who is it, precious pearl, that hath concealed thee,
 In such ill fashion?

King. They have ta'en my land,
 Nay, left me not the cradle of my birth,
 Fearing them, e'en as Herods, I have sought
 A refuge in the desert.

Pedro Dread no hawk
 Thou bird of beauty and fair innocence,
 Although Don Juan, your ambitious kinsman,
 Would fain devour thee.

Ben. Oh, thou sun of Spain,
 We all will die for thee, or rescue thee
 From the vile nets of these ambitious fowlers.

These and similar appeals to the nobility of Spain by Doña Maria were attended with success. The Infants Don Enrique and Don Juan who had felt secure enough in the possession of the kingdom, to agree how to share it between them, found the fortress of Leon suddenly surrounded by the queen and her partisans, and themselves made prisoners. Their horror was unbounded when one of the loyal nobility told them that it was the intention of the queen to behead them, for they considered their rank raised them above ignominious punishment. They resolved, however, to die firmly, trusting that their powerful allies would avenge them, though when a paper purporting to be their sentence of death was presented them, Don Enrique felt his heart somewhat sink within him.

* This combination of a high spirit with a profusion of conceits, is a very fair specimen of the Spanish style.—J. O.

Oh, cruel death, with a frail scroll like this,
Thou canst strike terror in a heart of brass.

The change of feeling which occurred when he had read the document may easily be conceived.

“Doña Maria Alfonso, Queen and Governess of Castile, Leon, &c., in the name of Don Ferdinand, the fourth of this name, &c.,—for the confusion of the seditious and the reward of the loyal, ordereth that her cousins, the Infants of Castile, do quit in perfect liberty the fortress in which they are now confined, and that their estates be returned to them, and moreover granteth to the Infant Don Enrique the cities of Feria, Mora, Moron, and Santisteban de Gormaz, and to the Infant Don Juan those of Ayllon, Astudillo, Curiel, and Carceres, with the hope, in case of obedience, of greater endowments, and with the certainty, that if they offend the aforesaid queen, she has enough courage to defend herself, and to repay new disservice with new rewards.

“(Signed.)

The QUEEN GOVERNESS.”

By this prudent and magnanimous act Doña Maria repressed the rebellious spirit of her kinsmen, who, after all, were too powerful for a measure of extreme severity to be consistent with safety. At the same time she reconciled her good and loyal friends the Carvajals and Benavides, insisting that the latter should consent to the marriage of his sister Doña Teresa, on whom she bestowed, as a dowry, the revenue of Martos.

CHAP. II.

IN spite of the magnanimous forbearance of Doña Maria, the Infant Don Juan did not give up all hopes of attaining the Spanish crown, and no means were too base for him to employ in effecting this ambitious purpose. The sickness of the young king, Ferdinand, who lay ill of the small-pox, offered an opportunity not to be missed, for a Jewish physician was employed by the queen-mother, and he intended to persuade this man to administer poison in his medicines. The Jew, who smarted under the indignities which his nation endured under Spanish dominion, readily entered into the scheme, on the understanding that, if Don Juan ascended the throne, all Hebrew disabilities should be removed, and that the Jews should be allowed to hold the highest offices in the realm.

Proceeding to the young king's chamber with the poisonous drug, Ishmael (such was the Jew's name), whose heart was quailing, was startled by the picture of Doña Maria, which hung over the chamber-door. He exclaimed:

“But, Heavens, is not this his mother's picture?
Aye,—and I well may shrink from this design,
Of most uncertain issue, when the king
Makes his own mother stand to guard his door.
Though she is painted, sure she makes me quake;
Though she is mute, she seems to threaten me.
There, in her eyes, she forges thunderbolts;
Proving her anger, boding aught but ill.
Nay, queen, ne'er look in anger upon me;
For, if Don Juan, who is kin to thee,
The natural prop of thy beloved son,

Rebels against his king, it is not much
 That I, with Hebrew blood within my veins,
 Owning another law, rebel as well?
 Mine is a venial treason; check your wrath."

Just as he was about to enter, the picture fell before the door, and completely prevented him. He endeavoured to fly by the door, through which he had entered the ante-room, but here he was intercepted by the queen-mother herself. She asked the cause of his obvious confusion; and he, endeavouring to excuse himself, made disjointed answers, which left no doubt of his guilt, and likewise inculpated Don Juan. After hearing him out, she insisted that he should swallow the medicine he was taking to the king. He resisted as long as he could, but at last, being threatened with public disgrace, and the torture of red-hot pincers, he took the drug, and died in an adjoining chamber.

The prudent queen, dissimulating all that had passed, held her court on the spot, and discoursed with her nobles on the defence of the frontier against the aggressions of the Moors. Here she tested the good-will of her subjects, and found that the Infant Don Enrique made a difficulty of raising money to pay the army, unless a good town were sold for the purpose, while the gallant Benavides was ready to part with all his possessions for the defence of his country. She parted with her plate, and retained only the cheapest utensils for the service of her table; nay, she even pledged her *tocas*, the head-dress reckoned most essential to a lady of distinction, to an honest merchant of Segovia, who would willingly have assisted her without such security.

When the assembly had dissolved, the queen remained alone with the Infant Don Juan; and, affecting a total absence of suspicion, artfully fashioned her words, so as to alarm him to the utmost. She told him, in confidence, that a certain nobleman had plotted the death of the young king, and pretended to be surprised, when he, losing his presence of mind, began to vindicate himself. Assuring him that she had the most implicit confidence in his loyalty, she desired him to sit down, while she dictated a letter to the offender. The first word which she dictated was "Infant," which occasioned additional alarm; and, blinded by his fear, Don Juan objected that this word could apply to none other than Don Enrique and himself. She quieted him down by reminding him that there were "Infants," not only in Castile, but in Aragon, Navarre, and Portugal, and dictated the following brief epistle:

Infant, a king is guarded by two angels,
 And thus he soon may learn whence treason comes.
 Restrain your wild ambition: or perchance
 My noble patience will expire at last,
 And rigor will cut off your hopes and—head.
 The Queen, Doña Maria.

Bidding him seal the letter, she told him that a person in the adjoining room would inform him to whom he was to deliver it, and then left the apartment. He first imagined that the person she had mentioned was some assassin placed there in order to kill him, and he drew his sword before he ventured to open the door. When he did so, he discovered the dead body of Ishmael, with the cup in his hand, and this convinced him that he had totally misconceived the nature of his peril, and also that his guilt was fully known to the queen. In despair he attempted

to swallow the poison which was left in the cup, but was prevented by the entrance of Doña Maria, who, with that profound dissimulation of which she was mistress, assured him that he had lost none of her confidence, and that she placed no trust in the calumnies uttered by a vile Hebrew. As for the letter, she desired him to keep it as an antidote against ambition, if perchance he should be troubled with such a complaint.

At this moment Carvajal, who had been sent by the queen to repress an insurrection under Don Diego de Haro, entered with the latter as his prisoner, and implored Doña Maria to forgive him, as he had sinned from love and not from disloyalty. The Biscayan fell on his knees before the queen, but was extremely offended when, without giving him any answer, she retired with Carvajal. The Infant Don Juan marked his discontent, and perceived that another occasion had arisen for fomenting tumults in the kingdom. He and two or three other nobles who were disaffected towards the queen, endeavoured to persuade the Biscayan, that there was more than a political attachment between her and Carvajal. Don Juan went so far as to say that Doña Maria intended to marry this nobleman, who was to kill his wife Doña Theresa, and that with the assistance of the Moorish King of Granada, she designed to dethrone her son, and take possession of Castile. The dead body of the Jew furnished Juan with additional evidence, for showing the corpse to Diego, he declared that he had made the unfortunate Hebrew swallow the poison, and that the dying culprit had confessed the guilt of Doña Maria. The noble simple-minded Biscayan was no match for the intrigues of the court, and his own indignation led him to listen to them. Still he heard these stories unwillingly, for the queen was, in his mind, such a saintly personage, that he could not readily part with the belief in her goodness.

It is worthy of record, that Doña Maria, while this scandal was talked in her palace, imitated the example of the ancient king, and thrusting her head through the tapestry, informed the calumniators that she overheard them. This ought to have daunted the conspirators, but they coolly told Don Diego, that the very fact of overhearing the charge, and uttering no defence was a fresh proof of her guilt.

The discontented nobles supped that night at the house of the Infant, Don Juan, and concerted their plans. Although he affected but little ambition, it was pretty evident that Don Juan hoped to get the absolute power into his own hands, and the Biscayan became more and more convinced of his treachery. The appearance of the queen with her guards, terminated the whole conspiracy. She made Don Juan confess before the company that it was he who had suborned Ishmael to poison his royal patient. Twice she had adopted in vain the plan of mercy, and for this third offence, she sent Don Juan a prisoner to the Mota de Medina. The nobles being in her power, she availed herself of the occasion to make them declare that there was no lawful monarch but Ferdinand IV., and forced them to pay the amounts of revenue which they had hitherto withheld from the crown. As for the Biscayan, Don Diego, she rewarded his faith in her virtue by creating him Count of Bermeo.

CHAP. III.

TEN years had elapsed* since the events last recorded, and the young King Ferdinand being now seventeen years of age, his mother resigned the government into his hands, and retired to the village of Becerril, intending to pass her days in quiet, free from the cares of government. Prior to her departure, she gave the king good advice as to the manner in which he was to rule his kingdom, and reminded him of all she had done for him—how, finding the kingdom threatened by enemies external and internal, she had reduced it to a state of peace and subjection, and had succeeded in obtaining for him the hand of Doña Constanza, daughter of Dionysio, King of Portugal, and with it the alliance of that kingdom.

The departure of the queen-mother was a new signal for the discontented nobility, who, dreading her tried watchfulness, had long concealed their real views, but now hoped to take advantage of the youth and inexperience of Ferdinand. He was no unfit subject to work upon, for he detested state business, adored the pleasures of the chase, and being, moreover, not a little weary of the subjection in which his mother had held him, was anxious to enjoy the most unrestrained freedom.

The Infant Don Enrique appeared at the head of the dissatisfied party, whose first object was to render the queen-mother an object of dislike to Ferdinand, and thus to create a rupture between them. Notwithstanding the known honesty of Don Diego de Haro, they still had hopes that he would join them; and one of them, Don Tello, went so far as to ask him to persuade the king that his mother was about to marry the King of Aragon, and with his assistance to usurp the throne of Castile. Don Diego still entertained a passion for Doña Maria, and it was on this that the conspirators depended; for Don Tello told him, that if once he weakened the power of Doña Maria, she would not be in a position to refuse his hand. But the Biscayan detested all artifice, and would not enter into a scheme so base, whatever might be the advantages. He indignantly exclaimed to Tello :

Injurious knight, well you deserve that name ;
 Did I not fear to stain my noble sword
 With your base blood, I'd pluck your caitiff heart
 From out your breast ; for though I hopeless love,
 My love shall have no aid from treachery.
 What, though the queen contemns my chaste desire,
 It is not that she hates me ; she would show
 To Spain a new Lucretia, and would live
 E'en like Sichæus' widow ; she reveres
 The memory of her lord, and thus disdains
 To wear another yoke.
 Let Don Enrique try more noble means,
 If he would hold the power of the king ;
 For if he uses these unlawful wiles
 Against his queen, like other favourites,
 He may be sure, besides the fantasies,
 Which fear creates, that there are instances,
 Both past and present, of the fearful end,

* The old Spanish dramatists cared nothing for the so-called "Unities." Tirso remarks, that in this act the king may be played by a woman.—J. O.

Which waits on fav'rites who base means employ.
Let him pursue his plans against the queen,
Unflinching,—let the king believe his lies.
My arms and vassals ever are at hand
To make him see and fathom the deceit.
The innocent queen, who for a peaceful village
Has changed the noisy court, I will defend,
And 'show the world mine is an honest love,
Noble and courteous, without interest.

The young king was hunting in the mountains of Toledo with the Infant Don Enrique, Don Nuno, and Don Alonso, who are all of the same faction, when a man, dressed as a peasant, suddenly appeared before him, called for justice, and expatiated upon the difference between a court and country life.

The prudent man who dwells within the palace,
Must hire his tongue to silence, take on hire
The eyes of Argus. Here I lit on truth,
Teaching the birds and fishes of these hills.
These liquid mirrors plainly show the face
Unsmear'd by paint, without false flattery,
These rivulets and fountains hold discourse,
But in their murmurs there's no calumny,—
That ceaseless pastime of ungrateful men.
And when the birds sing praises to the sun,
Who gilds their nest, they tell the sippie truth,
And deck it not with vain hyperbole.
Young Summer pours no lies in Flora's ear,
The harvest time no falsehood breathes to Ceres,
Bacchus hears truth from Autumn, when old Winter
Appears at last—he is decrepid—white,
And wears no head-gear to belie his years.
I tell ye all is falsehood in the court,—
I tell ye all is truth among the fields.

The supposed peasant presently declared himself to be the Infant Don Juan, imprisoned ten years before in the Mota de Medina, whence he had escaped by tying his sheets together. The cause of his imprisonment, according to his own statement, was his resistance to the bad and tyrannical government of the queen-mother; and he now threw himself upon the mercy of King Ferdinand, calling upon the companions of the young monarch to bear witness to the truth of his words, which they were willing to do, as they were all parties to the same plot. The king, moved by compassion at the condition of his relative, raised him from the ground, and promised to make him major-domo of his palace.

The Infant Don Juan, having got the ear of the king, revived the old story of the queen's projected marriage with Don Juan Carvajal, adding that she intended to bestow the hand of her daughter, Doña Isabel, upon the King of Arragon, and with his assistance take the kingdom. He also represented to King Ferdinand, that his mother had practised the most egregious acts of dishonesty during her management of the kingdom, and urged him to call upon her to produce an account of the moneys received and paid during her administration.

King Ferdinand, who believed every word uttered by his perfidious uncle, ordered him to arrest the brothers Carvajal immediately. When he had retired, the Infant, Don Juan, set forth to Don Enrique, and the rest,

the real drift of his scheme, which was more subtle than any he had yet attempted. He designed, not the removal of Dona Maria, but to make her son do such acts as should incense her against him, and then to marry her himself, dethrone Ferdinand, and take possession of the kingdom, sharing it with Don Enrique and the other conspirators. To this plan they all readily agreed, and signed a paper binding each other to adhere to the terms.

The queen, knowing nothing of what was going on, was passing her hours quietly at Berrecil, attended by the brothers Carvajal, and receiving a deputation from the rustic alcalde of the place. Suddenly her tranquillity was interrupted by the entrance of the Infant Don Juan, who not only arrested the brothers Carvajal in her presence, but reviled them with opprobrious language, and actually tore the order of Calatrava from the breast of Pedro. The queen demanding an explanation of conduct so extraordinary, Don Juan, as soon as the brothers were removed, had recourse to his old plan of deceit. He told her that the Carvajals had been calumniating her to the king (ascribing to them a story similar to that which he had himself concocted), and that he had been sent with orders to arrest her, and compel her to produce her accounts. At the same time he informed her, that in spite of the tyrannical orders of the king, he remained attached to her cause, and seeing the traitorous brothers in her presence, could not refrain from seizing them. He then gave her the paper signed by himself, Don Enrique, Don Alonso, and Don Nuno, showing that they were all at her service to dethrone her ungrateful son. The queen pretended to tear up the paper, but really concealed it in her sleeve and destroyed another in its place.

On the arrival of the king, who felt his mind strangely confused at hearing of the disloyalty of his mother, the queen proceeded to make a complete statement of her accounts; and this she did in a manner utterly to confound her calumniators, who had declared she was indebted to the king to the amount of thirty *cuentos*. Calling upon the Infant Don Juan to verify her statements, she said that the war, which he had carried on against the infant-king, and which had ended in his being captured in the fortress of Leon, had cost fifteen *cuentos*. To obtain the silence of those of her subjects who were indignant that Don Juan was not beheaded, she had employed three more. Twenty were expended in building a convent, in which the nuns might continually pray for the deliverance of the king from the treason of Don Juan. Six were employed in masses by way of thanksgiving for the king's safety, when Don Juan had tried to poison him by means of Ishmael. Finally, she had laid out a *cuento* and a half in redeeming the *tocas*, which she had pledged to the merchant of Segovia.

This statement was in fact a recapitulation of all the evil acts of Don Juan, and the queen wound it up by producing the paper signed by the conspirators, which left the king no doubt as to the falsehood of his pretended friends, and convinced him how unjust were his suspicions of his wise and excellent mother.

Thus did the queen, Doña Maria, widow of Sancho the Brave, and mother of Ferdinand IV., triumph over all the wiles of her enemies, and convince the nobles of Castile that there was such a thing as

THE ROMANCE OF FACT.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

—"Such wonders magic art
Can work, when love conspires, and plays his part."
Ov. *Met.*

THAT love is fiercer than death and deeper than the grave, we have high authority for believing ; and every good man's and woman's heart bears living testimony within its own recesses, that the authority is to be relied on. So it was in the beginning, has been ever, and will continue to the end. Love has done more than hate, and affection achieved what malice never could have prompted.

Amoungst the rest of Love's achievements, gentle reader, is one of which probably you never before have heard, although it is matter of local history, and in its effects has been at once the cause of wealth to thousands, of employment to millions, and of comfort and elegance amongst half the nations of the earth.

During the latter part of the sixteenth century—it might be about the year fifteen hundred and eighty—one Master William Lee, the son of a comfortable yeoman who resided upon his own small estate in a village named Woodborough, in the county of Nottingham, chanced—as young men generally chance—to fall in love with an irresistible maiden of the same place, whose eye, hitherto, had never rested on man with aught of heed, and whose realm of pleasant dreams had yet preserved itself from the invasion of those conquering images which overclimb the parapets of the affections, and, amidst tender tumult, struggle to take the grand citadel of the heart into their own possession, and keep it for ever after.

Master Lee had been studying at Cambridge, where he gained his degree of master of arts, and with that honour still blooming freshly upon him, he returned to the leafy seclusion of Woodborough—to hide his candle of knowledge under the great bushel of surrounding ignorance—to inherit his paternal estate whenever Providence so should will it, and, in a word, to bury himself, as it were alive, during the remainder of his days.

This period he deemed highly favourable to the pursuit of his love for Maud Thoresby : but Maud was very cold and very discreet, and remarkably industrious—attentive almost to a miracle. It was matter for admiration to every body, except Master William, to see her fingers perform such rapid evolutions with the knitting-needles that their course could not be traced with the eye, while that appeared only a labyrinth and confusion of movements, which was in fact the perfection of regularity and order, obscured from sight by its own speed.

Then Maud had a small flock of younglings around her, the children of the neighbouring hinds, whom she gratuitously instructed in the same useful art ; and these also, to Master William's additional annoyance, contributed not a little to keep Maud engaged otherwise than he would have had her. Between the two, her own devoted love of knitting and her supposed duty towards her voluntarily selected pupils, Maud appeared to be absolutely separated from Master William even when in his pre-

sence. So far to detach her from her work as to obtain ~~William's~~ your's ramble in the fields and woods was the work of as much and as ~~powerful~~ powerful oratory as, in earlier times, would have been considered needful to convince a senate, and even when persuasion had effected its end, and Maud's pretty feet pressed down the elastic grass as she walked too listlessly beside Master Lee, her principal thought appeared to be, "How long by the clock would it take them to get back again?"

"By my word, Dame Maud!" exclaimed William, "though thou art a lady born, Time seemeth thy tyrant, and the sun thy ruling necessity. Canst thou see nothing in these fields pleasanter to look on than that endless woollen thread?"

"I grant thee it is much pleasanter, Master Lee," replied Maud, "but not so useful; an' sad prayers should I say at night if my day-work be not done, and done bravely also."

"True, and savouring of a good conscience," rejoined William; "but thou sparest too little time for other things."

"What other things, Master William? There are no other things, that I wot of, worth an hour's expenditure; and it is no task of mine to learn clerkcraft like thee."

"But thou art made beautiful, Maud, and mote learn to show some favour to them that think so; or else thou'lt go on knitting and knitting, till, by'r lady! the time may come that thou'lt never thyself, be knit to any body!"

"An' thou talkest so wildly, Master William, I shall hold my time worse than mis-spent, and go back, without more parley, to my needles."

"Then I tell thee truly, Dame Maud, that if thy needles are to swallow, like leviathan, all thy time, and occupy all thy thoughts, and leave not sixty minutes change, by the dial, for thyself—"

"What wilt thou do, brave William? Wilt handle the wires thyself, my pretty coxcomb, and make up for all the wasted time thou hast caused in idle prate and silly-dallying foolishness? Wilt be hero enough to earn me as much as thou hast lost me, or wilt make hose out of paper with a pair of scissors?"

"*I will spoil thy knitting,*" rejoined Master Lee, in a firm, deep-meaning voice; "*I will bring down ruin upon all that follow thy handicraft!*"

Maud started suddenly from his side, and turned pale, as she heard those solemn words, for she comprehended not their full and true intent, but seemed, in some undefined manner, some mysterious way, inexplicable to herself, to be impressed with the idea that her would-be lover did meditate violence and mischief to all the practisers of the knitting art, who might ever come within his reach.

"Fear thee nothing, Maud," said William, smiling, "I threaten no laying-on of hands or cudgels, but only to spoil thy knitting, by making it not worth thy while to waste thy time so any longer."

"Waste time in knitting!—*waste!*—WASTE!" exclaimed Maud; "verily, Master Lee, either thy cobwebs in the college, or this fond stuff thou call'st love, has loosened a tile of thy head, and laid thee open to be moonstruck."

"Not so, good Maud Thoresby. I am sane, and calm, and sensible as thou art. But I fain would strike a bargain with thee, before we part this afternoon. Thou knowest I have loved thee long in honourable fashion, and have one of the prettiest homesteads in Woodborough to

mine inheritance. My father, alas! is not like to be immortal, and, as yet, I am but in the green and pithy texture of my manhood. I would like to see thy slender fingers practising a more gentle craft than this rude iron and woollen work—touching a picture of flowers; or asking harmony from some lady's proper instrument. And besides, thou art too much devoted to this boor's work. The bargain I would make with thee is this. If, in two years to come, I can devise, out of my brain, a cunning engine to weave more hose in one day than all thy dexterity can produce in a week, wilt thou have me to thy husband?"

"Oh, pray you, Master Lee, speak no more folly this day, for I fear me thou art going raging mad. Prithee divert thyself by whittling a walking-stick out of the rough black-thorn in thy hand, or else go and gather birds'-nests, and teach ravens to cry 'Ralph, Ralph!' But do not trouble me with thy fantastical fool-dreams about husbands. I'll none of your husbands, not I. Especially husbands that can devise such juggleries as engines with more skill than men and women. They are devil's devices, and I much dread that thou hast kept strange company in the gloom and mystery of college."

"Then thou refusest me, Maud Thoresby?"

"It were hard, indeed," replied Maud, archly, "were I compelled to promise either what I will, or what I will not do, two years hence. Mark you, Master William, two years is a long time, and even now I sometimes know not my own mind for a week together."

"Thank thee for that speech," said William; "half a pitcher full is better than a dry bottom, and there is hope in doubts if none in flat denials. I shall at once about my engine and trouble thee no more, Maud, until it is done, than just to ask at the door how thy health is, or perchance listen behind the orchard sometimes to hear if I can overhear thee singing."

These last words were spoken in a mournful tone that touched the daughter of Thoresby's heart more nearly than all else that Master Lee had said.

"Then thy project is to return to Cambridge to do it?" asked Maud with a sigh.

"Not so, sweet Maud," rejoined William, "I have a workshop in my father's house, where I often disport myself in the practice of mechanical inventions. They delight me more than the Latin of the Fathers, or that species of wit called poesie, in the which I am no adept."

"I bethought me that was thy meaning," added Maud, referring to her half-intentional misapprehension of his return to Cambridge, "inasmuch as thou seem'st to speak as though about to take thy leave for two years."

"Only to retire into my workshop, and avoid future offence by wasting thy time and hindering the knitting of which thou art so fond."

"Fairly spoken, Master Lee, and a praiseworthy purpose. But not the most dexterous can ply the needles at *all* times; and knitting neither prevents us from using our eyes for other purposes, nor hinders other people from looking at us if they so please. Now, I can work in the dark as well as in daylight; besides, dost purpose to quit thy devotions at church? I hope not, for that ungodliness would never prosper thy work. For mine own part, I would not omit going to church for all the engines that either thou or satan could devise."

"Nor I, good Maud, for our seats are in perfect view, one of the other."

"Shame on thee, Master Lee! So that is thy devotion is it? that is thy—"

"And by'r lady! very sincere devotion, too! May I pay it three times o' Sundays, and as often in the week as Maud Thoresby goes to prayers!"

"Oh fie, fie, Master William! If this looseness comes of going to college and devising engines, better hadst thou stayed at Woodborough and hobbled behind a plough all the days of thy life! There, go now; take leave of me, and let me never hear nor see thee again, until thou art rightly sober-minded, and can'st talk with becoming propriety of holy things."

The two years wore away, but Master William Lee did not go to demand the hand of Maud Thoresby; for the device of the knitting-engine still remained in a sore state of embryotic embarrassment, although the yet distant light of its completion and birth was visible—if to no other eyes—at least to those of its far-seeing inventor. He knew it could be perfected, although at present he did not know how. But he thought of Maud; and again devised, and tried and schemed and schemed again—only again and again to fail.

The worst of it was, that Maud had now arrived at the age of twenty; and become such a remarkably perfect rustic beauty, that she was in a manner besieged by lovers of one grade or other; so that, though she had resigned herself to none, yet, all combined, they distracted her mind from the toiling and seldom-seen Master William; and he and his knitting-machine rapidly dimmed off together into the mists of the forgetting and forgotten past.

"In sooth, a brave conceit of Master Lee's," whispered a wealthy gallant to the fair Maud one day, as he gathered tempting apples for her in her father's orchard; "a fine conceit, indeed, to think that so rare a beauty as is Mistress Maud, should wait for such a mechanical clerk as he; and deny all matches, how high soever, because he has not finished his ridiculous engine! Thou mayest wait thy life long, fair lady, and go to thy grave as thou came out of the cradle, if this unfinished dream and bauble of a scheming dolt is to stand between thee and marriage. I should scorn the arrogance of the knave, if he had asked a sister of mine such a monstrous pledge. His devices will most like bring himself to ruin; as such like cunning always does, and should, the unnatural fools that rashly engage therein. And then, Mistress Maud, what wilt thou have gained by thy heartaches, and thy hopes deferred, and thy waiting?"

"I protest thy speech is unpleasant to me," replied Maud, "and not becoming a worthy gentleman. Master William is no dolt, but a learned clerk; and one that carrieth more wit than all the gentles in Woodborough, were they kneaded together. No favour of mine can be won by speaking slightly of Master Lee."

"Nay, I cry thee pardon! I speak frothily of Master Lee's ability? Heaven forbid! But his asking of pledges and vows, his hanging thy happiness on the idle chance of his skill producing a knitting-engine—a thing unheard of in the world before—it is that, Mistress Thoresby, with respect be it spoken, that I raise this protestation against."

Like many other beauties, Maud Thoresby was almost all outside: she could *see* ability, but could not appreciate it; and especially when, as in the present case, it happened apparently to stand somewhat in opposition to that first grand object, which alone the shallow multitude can

value—living and making a show in the little time-world, of which their own existences form so small a divisible proportion.

So it is not to be marvelled at, that within three months from the occurrence of this little colloquy, Master William Lee beheld, one fine Sunday morning, as he was going to church to hear the sermon and see Mistress Maud Thoresby kneeling in her seat—it is no matter for wonder, be it again said, that instead, he should behold the said flighty young lady walking up the pathway before him, arm-in-arm with the gay gallant, his rival, Master Hugh Monks, the richest yeoman in Woodborough.

Master William just then felt as though he could have cast his half-formed knitting-engine into the fire, and then laid himself down upon one of the green graves that rose up invitingly above the common level before his eyes; but enter into the church he could not. So he hurried back home and into his workshop. He looked at the imperfect labour of almost three years; he called to mind the very day and hour when it began, the identical words which had first put the notion in his head; he thought of Maud Thoresby, and then he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

It was a bitter hour,—or it might be two—that he then passed; for inconstancy is a sad heart-breaker; and long toil deceived of its reward, makes life appear as though it had passed purposelessly, and without an end. The grand motive for producing the engine was now withdrawn; for Maud would surely marry Master Monks—or if she did not, William determined he would, after this, never have her himself. But was his invention therefore to be abandoned? He thought so at first, for the very sight of it made him unhappy. Had it been a veritable portrait of Maud Thoresby herself, it could not more strongly have recalled her to his mind. Time had rendered it familiar to him, and his long-continued solicitude to bring it to perfection, had begotten in his heart a sort of love for it. Eventually it appeared as though all the affection which he had previously bestowed upon the damsel, came to be transferred to this wood-work contrivance of his brain. Night and day he was wholly engrossed by it: of nothing else he thought, and for little else he cared. And well for him it was so, since much mortification was thereby spared him: as, within four years from the time of commencing his labours, Maud Thoresby went to the altar of Woodborough church with Master Hugh Monks, and William Lee remained plighted, in truth, only to his machine.

Ambition now took the place of love; for, that active, energetic man must cherish some one predominant passion above all others, seems an immutable law of human nature. William Lee devoted all the resources of his fertile mind to the perfecting of this mechanical offspring of his genius; and after incredible labours—though aided and supported by his brother—in the year 1589, he brought his knitting-engine into a condition fitted for the performance of its office. It produced six times the quantity of work, in a given time, more than could be effected by the hand alone.

And now he fancied the hour of his triumph had arrived; for the queen, Elizabeth, who had been informed of this new marvel, commanded Mr. William Lee to remove his engine to London, and work it in her presence. Honours and rewards floated plentifully about the atmosphere of his warm imagination; and even the former Maud Thoresby inly felt something like compunction and regret, for not having waited

long enough to marry the man who was considered worthy to be introduced into the presence of royalty.

It was a grand day in Woodborough, that on which the mighty engine was removed from the place of its birth : and a great man, indeed, did Master William feel, as the boxes containing its several parts were lifted into the vehicle destined to remove them, amidst the anxious looks and almost involuntary shouts of those identical inhabitants, whose jeers and scorn had been liberally bestowed upon him during many past years. But William was ill fitted to receive the praise of such as they were, then ; and a smile of undisguised contempt, which no one could mistake, played upon his features as he mounted his horse, and rode through the crowd beside his marvellous engine.

The mob is a stranger beast. Just as William Lee and his brother, and the cart containing the precious boxes, reached the outside of the village, a volley of sods and stones was fired after them from the hands of the offended rustics ; and Master Hugh Monks, the husband of Maud, was heard loudly to declare, "That it was a happy thing for the village to have at last got rid of a wizard who had brought the devil himself amongst them."

And such was the last instalment of the debt paid at Woodborough, to untriring perseverance, and the most remarkable mechanical skill.

Perhaps Master Lee fared better at court—let us see.

In a world made up, for the greater part, of the deplorably shallow and the still more deplorably ignorant, appearances count for every thing. Neither Mr. Lee nor his engine were particularly charming to behold ; for the former was singularly plain in person, and had besides a very uncouth, rustical air ; while the latter might, without much injustice, be considered as clumsy a piece of machinery as even that age of clumsiness ordinarily beheld. But the inventor thought of neither one nor the other : *he* had made the engine, and the engine could make the work, that was enough.

When the great Elizabeth beheld the operation, she pronounced it very ingenious, but smiled most at the idea of seeing a Master of Arts employed so earnestly and eagerly in making a stocking.

"It is maids' work," said she ; "but that frightful engine is only fit for a horse."

The people at court, and the people of Woodborough, were closer akin than the unsophisticated Master Lee could possibly have supposed. He received no honour, no reward ! This proved most acceptable news at his native village ; and Mrs. Maud Monks again rejoiced that she had escaped the toils of the dreamer, Master William Lee.

Harassed by disappointment and vexation, the unfortunate inventor of the knitting-engine, in a fit of indignation at the treatment he had received—first from the mistress of his heart, next from his "fellow townsmen," then from his sovereign, and last of all from the people at large, who offered him no encouragement, resolved to quit the country and seek patronage abroad.

He retired into Normandy ; and under the protection of Henry the Fourth, of France, appeared at length about to receive the due reward of his skill and merit. But misfortune had marked him for her victim. The patron king was assassinated, and his successor cared nothing about either curious machines or their contrivers.

In the interval, however, while the flash of glory yet shone upon his

horizon, Master Lee had married a portionless young lady of the country of his adoption, and but recently christened his first son "Henry," after his royal patron, when the violent death of the latter took place, and with that event all his own towering prospects were hurled to the dust.

Again to be humbled at the very threshold of honest pride, was one stroke more than he could bear. His grief became excessive: the ingratitude of a blind and ignorant world, combined with mischances which seemed to occur merely to thwart him, had the effect of finally wearing out an otherwise unwearied spirit. He perceived that the world was about to close upon him for ever; so he made his will in favour of the infant Henry, requested his wife to go to England and bring the boy up at Woodborough, and having devised to her the sole property in five machines which he had then made, resignedly and peacefully gave up the ghost.

Mrs. Lee implicitly followed her husband's advice, and went to live on the very homestead where her late husband was born. There she brought up her son Henry, but it was in the midst of opposition and dislike and neglect. She seemed to be avoided, even because of the memory of the departed. But between the children of the former Maud Thoresby and Henry Lee, a deadly dislike—a feud born in the blood always existed. As boys they fought—as young men they hated—as old ones they died, mutually unforgiving, and unforgiven. Nor did this die with their deaths. It was born again with their children; and perpetuated generation after generation, even until the original cause of difference became matter for the apocrypha of domestic history.

In the meantime, however, a mighty trade was growing out of the produce of Master Lee's contemptuously-treated machine. It began to be appreciated as it deserved, and finally hundreds of thousands became, and at this day still are, dependent upon it for their daily bread.

THE OPERA.

CEASED—gone! The season of 1846, ushered in with amber curtains and encaustic paintings, and danced out by three goddesses, belongs now to the muse of history, that collector of worthy carcasses, who never admits that a living dog is better than a dead lion.

Well do we remember thy commencement—nay, we will be Irish, and say we remember thee before thy commencement, oh, season of 1846! we can call to mind our walks—not pleasant—through unromantic forests of poles, spars, ladders, when we just caught glimpses of the decorations. A tour round an edifice, on a platform half-a-yard wide, does not create ecstatic bliss, though the Elysian fields may be in the middle, encompassed like an old Roman's park, by his villa.

Then do we bring to recollection the "flash"—for so we may call it—of the opening night, when the newly-decorated building in all its glories burst upon the eyes of marvelling spectators. The buzz of approving converse—the murmuring admiration which culminated in one great shout for "Lumley!" are still present to our ears.

Then came the sprig of rue in the wine-cup—the objection to the

amber curtains—well known to our readers; then were rumours spread abroad that the offending colour would be changed, and that the hangings would melt away the audience with bright crimson, or freeze them to death with deep blue. But they kept their ground—those clients of ours—those gold-coloured curtains; and the ladies, after much instruction, at length learned that they were to be considered as pictures in gilt frames.

The operatic novelties of the season were the two operas by Verdi, "Nino" and "I Lombardi," whereof we descanted largely on their first production. They have been well liked—the former *without*, the latter *with* Grisi and Mario—but we give not an iota of credence to the prophecies that Verdi's name will become great in this country. He will compose new operas in Italy, and as we must have novelties, we shall probably have his compositions; and of course we shall talk about the massive character of his concerted pieces, and the disposition to make all parts subservient to one great whole. Perchance, we shall likewise discourse of the loudness of his brass-abounding orchestra—yea, all this will come to pass, and no need of Nixon, Mother Shipton, or Doctor Dee to foretell it; but as for Guiseppe Verdi, without a spark of original melody, immortalising himself in London by his peculiar combinations, and being asked for ten or twenty years hence, we will not believe it, even if the aforesaid Nixon, Mother Shipton, and Dr. Dee all predict it, jointly and severally, with the combined arts of palmistry, geomancy, and astrology. Mind, we speak of his present operas. Whether there is something to come with increased vitality, we cannot say, but we doubt.

Castellan improves this year—sings as well as ever, and acts a great deal better—delicately, judiciously, feelingly. There be stubborn hearts, that refuse to warm to her inobtrusive griefs—who mistake for coldness the quiet sorrow of Amina, and can believe no pathos unless it is shrieked into their ears. But all that will take the trouble of watching, will find the world of emotion that acts beneath that smooth surface. Sanchioli is no very grand importation. Corbari is better. Capital voice, but wants tuition.

The ballet was strong this year. The intellectual Grahn, the gay Cerito, the majestic Taglioni, contributed their talents, and at last bound all their schools together in the magnificent *Pas de Déesses*. Parts of Catarina, especially the *Pas Stratégique*, were exceedingly good. "Lalla Rookh," was gorgeous and "slow," but the apex of the season was this *pas*, which astonished an audience already feasted on the *Pas de Quatre*.

And let us not forget the decorative department. Distinguished artists have appeared under all managements, but the introduction of a splendid *mise en scène* into the walls of the Opera was Mr. Lumley's own. It is said, that in ancient times the different persons connected with the establishment, were conducted to the vaults, and made to swear before an altar burning with spirits of wine, eternal enmity against correct costume and new scenery. At least the appearance of the stage was not such as to render the legend incredible. But under Mr. Lumley's influence, the foul demons, Shabbiness and Dirt, fly howling to the abode of ancient Chaos, and on the spot which was dedicated to their clumsy creations, we find hanging gardens, Eastern seraglios, Milanese cathedrals, all good, effective,

NEW.

L I T E R A T U R E.

FATHER DARCY.*

"FATHER DARCY" is Gunpowder Plot and Guy Fawkes over again,—the history of the rise, progress, and detection of that infamous conspiracy, told in a series of more or less connected pictures by the author of "Mount Sorel." Henry Garnet, the pious conspirator, who was otherwise called Father Darcy, and who was at that time the Provincial or Superior of the Jesuits in England, being described as one of the chief originators and promoters of that murderous scheme, and as a man of wide-spreading intrigue, who never neglected any means, however remote or insignificant, which might possibly forward his views.

We are introduced to the aristocratic characters who figured in this sad affair at a royal *fête* held within the splendid halls of the Palace of Westminster, and to the gentlemanly yet working conspirators at Catesby's old lodging at Lambeth. Of Guido Fawkes we have the following graphic sketch :—

"He was a tall spare man, of a lofty military carriage, with high features and dark complexion, and an expression of stern gravity. Trained among the Spanish bands, then esteemed the first soldiers of Europe, and associated with those stern and pitiless fanatics who had fought with Pizarro and Cortes in the new world, and under the ruthless Alva in the old, he was deeply imbued with religious impressions of the darkest and most unmitigated character, and habituated to carry out every most barbarous measure of war, not only as an act of military necessity but as a religious offering to the glory of God, in thus avenging him upon his enemies. Unsoftened by any of those gentler touches of nature which visited the rest, but which he, reared in camp, had never known, he was still a brave, and in a certain view an honourable man, ready to sacrifice life and liberty upon the altar of religion or military duty. Such was Guido Fawkes, who now in this fatal hour came—with his unflinching sense of military duty, his unmodified detestation of heresy, his pitiless indifference as to means, acquired in that dire contest to which he had been habituated—to infuse a fresh element of resolute, unflinching, persevering determination into the hearts of his brother confederates. It is more than possible that the compunctious visitings of the others might otherwise have availed to defeat the horrible design."

Percy, or, as the author writes it; Piercy, having obtained a house that abutted upon the walls of the houses of parliament, Fawkes assumed, as is well known, the name of Johnson, and personated a servant. The necessary stores were in the meantime collected in the house at Lambeth, whence they could be easily conveyed at night across the river.

"And now the dark and short days of December, with their fogs, and their rains, and their storms set in; and taking advantage of the long nights—the conspirators having laid in a provision of hard boiled eggs, cold meats, pasties, &c., entered the house, shut themselves up, and began upon their fearful task."

* * * * *

"It was a dark, moonless, winter midnight,* when wrapped in heavy cloaks which concealed the mining tools each man carried, and with their hats

* Father Darcy. By the author of "Mount Sorel" and the "Two Old Men's Tales." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

flapped over their faces, the gentlemen, one by one, stole like criminals to the appointed house, and were severally admitted by Fawkes.

"Resolute men they were all we know, and yet as collected in a little back parlour at the back of the house, they looked round upon each other, and realised, for the first time, the dreadful undertaking which they were about to commence; each cheek grew pale, their limbs trembled, and when they spoke the tones of their voice sounded so hollow, hoarse, and unnatural, that they involuntarily recoiled as it were from each other.

"For their consciences would make themselves be heard, and their hearts were knocking at their ribs."

The end of this sad history offers a good sample of the author's peculiarities of style.

"An immense open chimney-piece—a large blazing fire of wood and Staffordshire coal—a room, wide and straggling, rising to the roof of the house, but bare of furniture and desolate.

"Half-a-dozen pale and haggard men with dishevelled hair, cheeks wan and furrowed with fatigue and misery, and clothes all disordered and covered with soil and dirt.

"The hue and cry will soon be here; the news of the sheriff's approach has already reached them. They will sell their lives as dearly as they can.

"Thomas Winter has early gone out to *discover*, as he termed it. The rest are, as I have said, round the fire assembled. In traversing the ford of the Stour, now swollen by the incessant rains, they have wetted the bag of powder which was taken from Lord Windsor's, and they are now employed in endeavouring to dry it, and render it again serviceable. They have two or three pounds for immediate use, drying before the fire; the bag containing the rest is at no great distance.

"Catesby is standing over it, Mr. Grant and Mr. Rookwood, close behind him.

"A coal falls—a small coal—small as the match and lantern light of Guy Fawkes.

"A loud blast of the thunder-bolt."

Catesby was stunned by the explosion, all the others had their features broken, swollen, and distorted by the gunpowder. The spirit of the conspirators began to be broken, and they now imagined that God was against them. They all joined in prayer, and confessed that the act was so bloody, as they desired God to forgive them. At length, the sheriff arrived with all the disposable force of the county, and the unhappy men came down into the court, and "exposed themselves," says the author, "intentionally, without defence, to the fire of the assailants."

But it does not appear quite clear why the conspirators were thus shot down like wild beasts in a den, if they offered no resistance. The fact, as generally related is, that they refused to surrender, and stood with swords in their hands, to oppose the entrance of the sheriff.

The great defects in the author's style are extreme searching for dramatic and artistic effect. The whole narrative is so cut up and divided, and the sentences are frequently made to terminate so abruptly, that it becomes a positive labour to wade on with this history. We are perpetually introduced to a "told" picture, instead of being allowed to go on with the story. These pictures are often beautiful enough, but it is possible even to be weary of a gallery of Rubens. This antiquated and fragmentary style has, however, no doubt, its admirers, and we should think chiefly among those who can afford to study and dwell upon beauties which, like those of an old oaken carving, come out most when examined in detail.

HORACE WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS.*

ANOTHER Horace Walpole, like another Boswell, it has been remarked, the world has not supplied, and probably never will. Mr. Macaulay prefers the letters of the recluse of Strawberry-hill to his books, upon the grounds of their being less depreciatory in their style, but the "Memoirs," from the peculiarity of their information, the private scandal, the personal anecdotes, and the intimacy of the author with his subject, will always be more read than the less offending correspondence. A good available library edition of this classic work still remained a desideratum, a want which the present form of publication is well calculated to remedy.

THE TUDOR SISTERS.†

THIS novel is, according to the author's view of the subject, "an attempt to interweave with fiction the beauty and blamelessness of England's early faith." The beauty we are ready to admit, the blamelessness by no means. The Tudor sisters are Mary and Elizabeth, and it need scarcely be intimated, that the work being written in the above spirit, is throughout apologetic for the one, censorious to the other. Latimer is termed "coarse and vituperative," and Ridley, "rabid." As in 1533, beef was a halfpenny the pound, and mutton a halfpenny farthing, the Reformation, the author also intimates, if it did no other good, has proved a valuable godsend to the butchers and graziers of the day!

Mary is made to betroth herself to Philip of Spain, out of vexation at the indifference of her young and handsome cousin, Edward Courtenay. This vain young earl, the author tells us, had a most shapely *leg*, which he did not neglect to display to the greatest advantage, and as a *sequitur*, a little further he says, "Nor can any acquainted with the history of the period, doubt that the crown of England was repeatedly at his feet." The conversations of this youth, favoured by both the Tudor sisters, appears to have been occasionally neither loyal nor courtier-like, when addressed to Elizabeth.

"Nay, good coz," quoth Courtenay, "disguise it as thou wilt, thou knowest thyself, as all men know thee, no better than a maid of honour's bastard."

"Torture cramp thee into a loathsome cripple for that word, thou renegade," imprecated Elizabeth with frantic, though muttered vehemence.

"Would'st have that our royal father could have lawful congress with his brother Arthur's widow?"

"Prithee, moot not again so stale a controversy," entreated the exasperating Courtenay. "It is not maidenly in thee, coz. Besides, thou know'st, the schools have settled it against thee. Thou and Mary cannot both be right-ful."

"Then Mary is the bastard!" cried Elizabeth, almost ferociously.

"Men say otherwise, good coz. I am no doctor, truly; but it seemeth to my poor mind, that if Mary be not legitimate, for as much as Henry married Arthur's widow, thou art in no better case, for as much as the same Henry had Mary Boleyn for his concubine, when he espoused thy mother, her sister Anne. Of the two, then, thou see'st, pretty coz, Mary, being the elder, is the better bastard."

* Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Second. By Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited from the original MSS. with a Preface and Notes by the late Lord Holland. 3 vols., 8vo. Henry Colburn.

† The Tudor Sisters; a Story of National Sacrifice. In 3 vols. Thomas Cautley Newby.

Mistress Alice Jerningham, the heroine of the story, is made, on two different occasions, once in argument with Lord Edward Howard (vol. i., p. 206), and a second time (vol. ii., p. 255), in a discussion, most inopportunistically got up, with the Lady Jane Grey, at a time when every thing is ready for the latter's evasion, to advance the most singular plea in favour of Roman Catholicism, that we have yet met with. It is, that if the mind admits the mysteries of Incarnation and the Trinity, it ought also to admit that of Transubstantiation, or give up the Resurrection—nay, the very Creation itself. As so placed, the one is made to appear the positive, the other the comparative, and the third the superlative degrees of credulity; and if you admit one, you must fain admit all three, or give up what has no bearing upon either of these mysteries, the great and independent natural truths of creation and futurity! This is too rude logic even to require confutation. The author further intimates, that there is a spirit of inquiry abroad in this country, "which the puerilities of ignorance, the platitudes of bigotry, the sarcasms of infidelity, and the yet more fatal self-sufficiency of rationalism, must fail to satisfy." If so, we also feel tolerably well convinced that the superaddition of exploded mysteries to the number already admitted, will fail equally signally. The predominant faith in the New World, where the mind is most unshackled, testifies to that fact, notwithstanding the many claims of the Roman Catholic Church to our love and esteem, were it only for its art and its antiquity.

LIFE OF THE AMIR DOST MOHAMMED KHAN.*

THIS is an excellent account of the campaign in Affghanistan. It does not give the best details of the military events, nor are the author's views on all subjects, more especially in what concerns the conduct of the officers and military generally, both in Kabul and Sindh, either correct or credible; but in what concerns the history of native interference and diplomacy, his information is intimate and probably accurate. He exposes, at length, all the circumstances that led to the Affghan war, both from the history of individuals, from his own experience while employed on a mission of importance and trust, and from the published diplomatic documents; so that the work could scarcely fail to give the most complete, if not always the most satisfactory view of the campaign, hitherto presented in an available form to the public, and to furnish some of the best materials for future history.

There appears no doubt now, that when the Persians were reduced to raise the siege of Hirat, there was no longer any necessity for the government in India persevering in crossing the English army beyond the Indus. The intrigues of the firebrand, Vikovitch, the originator of the whole affair, the continued occupation by the Persians of Ghuryan, and of a few other places of minor importance, and the vacillation and feebleness of the Kabul and Kandahar governments, were insufficient causes for entering upon a frontier and a mountain warfare; but Lord Palmerston had issued his warlike edicts, and Lord Auckland was urged by a variety of circumstances, into an undertaking, which probably his better

* *Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, of Kabul; with his political proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian governments, including the victory and disasters of the British army in Affghanistan.* By Mohan Lal, Esq. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

judgment disapproved of. And what a lesson does the fate of this Vico-vitch, whose almost solitary intrigues cost the lives of thousands of brave men, afford? Disowned by his own government, he sought refuge from political exasperation and disappointment in suicide!

The latter part of Mohan Lal's work has been written without assistance, and contains many peculiarities, being, as he says himself, written in the Persian style; but this gives a *naïveté* to the narrative that is any thing but unpleasing. We regret, however, now, that we did not point out to the author, on the occasion of his first work, "The Travels," that the rendering of many of his oriental letters into corresponding English letters is not always suited to the genius of the English language; we feel this especially in such cases as Qandhar Qunduz, Faqir, &c. Neither the Kha, the Kaf, the Kef, nor the Ghain, have ever been rendered, as far as we know, by English or Anglo-Indian scholars by Q. In the use of vowels, too, it is always best to adhere simply to the short and long a, i, and u. But these are trifling faults. The majority of oriental names are more correctly spelt than usual, as Lahaur for Lahore, Kabul for Caubul, &c.

Great changes have taken place since the war in Affghanistan, and by a curious succession of events, in which the death of Ranjit Singh played the most prominent part, a great and powerful country, which actually lay between our eastern possessions and Affghanistan, during the time of the wild and disastrous campaign in question, has come into close and intimate relationship with English India—a relationship, the history and progress of which cannot, from a variety of circumstances, be otherwise than full of strange and stirring events. But in these, the Anglo-Indian government is really and truly interested, and the importance of all proceedings in those countries is far too great not to be very sensibly felt by all educated Englishmen. Mohan Lal's work forms an almost indispensable introduction to an acquaintance with such matters, and the intimate knowledge of persons and things which could alone belong to a native, give to it, with all its faults, a more than ordinary piquancy and interest.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.*

WE envy not that saturnine complexion of criticism which reflects its own moodiness upon all that is not perfect in literature. The gloomy atmosphere thus self-generated must deprive the being who dwells in it of many a gleam of lightsome pleasure, and of many of the minor, yet not less joyous, and inspiriting fancies that lie so often under a surface not always inviting to the eye. It is as impossible to put old heads upon young shoulders, as it is to teach to the ambitious exuberance of youth the decorum and simplicity attained by experience. The opening of "Charlotte Corday," "Brightly shone the sun upon the face of the earth, fragrantly sweet was the perfume the flowers exhaled in the early morning's gale," is enough to make an atrabilarious critic close the book at once and for ever, and thereby to lose a well-known story, artistically wrought out, and sad scenes depicted in an appropriately nervous and energetic language.

The account given of the death of Marat is not precisely the generally

* Charlotte Corday; an Historical Tale. By Rose Ellen Hendricks, author of "Joan of Arc," "The Astrologer's Daughter," &c. &c. London: R. Groombridge and Sons.

received historical version, but as it is the interpretation given by one mind capable of sympathising with the motives of action belonging to another placed under given circumstances, it will, we suppose, be deemed by those learned in such matters, to be the real æsthetic explanation. There is some sweetly pretty poetry scattered through the pages of the story, and we sincerely hope that its success may strew the author's path with flowers as fair as those she delights to cull, and that they may be unmixed with those thorns which often beset the literary path but too rudely for young and susceptible aspirants.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.*

THE ninth volume of this admirable work is entirely occupied with the history of the dark and fair Italian consort of James II.—Mary Beatrice, of Modena; nor has the industrious and intelligent author spared pains or exertions to render the volume not only worthy of its predecessors, but surpassing in interest as in intimacy with its subject. The secret archives of France have particularly presented abundance of new details of a most interesting description, and when we consider that the biography of the beautiful, unfortunate, tender and passionate Mary of Modena, has never yet been written, surely the claims of the present volume will be deemed to be of a more than ordinary description.

LIVES OF LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON.†

It is almost a work of supererogation to call the attention of the readers of the *New Monthly*, to the importance of the publication of these extremely valuable sketches as a separate volume. Although scarcely claiming rank as a work of regular biography, there is no doubt, from the variety, novelty, and importance of the materials accumulated by Mr. Surtees, of the permanent interest of the work. Some alterations are made, and several original documents introduced into this republication, one of which is too interesting to be passed over. It is a letter from Mr. William Scott to his brother Henry, on his undertaking the expenses of a large house in Pilgrim-street. The advice contained in that eloquent letter Mr. Surtees justly remarks, is so sound, and the "tribute rendered to the worth of their common father is so high, that injustice would be committed towards two generations were it to be suppressed."

"I lament," says the ever kind brother, "that the necessity of your Affairs has forced you into the House which you at present occupy. Do me the Justice to believe, that I never take the Liberty of offering my Opinion upon any part of your Conduct from the mere Desire of dictating to you, or from any motive but of Sincere Affection. I heartily wish you Success in life, and therefore am concerned at any Event that appears likely to obstruct it. Your house is large, and therefore likely to attract Company, both of the visiting kind and those who will make some stay with you. Excuse me if I observe to you that you will do well to be upon your guard against the Effect of this Circumstance, and to oppose the Consideration of a Growing Family, and the necessity of increasing your For-

* *Lives of the Queens of England.* By Agnes Strickland. Vol IX. Henry Colburn.

† *A Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon; comprising, with Additional Matter, some Corrections of Mr. Twiss's Work on the Chancellor.* By William Edward Surtees, D.C.L. Barrister at Law. Chapman & Hall.

tune, to the indulgence of present Hospitality and Elegance. Remember, that we all of us owe our present establishment in Life to a Conduct founded upon Industry and Frugality—upon unremitting Attention to Business and Seclusion from Company. We inherit from our deceased Father not only a provision, but what is more, an Example.”

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL EMPIRE.*

THIS is a work which, if carried out as begun, will be of a truly comprehensive character and of great national importance. The account of the conflicts waged between the French and English for possession of the Isle of France, fills no small number of pages in history, and the slave trade is unfortunately as much a vexed question in the Mauritius as it is in the West India Islands. The maps which accompany the work are admirably executed by Mr. Hughes, but having had to depend upon French reports for the physical history of the island, the latter is given in a very hasty and undigested form. In the botanical department, the French names, which are of little or no consequence, are placed before the scientific; and in the geological department, to say that it is still a matter of doubt whether the island is volcanic or not, and to describe round stones, the grain of which resembles that of *hard stones found elsewhere*, shows that there exists a more lamentable ignorance in regard to the structure of the island than we could have possibly conceived. In another place, however, it is intimated incidentally that the sugar-cane loves the vesicular or decomposed *basalt* which obtains in many parts of the island. This alone decides the volcanic origin of the Mauritius.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, HEALTH, AND DISEASE.†

WERE we to give the title of this contribution to the philosophy of medicine at length, it would occupy the greater portion of one of our pages. Mr. Searle is an enthusiastic believer in the fact that all diseases consist in the derangement of the functions or condition of the vessels of nutrition and of circulation. The result of such a belief is, to offer a somewhat simplified view of the treatment of diseases. The work is rather addressed to the profession than to the public, but it possesses considerable claims upon the attention of the latter, more especially in its introductory portions, which refer chiefly to hygienic matters.

BENEVOLENCE IN PUNISHMENT.‡

THIS work bears internal evidence of emanating from the pen of Captain Maconochie, whose experience and benevolence could alone have treated the subject in so comprehensive and conclusive a manner. The antiquated system of so-called exemplary, but really vindictive punishment, is barbarous in the extreme. An inordinate thirst for wealth has

* England's Colonial Empire: an Historical, Political, and Statistical Account of the Empire, its Colonies, and Dependencies. By Charles Fridham, Esq., B.A., F.R.G.S. Vol. I. The Mauritius and its Dependencies. Smith, Elder, and Co.

† The Why and the Wherefore; or the Philosophy of Life, Health, and Disease, &c., &c. By Charles Searle, M.D., &c. 1 vol. 8vo. John Churchill.

‡ Benevolence in Punishment, or Transportation made Reformatory. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

set an undue value upon property; and actual legislation sacrifices the poor, both soul and body, for the protection of the wealthy. The convict system actually makes the practice of virtue impossible. All these matters notoriously require reformation; and the public voice will sooner or later proclaim that fact so loudly, as to insure its being obtained.

LADY MORGAN'S WILD IRISH GIRL.*

"THE Wild Irish Girl" is probably the most popular of all Lady Morgan's stories. It went, we believe, through seven editions in two years. This was probably owing to its having been written before the author's strong, youthful enthusiasm in the cause of her country had merged into mere political and personal partizanship; and this, with the addition of its being a very fair sample of its author's peculiar genius and temperament, will insure it a long-continued and lasting success.

THE ENGLISH RURAL SPELLING-BOOK.†

MR. CUTHBERT JOHNSON's name was quite sufficient to certify to a meritorious little work; and he has given us here an introduction to spelling and rural matters, so agreeably interwoven, as to insure a future generation of husbandmen, if it does not convert critics into husbands.

POETRY OF THE MONTH.

GEORGINA BENNET, author of many poems having appropriate poetical titles, as "Eglantine," "Ivanhoe," &c., introduces us this month to the "Studio"‡ of a well known artist, in a tone and spirit which fully attest that the poetic spirit dwells within her, and that she is able to translate its language in a manner that can fairly challenge criticism. Mr. John Purchas, B.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, however, in his "Poems and Ballads,"§ surpasses his predecessor in pleasing fancies, and depth and purity of sentiment. Mr. Purchas has evidently the qualities, as far as poetry is concerned, to give us, as he proposes, a practical view of the Greek theatre. Mr. H. W. Haynes also introduces us in melodious and agreeable verse to the pleasures of a pursuit, which it is not always equally plain why that delight should be so often put into purgatory by a dangerous publicity. We have, however, an example of this in the first canto of "Caius Julius Cæsar,"¶ which intimates in the first verse that

"Like thunder rolling in the blacken'd cloud—

Thus Cæsar often rag'd when mingled with the crowd."

and in the second tells us that

"The bravest warriors yield unto his nod,"

as

"Bold Cæsar stalks along and obedience does expect."

There are to be more cantos to follow if this is approved of!

* Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl. A new and cheap edition. Colburn's Standard Novels. Henry Colburn.

† The English Rural Spelling-Book, &c. By Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S. James Ridgway.

‡ The Studio, and other Poems. By Georgina Bennet. Darton and Clark.

§ Poems and Ballads. By John Purchas, B.A. William Smith.

|| The Pleasures of Poesy; a Poem in Two Cantos. By Henry W. Haynes, Author of "Job, a Lyrical Drama," and other Poems. Edwin Yates.

¶ Caius Julius Cæsar; a Poem. Canto I. By K. W. Strange.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

CHAP. VII.

LADY R—— sat down before her writing materials, and I took my seat on the sofa, as she had requested, and was soon occupied with my reading. I perceived that, as she wrote, her ladyship continually took her eyes off her paper and fixed them upon me. I presumed that she was describing me, and I was correct in my idea, for, in about half an hour, she threw down her pen, and cried:

"There, I am indebted to you for the best picture of a heroine that I ever drew! Listen."

And her ladyship read to me a most flattering description of my sweet person, couched in very high-flown language.

"I think, Lady R——," said I, when she had finished, "that you are more indebted to your own imagination than to reality in drawing my portrait."

"Not so, not so, my dear Valerie. I may have done you justice, but certainly not more. There is nothing like having the living subject to write from. It is the same as painting or drawing, it only can be true when drawn from nature; in fact, what is writing but painting with the pen."

As she concluded her sentence, the page, Lionel, came in with a letter on a waiter, and hearing her observation, as he handed the letter, he impudently observed:

"Here's somebody been painting your name on the outside of this paper; and as there's 7*d.* to pay, I think it's rather dear for such a smudge."

"You must not judge from outside appearance, Lionel," replied Lady R——: "the contents may be worth pounds. It is not prepossessing, I grant, in its superscription, but may, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wear yet a precious jewel in its head. That was a vulgar error of former days, Lionel, which Shakspeare has taken advantage of."

"Yes, that chap painted with a pen at a fine rate," replied the boy, as Lady R—— opened the letter and read it.

"You may go, Lionel," said she, putting the letter down.

"I just wanted to know, now that you've opened your toad, if you have found the jewel, or whether it's a vulgar error?"

"It's a vulgar letter, at all events, Lionel," replied her ladyship, "and concerns you; it is from the shoemaker at Brighton, who requests me to pay him eighteen shillings for a pair of boots ordered by you, and not paid for."

"Well, my lady, I do owe for the boots, true enough; but it's impossible for me always to recollect my own affairs, I am so busy with looking after yours."

"Well, but now you are reminded of them, Lionel, you had better give me the money, and I will send it to him."

At this moment Lady R—— stooped from her chair to pick up her handkerchief. There were some sovereigns lying on the desk, and the lad, winking his eye at me, took one up, and, as Lady R—— rose up, held it out to her in silence.

"That's right, Lionel," said Lady R——; "I like honesty."

"Yes, madame," replied the impudent rogue, very demurely; "like most people who tell their own stories, I was born of honest, but poor parents."

"I believe your parents were honest; and now, Lionel, to reward you, I shall pay for your boots, and you may keep your sovereign."

"Thank your ladyship," replied the lad. "I forgot to say that the cook is outside for orders."

Lady R—— rose, and went out of the room; and Mr. Lionel, laughing at me, put the sovereign down with the others.

"Now, I call that real honesty. You saw me borrow it, and now you see me pay it."

"Yes; but suppose her ladyship had not given you the sovereign, how would it have been then?" said I.

"I should have paid her very honestly," replied he. "If I wished to cheat her, or rob her, I might do so all day long. She leaves her money about everywhere, and never knows what she has; besides, if I wanted to steal, I should not do so with those bright eyes of yours looking at me all the time."

"You are a very saucy boy," replied I, more amused than angry.

"It's all from reading, and it's not my fault, for her ladyship makes me read, and I never yet read any book about old times in which the pages were not saucy; but I've no time to talk just now—my spoons are not clean yet," so saying he quitted the room.

I did not know whether I ought to inform her ladyship of this freak of her page's; but, as the money was returned, I thought I had better say nothing for the present. I soon found out that the lad was correct in asserting that she was careless of her money, and that, if he chose, he might pilfer without chance of discovery; and, moreover, that he really was a good and honest lad, only full of mischief and very impudent; owing, however, to Lady R——'s treatment of him, for she rather encouraged his impudence than otherwise. He was certainly a very clever, witty boy, and a very quick servant; so quick, indeed, at his work, that it almost appeared as if he never had any thing to do, and he had plenty of time for reading, which he was very fond of.

Lady R—— returned, and resumed her writing.

"You sing, do you not? I think Mrs. Bathurst told me you were very harmonious. Now, Valerie, do me a favour: I want to hear a voice carolling some melodious ditty. I shall describe it so much better, if I

really heard you sing. I do like reality ; of course, you must sing without music, for my country-girl cannot be crossing the mead with a piano in one hand, and a pail of water in the other."

"I should think not," replied I, laughing ; "but am not I too near?"

"Yes, rather ; I should prefer it on the stairs, or the first floor landing ; but I could not be so rude as to send you out of the room."

"But I will go without sending," replied I ; and I did so, and having arrived at my station, I sang a little French refrain, which I thought would answer her ladyship's purpose. On my return, her ladyship was writing furiously, and did not appear to notice my entrance. I took my seat quietly, and in about ten minutes, she again threw down the pen, exclaiming :

"I never wrote so effective a chapter ! Valerie, you are more precious to me than fine gold ; and as Shylock said of his ring, 'I would not change thee for a wilderness of monkeys.' I make the quotation as expressive of your value. It was so kind-hearted of you to comply with my wish. You don't know an author's feelings. You have no idea how our self-love is flattered by success, and that we value a good passage in our works more than any thing else in existence. Now, you have so kindly administered to my ruling passion twice in one morning, that I love you exceedingly. I dare say you think me very odd, and people say that I am so ; I may ask you to do many odd things for me, but I shall never ask you to do what a lady may not do, or what would be incorrect for you to do, or for me to propose ; that you may depend upon, Valerie : and now I close my manuscript for the present, being well satisfied with the day's work."

Lady R—— rang the bell, and on Lionel making his appearance she desired him to take away her writing materials, put her money into her purse—if he knew where the purse was—and then asked him what were her engagements for the evening.

"I know *we* have an engagement," replied the boy ; "I can't recollect it, but I shall find it in the drawing-room."

He went out, and in a minute returned.

"I have found it, my lady," said he. "Here's the ticket ; Mrs. Allwood, at home, nine o'clock."

"Mrs. Allwood, my dear Valerie, is a literary lady, and her parties are very agreeable."

The page looked at me from behind Lady R——'s chair, and shook his head in dissent.

"Shall we go?" continued Lady R——.

"If you please, madame," replied I.

"Well, then, we will take a drive before dinner, and the evening after dinner shall be dedicated to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Dear me, how I have inked my fingers, I must go up-stairs and wash them."

As soon as Lady R—— left the room, Master Lionel began.

"Feast of reason and flow of soul ; I don't like such entertainment. Give me a good supper and plenty of champagne."

"Why, what matter can it make to you?" said I, laughing.

"It matters a good deal. I object to literary parties," replied he.

"In the first place, for one respectable carriage driving up to the door there are twenty cabs and jarveys, so that the company isn't so good ;

and then at parties, when there is a good supper, I get my share of it in the kitchen. You don't think we are idle down below. I have been to Mrs. Allwood's twice, and there's no supper, nothing but feast of reason, which remains up-stairs, and they're welcome to my share of it. As for the drink, it's negus and cherry-water; nothing else, and if the flow of soul is not better than such stuff, they may have my share of that also. No music, no dancing, nothing but buz, buz, buz. Won't you feel it stupid!"

"Why, one would think you had been up-stairs instead of down, Lionel."

"Of course I am, they press all who have liveries into the service, and I hand the cakes about rather than kick for hours at the legs of the kitchen-table. I hear all that's said just as well as the company, and I've often thought I could have given a better answer than I've heard some of your great literaries. When I hand the cakes to-night take them I point out to you, they'll be the best."

"Why, how can you tell?"

"Because I try them all before I come in the room."

"You ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it."

"All comes of reading, miss," replied he. "I read that in former times great people, kings and princes and so on, always had their victuals tasted first lest there should be poison in them, so I taste upon that principle, and I have been half-poisoned sometimes at these cheap parties, but I'm getting cunning, and when I meet a suspicious-looking piece of pastry, I leave it for the company; but I can't wait to talk any longer, miss, I must give coachman his orders."

"I never asked you to talk, Mr. Lionel," said I.

"No, you didn't, but still I know you like to hear me, you can't deny that. Now to use my lady's style, I am to tell the coachman to put a girdle round the park in forty minutes;" so saying, the lad vanished, as he usually did, in a second.

The lad was certainly right when he said that I did like to hear him talk, for he amused me so much that I forgave his impudence and familiarity. Shortly afterwards we went out in the carriage, and having driven two or three times round the park, returned home to dinner. At ten o'clock we went to Mrs. Allwood's party. I was introduced to a great many great literary stars, whom I had never before heard of; but the person who attracted the most attention was a Russian count, who had had his nose and ears cut off by the Turks. It certainly did not add to his beauty, however it might have to his interest. However, Lionel was right, it was a very stupid party to me; all talking at once and constantly on the move to find fresh listeners, it *was* all buz, buz, buz, and I was glad when the carriage was announced. Such were the events of the first day which I passed under the roof of Lady R——.

Indeed this first day may be taken as a sample of most others, and a month passed rapidly away. Each day, however, was marked with some peculiar eccentricity on her part, but these diverted me. I was often requested to do strange things in my position as a model, but with all her oddities Lady R—— was a gentlewoman in manner and in feeling, and what I should certainly have refused to any one else, I did for her without reluctance. I now called her Sempronia, as she requested, and, moreover, I became very intimate with Master Lionel, who would be

intimate whether or no, and who, like Lady R——, was a source of great amusement. At times, when I was alone and communed with myself, I could not help surveying my peculiar position. I was engaged at a large salary—for what ? to look handsome, to put myself in attitudes, and to do nothing. This was not flattering to my talents (such as I had), but still I was treated with kindness and confidence ; was the companion of her ladyship ; was introduced and taken to all the parties to which she was asked, and never made to feel my dependence. I had already imbibed a strong friendship for Lady R——, and I was, therefore, content to remain. One morning she said to me,

“My dear Valerie, do me the favour to tighten the laces of my stays.”

She was, as usual, writing in her dressing-gown.

“Oh, tighter yet; as tight as you can draw them. That will do nicely.”

“Why you can hardly breathe, Sempronia.”

“But I can write, my dear child, and, as I have before observed, the mind and the body influence each other. I am about to write a strictly moral dialogue, and I never could do it unless I am strait-laced. Now I feel fit for the wife of Cato and of Rome.”

A few days afterwards she amused me still more. After writing about half-an-hour, she threw down her pen—

“I never can do it; come up-stairs, my dear Valerie, and help me off with my stays. I must be à l’abandon.”

I followed her, and having removed these impediments we returned to the boudoir.

“There,” said she, sitting down, “I think I shall manage it now, I feel as if I could.”

“Manage what ?” inquired I.

“My dear, I am about to write a love scene, very warm and impassioned, and I could not do it confined as I was. Now that I am loose, I can give loose to the reins of my imagination, and delineate with the arrow of Cupid’s self. My heroine is reclining, with her hand on her cheek ; put yourself in that attitude, my dear Valerie, as if you were meditating upon the prolonged absence of one dear to you. Exactly—beautiful—true to nature—but I forgot, a page enters—don’t move, I’ll ring the bell.”

Lionel answered quickly, as usual.

“Here, Lionel, I want you to play the page.”

“I’ve no time for play, my lady ; I’m page in earnest. There’s all the knives to clean.”

“Never mind the knives just now. Observe, Lionel, you are supposed to be sent a message to that lovely girl, who is sitting absorbed in a soft reverie. You enter her presence unperceived, and are struck with her beauty; you lean against a tree, in a careless but graceful attitude, with your eyes fixed upon her lovely features. Now lean against the door, as I have described, and then I shall be able to write.”

I could not help smiling at the absurdity of this scene, the more so as Lionel, just passing his fingers through his hair, and then pulling up his shirt-collar, took his position, saying,

“Now, Miss Valerie, we’ll see who performs best : I think you will be sooner tired of sitting than I shall be of looking at you.”

"Excellent, Lionel!—exactly the position that I wished," said Lady R——, scribbling as fast as she could; "that stare of yours is true to nature—Cymon and Iphigenia—a perfect tableau!—don't move, I beg; I only require ten minutes."

I looked up at Master Lionel, and he made such a grimace, that I could hardly keep my countenance, and I did not exactly feel satisfied at thus performing, as it were, with a servant; but still, that servant was Lionel, who was very unlike other servants. In ten minutes, as promised, we were released, much to my satisfaction. Lionel went off to clean his knives, and I took up my book, and really when I perceived the delight of Lady R——, at what she called her success, I no longer felt any thing like annoyance at having complied with her wishes.

One morning, when Lady R—— had walked out and the page Lionel was in the room, I entered into conversation with him, and asked how it was that he had been so much better educated than were lads in his position in general?

"That's a question that I often ask myself, Miss Valerie," replied he, "as they say in some autobiographies, the first recollection I have of myself was finding myself walking two and two, in a suit of pepper-and-salt, along with about twenty other very little boys, at a cheap preparatory school, kept by the Misses Wiggins. There I remained—nobody came to see me: other boys talked of their papas and mammas—I had none to talk about: they went home at the holidays, and brought back toys and plum-cakes; I enjoyed my holidays alone, scraping holes in the gravel, for want of better employment, between my meals, and perhaps not opening my mouth, or hearing the sound of my own voice, more than three or four times in the twenty-four hours. As I had plenty of time for reflection during the vacations, as I grew bigger I began to imagine that somehow or another I must have had a father and mother, like the other boys, and began to make very impertinent (as I was told) inquiries about them. The Misses Wiggins gave me a good wiggling, as they call it, for my unwarranted curiosity, pointing out the indelicacy of entering upon such subjects, and thus was my mouth stopped. At last I grew up too big for the school, and was not to be managed by two old maids, and I presume it was at their representations that I was at last honoured by a visit from an old housekeeper, a woman above fifty, whom I never saw before. I ventured to put the forbidden questions to her, and she replied that I had neither father or mother, that they were both dead, and that I was educated by the kindness of a great lady, whose dependents they had been, and that the great lady would call and see me perhaps, or if she did not, would send for me and do something for me. Well, about four years ago (I was then twelve years old, I was told, but my idea is that I am older than they say), I was sent for by Lady R——, and at first I was dressed in a turban and red jacket, and sat on the floor. I was told that I was to be her page, and I liked it very much, as I did nothing but run messages and read books, which I was very fond of; and Lady R—— took some pains with me; but as I grew bigger, so did I fall off from my high estate, and by degrees descended from the drawing-room to the kitchen. My finery was not renewed; at first I had a plain suit and did my work under the footman, and two years ago, when the footman was sent away, rather than be under the orders of another, I volunteered to do the

work, which I have done ever since, and now receive high wages, and wear sugar-loaf buttons, as you perceive. Now, Miss Valerie, that's all that I know of myself; but I suspect that Lady R—— knows more; still it may be that what the old woman told me was correct, and that I was the child of one of her favourite dependents, and was educated by her in the manner that I was, for you know how many odd things she does."

"What is your other name, Lionel?"

"Bedingfield, I am told, is my name," replied he.

"Have you ever spoken to Lady R——," inquired I, "relative to your parents?"

"I once did; but she said that they were Sir Richard's people, not hers (that is, her father's, the late baronet's), and that she knew nothing about them, except that my father was a steward or bailiff to him in the country, and that he had left directions that she should do something for me. Her ladyship did not appear to be inclined to talk about them much, and sent me away as soon as she had told me what I now repeat to you; however, I have found out something since that—but there's her ladyship's knock"—so saying, Lionel vanished.

Soon after her ladyship's return, Madame Gironac, who had called upon me two or three times, was announced. I went out of the room, and when I met her in the dining-parlour, she told me that she had brought some of her imitations of flowers on wax, to show them to her ladyship. I immediately went up, and asked Lady R—— if she would like to see them, to which proposal she assented. When Madame Gironac displayed her performances, which were very natural and beautiful, her ladyship was delighted, and purchased several of them, after which I again went down stairs, and had a long conversation with my warm-hearted little friend.

"I don't like this situation of yours, mademoiselle," said she, "nor does my husband. Now I was thinking, Mademoiselle de Chafencœuf, that it would not be a bad plan if you were to learn how to make those flowers. I will teach you for nothing; and I will teach you what I never teach to my pupils, which is how to prepare the wax, and a great many other little secrets which are worth knowing."

"I shall be very glad to learn, my dear madame," replied I, "but I can afford to pay you for your time and trouble, and must insist upon doing so; if not, I will not be your pupil."

"Well, well, we must not quarrel about that. I know that no one likes to be under an obligation, especially one like you—but learn you must—so let us arrange for the lessons."

I did so; and from that day until I quitted Lady R——, I applied myself so assiduously to the art, that, with the unreserved communications of Madame Gironac, I became a proficient, and could equal her own performances—Madame Gironac declared that I excelled her, because I had more taste—but to return.

"After I had parted with Madame Gironac, I went up-stairs, and found Lady R—— sitting at the table, looking at the purchases she had made.

"My dear Valerie," cried she, "you don't know how you have obliged me by introducing that little woman and her flowers. What a delightful and elegant employment for a heroine to undertake—so lady-like. I have determined that mine shall support herself by imitating

flowers in wax. I am just at the point of placing her in embarrassed circumstances, and did not well know how she was to gain her livelihood, but, thanks to you, that is selected, and in a most charming and satisfactory manner. It is so hard to associate poverty with clean hands."

About a fortnight afterwards, after some other conversation, Lady R—— said,

"My dear Valerie, I have a surprise for you, the season is nearly over, and, what is more important, my third volume will be complete in a fortnight. Last night as I was wooing Somnus in vain, an idea came into my head. I proposed going to pass the Autumn at Brighton, as you know, but last night I made up my mind that we would go over the water; but whether it is to be Havre, or Dieppe, or Paris, or anywhere else I cannot say, but certainly La Belle France. How do you like the idea; I think of making a sort of sentimental journey. We will seek adventures. Shall we go like Rosamond and Celia? I with 'gallant curtal axe,' dressed as a youth. Shall we be mad, Valerie? What say you?"

I hardly knew what to say, Lady R—— appeared to have a most unusual freak in her head, and to be a little more odd than usual. Now I had no wish to go to France, as I might fall in with people whom I did not wish to see; and moreover, from what I had heard of her ladyship's adventures in Italy, I was convinced that she was one of many, I may say, who fancy that they may do as they please out of their own country, and I certainly did not wish to figure in her train; I therefore replied.

"I know my own country well, Lady R——, and there cannot be a less eligible one for a masquerade. We should meet with too many *dés-agréments*, if unprotected by male society, and our journey would be any thing but sentimental. But if you do go to France, does Lionel accompany you?"

"Well, I do not know, but I should like him to learn the language, I think I shall take him. He is a clever boy."

"Very," replied I; "where did you pick him up?"

"He is a son of my late father's—('a son of—' exclaimed I)—tenant, or something; I was going to say," continued Lady R——, colouring; "but I could not recollect exactly what the man was. Bailiff, I think. I know nothing about his father, but he was recommended to me by Sir Richard before he died."

"Recommended as a servant?" replied I; "he appears to me to be too good for so menial a position."

"I have made him above his position, Valerie; not that he was recommended as a servant, but recommended to my care. Perhaps some day I may be able to do more for him. You know that we are to go to Lady G——'s ball to-night. It will be a very brilliant affair. She gives but one during the season, and she always does the thing in good style. Bless me, how late it is. The carriage will be round in two minutes; I've a round of visits to pay."

"Will you excuse me. I have promised to take a lesson of Madame Gironac."

"Very true; then I must enter upon my melancholy task alone. What can be so absurd as a rational and immortal soul going about distributing pasteboard!"

We went to Lady G——'s ball, which was very splendid. I had been dancing, for although I was not considered probably good enough among the young aristocrats to be made a partner for life, as a partner in a waltz

or quadrille I was rather in request, for the odium of governess had not yet been attached to my name, having never figured in that capacity in the metropolis, where I was unknown. I had but a short time taken my seat by Lady R——, when the latter sprung off in a great hurry, after what I could not tell, and her place was immediately occupied by a lady, who I immediately recognised as a Lady M——, who had, with her daughters, composed a portion of the company at Madame Bathurst's country seat.

"Have you forgotten me, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf?" said Lady M——, extending her hand.

"No, my lady, I am glad to see you looking so well. I hope your daughters are also quite well?"

"Thank you; they look very well in the evening, but rather pale in the morning. It is a terrible thing a London season, very trying to the constitution, but what can we do? we must be out and be seen every where, or we lose caste—so many balls and parties every night. The fact is that if girls are not married during the three first seasons after they come out, their chance is almost hopeless, for all the freshness and charm of youth, which is so appetising to the other sex, is almost gone. No constitution can withstand the fatigue. I've often compared our young ladies to the carriage horses—they are both worked to death during the season, and then turned out to grass in the country to recover themselves, and come up fresh for the next winter. It really is a horrible life, but girls must be got off. I wish mine were, for what with fatigue and anxiety I'm worn to a shadow. Come, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, let us go into the next room. It is cooler, and we shall be more quiet; take my arm, perhaps we shall meet the girls."

I accepted her ladyship's invitation, and we went into the next room, and took a seat upon a sofa in a recess.

"Here we can talk without being overheard," said Lady M——; "and now, my dear young lady, I know that you have left Madame Bathurst, but why I do not know. Is it a secret?"

"No, my lady; when Caroline went away I was of no further use, and therefore I did not wish to remain. You may perhaps know that I went to Madame Bathurst's on a visit, and that an unforeseen change of circumstances induced me to remain for some time as instructress to her niece."

"I heard something of that sort, a kind of friendly arrangement, at which Madame Bathurst had good cause to be content. I'm sure I should have been, had I been so fortunate; and now you are residing with Lady R——, may I inquire, without presuming too much, in what capacity you are with Lady R——."

"I went there as an amanuensis, but I have never written a line. Lady R—— is pleased to consider me as a companion, and I must say that she has behaved to me with great kindness and consideration."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Lady M——; "but still it appears to me (excuse the liberty I take, or ascribe it to a feeling of good will), that your position with Lady R—— is not quite what those who have an interest in you would wish. Every one knows how odd she is, to say the least of it, and you may not be perhaps aware, that occasionally her tongue outruns her discretion. In your presence she of course is on her guard, for she is really good-natured, and would not willingly offend any one or hurt their feelings, but when led away by her desire to shine in company, she is very indiscreet. I have been told that at Mrs. W——'s

dinner-party the other day, to which you were not invited, on your name being brought up, she called you her charming model, I think was the phrase ; and on an explanation being demanded of the term, she said that you stood for her heroines, putting yourself in postures and positions while she drew from nature, as she termed it; and that, moreover, on being complimented on the idea, and some of the young men offering, or rather intimating, that they would be delighted to stand or kneel at your feet, as the hero of the tale, she replied that she had no occasion for their services, as she had a page or footman, I forget which, who did that portion of the work. Surely this cannot be true, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf?"

Oh! how my blood boiled when I heard this.

How far it was true, the reader already knows; but the manner in which it was conveyed by Lady M——, quite horrified me. I coloured up to the temples, and replied,

"Lady M——, that Lady R—— has very often, when I have been sitting, and she has been writing, told me that she was taking me as a model for her heroine, is very true, but I have considered it as a whim of hers, knowing how very eccentric she is. I little thought from my having good-naturedly yielded to her caprice, that I should have been so mortified as I have been by what you have communicated to me. That she must have been indiscreet, is certain, for it was known only to herself and to me."

"And the footman."

"Footman, my lady? There is a boy—a sort of page there."

"Exactly; a lad of fifteen or sixteen, a precocious, pert boy, who is much indulged by Lady R——, and if report says true, is nearer related to her than she is willing to acknowledge. Did you never observe that there is a strong likeness?"

"Good heavens, my lady, you surprise me."

"And, I fear, have also annoyed you; but," continued Lady M——, laying her hand on mine, "I thought it kinder to let you know your peculiar position than to sneer and ridicule, as others do, behind your back. This is a sad world in one respect; if there is any scandal or false report spread against us, it is known to every one but ourselves. We cannot find, but rarely, a friend who is so really our friend as to tell us of it. The poison is allowed to circulate without the power being given to us of applying an antidote—so hollow is friendship in this world. My dear mademoiselle, I have done otherwise; whether you thank me for it or not, I cannot tell; perhaps not, for those who communicate unpleasant intelligence, are seldom looked kindly upon."

"Lady M——," replied I, "I do thank you most heartily. I do consider that you have acted a friendly part. That I have been dreadfully shocked and mortified, I admit," continued I, wiping away the tears that forced their passage; "but I shall not give an opportunity for future unjust insinuations or remarks, as I have made up my mind that I shall leave Lady R—— as soon as possible."

"My dear mademoiselle, I did not venture to make you acquainted with what I knew would, to a person of your sensitive mind, be the cause of your quitting the protection of Lady R—— without having considered whether an equivalent could not be offered to you; and I am happy to say that I can offer you a home, and I trust comfort and considera-

tion, if you will accept of them. The fact is, that had I known that you had any idea of quitting Madame Bathurst, I should have made the offer then—now I do so with all sincerity,—but at present you are agitated and annoyed, and I will say no more. If I send the carriage for you to-morrow at two o'clock, will you do me the favour to come and see me. I would call upon you, but of course the presence of Lady R—— would be a check to our free converse. Say, my dear, will you come?"

I replied in the affirmative, and Lady M—— then rose, and giving me her arm, we walked back to the bench which I had left, where I found Lady R—— in a hot dispute with a member of parliament. I sat down by her unnoticed, and Lady M—— having smiled an adieu, I was left to my own reflections, which were any thing but agreeable. My head ached dreadfully, and I looked so ill that Lady R——'s warm antagonist perceived it, and pointed it out to her, saying,

"Your *protégée* is not well, I fear, Lady R——."

I replied to Lady R——, "that I had a violent headache, and wished to go home if it were possible."

She immediately consented, and showed great concern. As soon as we were home, I need hardly say, that I hastened to my room.

I sat down and pressed my forehead with my hands, my knowledge of the world was increasing too fast. I began to hate it—hate men, and women even more than men. What lessons had I learnt within the last year. First Madame d'Albret, then Madame Bathurst, and now Lady R——. Was there no such thing as friendship in the world—no such thing as generosity? In my excited state it appeared to me that there was not. All was false and hollow. Self was the idol of mankind, and all worshipped at its altar. After a time I became more composed, I thought of little Madame Gironac, and the recollection of her disinterested kindness, put me in a better frame of mind. Mortified as I was, I could not help feeling that it was only the vanity of Lady R—— and her desire to shine, to which I had been made a sacrifice, and that she had no intention of wounding my feelings. Still, to remain with her after what had been told me by Lady M—— was impossible. And then I reflected upon what steps I should take. I did not like to tell Lady R—— the real grounds of my leaving her. I thought it would be prudent to make some excuse and to part good friends. At last it occurred to me, that her intention of going to France would be a good excuse. I could tell her that I was afraid of meeting my relatives. Having decided upon this point, I then canvassed the words of Lady M——. What could she offer me in her house? She had three daughters, but they were all out, as the phrase is, and their education supposed to be completed. This was a mystery that I could not solve, and I was obliged to give up thinking about it, and at last I fell asleep. The next morning I woke up, jaded in mind, and with a bad headache, but I dressed and went down to breakfast. Lady R—— asked after my health, and then said,

"I observed you talking very confidentially with Lady M——. I was not aware that you knew her. Between ourselves, Valerie, she is one of my models."

"Indeed," replied I, "I do not think that her ladyship is aware of the honour conferred upon her."

"Very likely not, but in the last work she was portrayed to the life. Lady M—— is a schemer, always plotting; her great object now is to get her three daughters well married."

"I believe most mothers wish that, Lady R——."

"I grant it, and perhaps manœuvre as much, but with more skill than she does, for every one sees the game that she is playing, and the consequence is, that the young men shy off, which they probably would not if she were quiet, for they are really clever, unaffected, and natural girls, very obliging, and without any pride; but how came you to be so intimate with Lady M——?"

"Lady M—— and her eldest daughter were staying for some time with Madame Bathurst in the country when I was there."

"Oh, I understand, that accounts for it."

"I am going to call upon Lady M——, if she sends her carriage for me," replied I. "She told me that she would if she could at two o'clock. She has proposed my paying her a visit; I presume it will be after she leaves town."

"But that you will not be able to do, Valerie; you forget our trip to France."

"I did not think that you were serious," replied I; "you mentioned it as the resolution of a night, and I did not know that you might not think differently upon further consideration."

"Oh no, my resolutions are hastily formed, but not often given up. Go to Paris we certainly shall."

"If you are determined upon going, Lady R——, I am afraid that I cannot accompany you."

"Indeed!" exclaimed her ladyship, in surprise, "may I ask why not?"

"Simply because I might meet those whom I am most anxious to avoid; there is a portion of my history that you are not acquainted with, Lady R——, which I will now make known to you."

I then told her as much as I thought necessary relative to my parents, and stated my determination not to run the risk of meeting them. Lady R—— argued, persuaded, coaxed, and scolded, but it was all in vain; at last she became seriously angry, and left the room. Lionel soon afterwards made his appearance, and said to me, in his usual familiar way,

"What's the matter, Miss Valerie? The governess is in a rage about something; she gave me a box on the ear."

"I suppose you deserved it, Lionel," replied I.

"Well, there may be a difference of opinion about that," replied the boy. "She went on scolding me at such a rate that I was quite astonished, and all about nothing. She blew up cook—didn't she—blew her half up the chimney—and then she was at me again. At last I could bear it no longer, and I said, 'Don't flare up, my lady.'"

"'Don't my lady me,' cried she, 'or I'll box your ears.'"

"Well, then, as she is always angry if you call her my lady, I thought she was angry with me for the same reason, so I said, 'Senpronia, keep your temper,—and didn't I get a box on the ear.'"

I could not help laughing at this recital of his cool impudence, the more so as he narrated it with such an air of injured innocence.

"Indeed, Lionel," said I, at last, "you well deserved the box on the ear. If you ever quit the service of Lady R——, you will find that you must behave with proper respect to those above you; if not, you will not remain an hour in any other house. Lady R—— is very odd and very good-tempered, and permits more liberties than any other person would. I will, however, tell you why Lady R—— is displeased, it is because she wishes me to go to France with her and I have refused."

"Then you are going to leave us," inquired Lionel, mournfully.

"I suppose so," replied I.

"Then I shall go too," said the boy, "I'm tired of it."

"But why should you go, Lionel? You may not find another situation half so comfortable."

"I shall not seek one. I have only stayed here with the hope that I may find out from her ladyship who and what my parents were, and she will not tell me. I shall live by my wits, never fear; 'the world's my oyster,' as Shakspeare says, and I think I've wit enough to open it."

I had not forgotten the observations of Lady M—— relative to Lionel, and what the lad now said made me surmise that there was some mystery, and, on examination of his countenance, there *was* a family likeness to Lady R——. I also called to mind her unwillingness to enter upon the subject when I brought it up.

"But, Lionel," said I, after a pause, "what is it that makes you suppose that Lady R—— conceals who were your parents—when we last talked on the subject you said you had found out something—she told me that your father was a bailiff or steward to Sir Richard."

"Which I have proved to be false. She told me that my father was Sir Richard's butler; that I have also discovered to be false, for one day the old housekeeper, who called upon me at school, came here, and was closeted with Lady R—— for half-an-hour. When she went away, I called a hackney-coach for her, and getting behind it went home with her to her lodgings. When I found out where she lived, I hastened back immediately that I might not be missed, intending to have made a call upon her. The next day Lady R—— gave me a letter to put in the twopenny-post; it was directed to a Mrs. Green, to the very house where the hackney-coach had stopped, so I knew it was for the old housekeeper. Instead of putting the letter in the post, I kept it till the evening and then took it myself."

"Mrs. Green," said I, for I found her at home with another old woman, sitting over their tea, 'I have brought you a letter from Lady R——.' This is about a year ago, Miss Valerie.

"Mercy on me," said she, 'how strange that Lady R—— should send you here.'

"Not strange that she should send a letter by a servant," said I, 'only strange that I should be a servant.'

"I said this, Miss Valerie, as a random throw, just to see what answer she would make."

"Why, who has been telling you any thing?" said she, looking at me through her spectacles.

"Ah," replied I, 'that's what I must keep to myself, for I'm under a promise of secrecy.'

"Mercy on me, it couldn't be—no, that's impossible," muttered the

old woman, as she opened the letter and took out a bank-note, which she crumpled up in her hand. She then commenced reading the letter; I walked a little way from her, and stood between her and the window. Every now and then she held the letter up to the candle, and when the light was strong upon it, I could read a line from where I stood, for I have been used to her ladyship's writing, as you know. One line I read was, 'remains still at Culverwoud Hall'; another was, 'the only person now left in Essex.' I also saw the words 'secrecy' and 'ignorant' at the bottom of the page. The old woman finished the letter at last, but it took her a good while to get through it.

"Well," says she, "have you any thing more to say?"

"No," says I; "you are well paid for your secrecy, Mrs. Green."

"What do you mean?" said she.

"Oh, I'm not quite so ignorant as you suppose," replied I.

"Ignorant," said she, confused, "ignorant of what?"

"When were you last in Essex?" said I.

"When, why? what's that to you, you impudent boy?"

"Nay, then, I'll put another question to you. How long is it since you were at Culverwoud Hall?"

"Culverwoud Hall! What do you know about Culverwoud Hall? the boy's mad, I believe; go away, you've done your message; if you don't I'll tell her ladyship."

"Certainly, Mrs. Green," said I, "I wish you a good night."

"I left the room, slamming the door, but not allowing the catch to fall in, so that I held it a little ajar, and then I heard Mrs. Green say to the other woman,

"Somebody's been with that boy; I wonder who it can be? He's put me in such a flurry. Well, these things will out."

"Yes, yes, it's like murder," replied the other; "not that I know what it's all about, only I see there's a secret—perhaps you'll tell me, Mrs. Green?"

"All I dare tell you is that there is a secret," replied Mrs. Green, "and the boy has got an inkling of it somehow or another. I must see my lady—no, I had better not," added she; "for she is so queer that she'll swear that I've told him. Now there's only one besides myself and her ladyship who knows any thing, and I'll swear that he could not have been with the boy, for he's bedridden. I'm all of a puzzle, and that's the truth. What a wind there is; why the boy has left the door open. Boys never shut doors."

"Mrs. Green got up and slammed the door to, and I walked off; and now, Miss Valerie, that's all that I know of the matter; but why I should be sent to a good school and wear pepper and salt, and to be taken away to be made first a page and now a footman I can't tell; but you must acknowledge that there is some mystery, after what I have told you."

"It certainly is strange, Lionel," replied I, "but my advice is that you remain patiently till you can find it out, which by leaving Lady R—— you are not likely to do."

"I don't know that, Miss Valerie; let me get down to Culverwoud Hall, and I think I would find out something, or my wits were given me

to no purpose. But I hear her ladyship coming up-stairs, so good-by, Miss Valerie."

And Lionel made a hasty retreat.

Lady R—— slowly ascended the stairs and came into the room. Her violence had been exhausted, but she looked sullen and moody, and I could hardly recognise her, for I must do her the justice to say that I had never before seen her out of temper. She sat down in her chair, and I asked her whether I should bring her her writing-materials.

"A pretty state I am in to write," replied she, leaning her elbows on the table, and pressing her hands to her eyes. "You don't know what a rage I have been in, and how I have been venting it upon innocent people. I struck that poor boy—shame on me! Alas! I was born with violent passions, and they have been my curse through life. I had hoped that years had somewhat subdued them, but they will occasionally master me. What would I not give to have had your placid temper, Valerie. How much unhappiness I should have been spared. How much error should I have avoided. I was going to say how much crime."

Lady R—— was evidently more talking to herself than to me when she said the last words, and I therefore made no reply. A silence of more than a quarter of an hour followed, which was broken by Lionel coming in and announcing the carriage of Lady M——.

"That woman is the cause of all this," said Lady R——, "I'm sure that she is. Pray do not wait, Valerie. Go and see her. I shall be better company when you come back."

I made no reply, but left the room, and putting on my bonnet, was driven to Lady M——'s. She received me with great cordiality, and so did her daughters, who were in the room; but they were dismissed by their mother, who then said, "I told you last night, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, that I wished you to reside with me. You may say in what capacity, and I acknowledge that I hardly know what answer to give. Not as governess, certainly, for I consider if an odious position, and one that I could not offer you—indeed, my girls do not require teaching, as they have finished their studies—in only one thing you could be of advantage to them in that respect, which is in music and singing. But I wish you to come as their companion, as I am convinced that they will gain much by your so doing. I wish you, therefore, to be considered by others as a visitor at the house, but at the same time I must insist that from the advantages my girls will derive from your assisting them in music and singing, you will accept the same salary per annum which you have from Lady R——. Do you understand me, I wish you to remain with me, not as a model after the idea of Lady R——, but as a model for my girls to take pattern by. I shall leave it to yourself to act as you please. I am sure my girls like you already, and will like you better. I do not think that I can say more, except that I trust you will not refuse my offer."

There was a delicacy and kindness in this proposal on the part of Lady M—— which I felt gratefully; but it appeared to me that after all it was only an excuse to offer me an asylum without any remuneration on my part, and I stated my feeling on that point.

"Do not think so," replied Lady M——. "I avoided saying so because I would not have you styled a music-mistress; but on that one point alone you will more than earn your salary, as I will prove to you by

showing you the annual payments to professors for lessons; but you will be of great value to me in other points, I have no doubt. May I, therefore, consider it as an *affaire arrangée*?"

After a little more conversation I acquiesced, and having agreed that I would come as soon as Lady R—— went to the continent, or at all events in three weeks, when Lady M—— quitted London, I took my leave, and was conveyed back to Lady R—— in the carriage which had been sent for me.

On my return I found Lady R—— seated where I had left her.

"Well," said she, "so you have had your audience, but I have no doubt but that you were most graciously received. Oh! I know the woman, and I have been reflecting upon it during your absence, and I have discovered what she wants you for; but this she has not mentioned, not even hinted at. She knows better; but when once in her house you will submit to it, rather than be again in search of a home."

"I really do not know what you mean, Lady R——," said I.

"Has not Lady M—— asked you to come as a visitor without specifying any particular employment?"

"No, she has not. She has proposed my staying in the house to give lessons to her daughters in music, and to be their companion, but there is nothing stated as to a fixed residence with her."

"Well, Valerie, I know that I am odd, but you will soon find out whether you have gained by the change."

"Lady R——, I really do not consider you should be so sarcastic or unkind towards me. I do not like to go to France with you for reasons which I have fully explained, at the expense of disclosing family affairs, which I had much rather have not mentioned. You leave me by myself, and I must seek protection somewhere. It is kindly offered by Lady M——, and in my unfortunate position I have not to choose. Be just and be generous."

"Well, well, I will," said Lady R——, the tears starting in her eyes; "but you do not know how much I am annoyed at your leaving me. I had hoped, with all my faults, that I had created in you a feeling of attachment to me, God knows that I *have tried*. If you knew all my history, Valerie, you would not be surprised at my being strange. That occurred when I was of your age which would have driven some people to despair or suicide. As it is, it has alienated me from all my relations, not that I have many. My brother I never see or hear from, and have not for years. I have refused all his invitations to go down to see him, and he is now offended with me; but there are causes for it, and years cannot wipe away the memory of what did occur."

"I assure you, Lady R——, I have been very sensible of your kindness to me," replied I, "and shall always remember it with gratitude; and if you think I have no regard for you, you are mistaken; but the subject has become painful, pray let us say no more."

"Well, Valerie, be it so, perhaps it is the wisest plan—"

To change the conversation, I said. "Is not your brother the present baronet?"

"Yes," replied Lady M——.

"And where does he reside?"

"In Essex, at Culverwoud Hall, the seat of all my misfortunes."

I started a little at the mention of the place, as it was the one which

the reader may remember was spoken of by Lionel. I then turned the conversation to other matters, and by dinner-time Lady R—— had recovered herself and was as amiable as ever.

From that day until Lady R—— set off for Paris, there was not a word said relative to Lady M——. She was kind and polite but not so warm and friendly as she had been before, and in her subdued bearing towards me was more agreeable. Her time was now employed in making preparations for her tour. Lionel was the only one who was to accompany her except her own maid. At last she fixed the day of her departure, and I wrote to Lady M——, who returned an answer that it suited her exactly, as she would go in the country the day after. The evening before Lady R—— was to start was passed very gloomily. I felt great sorrow at our separation, more than I could have imagined; but when you have been associated with a person who is good-tempered and kind, you soon feel more for them than you would suppose, until you are about to quit them. Lady R—— was very much dissipated, and said to me, "Valerie, I have a presentiment that we never shall meet again, and yet I am any thing but superstitious. I can truly say that you are the only person to whom I have felt real attachment since my youth, and I feel more than I can describe. Something whispers to me, 'Do not go to France,' and yet something impels me to go. Valerie, if I do come back I trust that you will consider my house your home, if at any time you cannot place yourself more to your satisfaction; I will not say more, as I know that I am not exactly a loveable person, and my ways are odd; but do pray look upon me as your sincere friend, who will always be ready to serve you. I have to thank you for a few happy months, and that is saying much. God bless you, my dear Valerie."

I was moved to tears by what Lady R—— said, and I thanked her with a faltering voice.

"Come now," said she, "I shall be off too early in the morning to see you, let us take our farewell."

Lady R—— put a small packet into my hand, kissed me on the forehead, and then hastened up to her own room.

That people love change is certain, but still there is a mournfulness connected with it, even in a change of residence, the packing up, the litter attending it, the corded trunks and packages, give a forlorn appearance to the house itself. To me it was peculiarly distressing; I had changed so often within the last year, and had such a precarious footing wherever I went, I felt myself to be the sport of fortune, and a football to the whims and caprices of others. I was sitting in my bed-room, my trunks packed but not yet closed down, thinking of Lady R——'s last conversation, and very *triste*. The packet was lying on the table before me, unopened, when I was roused by a knock at the door. I thought it was Lady R——'s maid, and I said "Come in."

The door opened, and Lionel made his appearance.

"Is it you, Lionel, what do you want?"

"I knew that you were up, and I recollected as we leave before you do, to-morrow, that you would have no one to cord your luggage, so I thought I would come up and do it for you to-night, Miss Valerie, if it is ready."

"Thank you, Lionel, it is very considerate of you. I will lock the trunks up, and you can cord them outside."

Lionel took out the trunks and corded them in the passage. When he had finished he said to me,

"Good by, Miss Valerie. You will see me again very soon."

"See you very soon, Lionel, I am afraid there is no chance of that, for Lady R—— intends to stay abroad for six months."

"I do not," replied he.

"Why, Lionel, it would be very foolish for you to give up such a good situation. You have such unusual wages, twenty pounds a year, is it not?"

"Yes, Miss Valerie, I should not get half that in another situation, but that is one reason why I am going to leave. Why should she give me twenty pounds a year. I must find out why, and find out I will, as I said to you before. She don't give me twenty pounds for my beauty, although she might give you a great deal more, and yet not pay you half enough."

"Well, Lionel, I think you have been here long enough. It is too late to set up to pay compliments. Fare you well."

I shut my door upon him gently, and then went to bed. As usual after excitement, I slept long and soundly. When I awoke the next morning I found it was broad day, and nearly ten o'clock. I rang the bell and it was answered by the cook, who told me that she and I were the only people in the house. I rose, and as I passed by my table, I perceived another package lying by the side of the one which Lady R—— had given me. It was addressed to me and I opened it. It contained a miniature of Lady R—— when she was about my age, and very beautiful she must have been. It was labelled "Sempronia at eighteen. Keep it for my sake, dear Valerie, and do not open the paper accompanying it until you have my permission, or you hear of my being no more."

I laid the miniature down and opened the first packet given me by Lady R——. It contained bank notes to the amount of one hundred pounds, nearly double the salary due to me. The contents of both these packets only made me feel more melancholy, and I sighed heavily as I put them in my dressing-case; but time ran on, and I had agreed to be at Lady M——'s at one o'clock, when the carriage would be sent for me. I therefore hastened my toilet, closed the remainder of my luggage, and went down to the breakfast which the cook had prepared for me. While I was at breakfast, a letter was brought by the post. It had been directed to Madame Bathurst, and was redirected to Lady R——'s address. It was from Madame Paon, and as follows:—

"MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE DE CHATENŒUF,—

"As I take it for granted that you do not see the French papers, I write to tell you that your predictions relative to Monsieur G——, have all proved correct. A month after the marriage, he neglected Madame, and spent his whole time at the gaming-table, only returning home to obtain fresh supplies from her. These were at last refused, and in his rage he struck her. A suit for separation of person and property was brought into court last week, and terminated in favour of Madame d'Albret, who retains all her fortune and is rid of a monster. She came to me yesterday morning, and showed me the letter which you had written to her, asking me whether I did not correspond with you, and whether I thought, that after her conduct you could be prevailed upon to return to her. Of course I could not give any opinion, but I am convinced that if you only say that you forgive her, that she will write to you and make the

request. I really do not well see how you can do otherwise, after the letter which you wrote to her, but of course you will decide for yourself. I trust, Mademoiselle, you will favour me with a speedy answer, as Madame d'Albret is here every day, and is evidently very impatient.

"I am, my dear Mademoiselle, yours,

"EMILE PAON.

"Née Mercé."

To this letter I sent the following reply by that day's post :—

"MY DEAR MADAME PAON,

"That I sincerely forgive Madame d'Albret is true; I do so from my heart: but although I forgive her, I cannot listen to any proposals to resume the position I once held. Recollect that she has driven all over Paris, and accused me among all her friends of ingratitude and slander. How then, after having been discarded for such conduct, could I again make my appearance in her company. Either I have done as she has stated, and if so am unworthy of her patronage, or I have not done so and therefore have been cruelly used: made to feel my dependence in the bitterest way, having been dismissed and thrown upon the world with loss of character. Could I ever feel secure or comfortable with her after such injustice? or could she feel at her ease on again presenting one as her *protégée* whom she had so ill-treated? would she not have to blush every time that she met with any of our former mutual friends and acquaintances? It would be a series of humiliations to us both. Assure her of my forgiveness and good-will, and my wishes for her happiness; but to return to her is impossible. I would rather starve. If she know what I have suffered in consequence of her hasty conduct towards me, she would pity me more than she may do now; but what is done is done. There is no remedy for it. Adieu, Madame Paon. Many thanks for your kindness to one so fallen as I am.

"Yours truly and sincerely,

"VALERIE."

I wrote the above under great depression of spirits, and it was with a heavy heart that I afterwards alighted at Lady M——'s residence in St. James's Square. If smiles, however, and cordial congratulations, and shakes of the hand could have consoled me, they were not wanting on the part of Lady M—— and her daughters. I was shown all the rooms below, then Lady M——'s room, the young ladies' rooms, and lastly my own, and was truly glad when I was at last left alone to unpack and arrange my things. The room allotted to me was very comfortable and better furnished than those in which the young ladies slept, and as far as appearances went, I was in all respects treated as a visitor and not as a governess. The maid who attended me was very civil, and as she assisted and laid my dresses in the wardrobe, made no attempt to be familiar. I ought to have informed the reader, that Lady M—— was a widow, Lord M—— having died about two years before. Her eldest son, the present Lord M——, was on the continent. Dinner was announced; there were only two visitors, and I was treated as one of the company. In fact, nothing could be more gratifying than the manner in which I was treated. In the evening, I played and sang. The young ladies did the same; their

voices were good, but they wanted expression in their singing, and I perceived that I could be useful.

Lady M—— asked me, when we were not overheard, “what I thought of her daughters’ singing?”

I told her frankly.

“It is impossible to doubt the truth of what you say, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf, after having heard your performance. I knew that you were considered a good performer, but I had no idea of the perfection which you have arrived at.”

“If your daughters are really fond of music they would soon do as well, my lady,” replied I.

“Impossible,” exclaimed her ladyship; “but still they must gain something from listening to you. You look fatigued. Do you wish to go to bed? Augusta will go up with you.”

“I have a nervous headache,” replied I, “and I will accept your ladyship’s considerate proposal.”

Augusta, the eldest daughter, lighted a chamber-candle, and went up with me into my room. After a little conversation, she wished me good night, and thus passed the first day in St. James’s Square.

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. V.

So much as from occasions you may glean.—*Hamlet*.

MORAL AND MATERIAL MECHANISM.

FEW inquiring travellers have been at Portsmouth without going to see the celebrated machine for making blocks, generally considered one of the most curious and efficient inventions of mechanical genius. To this formative—we had almost said this creative engine—is committed a rough, shapeless lump of wood for the purpose of receiving its block education. To its inherent qualities and tendencies, to its yielding malleability, or its stubborn nodosities, not the smallest attention is paid; its iron *Alma Mater* takes it in hand, and *with* the grain or *against* the grain, it is punched, and compressed, and shorn, and subjected to compulsory manipulations, until it assumes the rude semblance of a block. This is its educational *little go*. In the next stage it suffers various borings and drillings: a revolving wheel is fixed in its centre, by which it affords facility for raising or lowering weights; and finally, it receives a certain degree of external polish. This is its collegiate *great go*. It is now qualified to take its degree, for it is a perfect block; and in this manner are successively manufactured tens and hundreds of thousands, so exactly resembling each other, that all individuality is utterly destroyed.

A most ingenious machine certainly, but hardly new, hardly an invention. To me it appears little better than an application to matter of our educational machine for mind. What is our established system of tuition? We take a primitive, undeveloped, abnormal mind, and utterly regardless of its qualities, wishes, capacities, we twist and crush, and force it into a

certain ready-prepared mould, cutting and stretching it with a most Procrustean ruthlessness, till it is wedged into its narrow prison, and becomes too incurably crippled, even to attempt an escape. On this helpless victim we print—no, to print implies the possibility of changing and adapting the impression to the recipient—we stamp or stereotype certain elementary formulæ, with a suitable proportion of Greek and Latin characters, which it requires several years to brand in, and which are generally obliterated in less than one; and the patient is then prepared for his “little go.” Apply more drilling and discipline; more stifling of the intellectual energies by plunging them into the darkness of the middle ages, and puzzling them with logical spinosities, creeds, articles, and all the theological riddles of the Byzantine and Alexandrian schools; force into the skull thus nullified a smattering of mathematics; cover the whole with a little moral polish, and the sufferer, sufficiently instructed for his “great go,” escapes plucking, and comes out of the machine an accomplished block, qualified, if he think fit, to take his degree as Master of Arts, though he be in reality neither more nor less than the slave of art. His mind is now a revolving apparatus which, turning as it is pulled, serves to raise and lower professional or political weights, by affording a passage to the ropes of the state vessel; and one of these manufactured articles so exactly resembles the other, that all traces of mental individuality are, in many instances, utterly effaced.

Oh, Monsieur Brunel! call not your block machine a novelty, an invention. My good man! it is as old as Oxford and Cambridge!

How “flat, stale, and unprofitable;” how blighting and withering to the germs of genius and the yearnings of independent thought is this intellectual monotony, this soul-crushing uniformity, this automatic humanity! Endless variety in every thing seems to be the grand object, as well as the primary delight of nature. Life, for instance, is a single idea; but into what infinite diversities human, animal, and vegetable (the sum total, probably, not being more than half-revealed to us at present), is it subdivided; each separate genus and species having its individual as well as its class peculiarities. In the entire aggregate of mankind, no two faces are exactly alike, nor was it meant that there should be a greater similarity of mind; yet in the educated ranks of England where are we to look for the idiosyncrasy, the originality, the intellectual self-reliance and self-assertion which would prove so novel and so charming, were they substituted for the wearisome sameness and tameness of our present social intercourse? We should then have a chance of distinguishing people from one another by their mind, which we can now only accomplish by their external appearance.

But is it mind only which has been stunted and stereotyped by our system of universal mechanism? Alas, no! Material engines have a not less deteriorating influence upon the body of the operative, than moral ones upon the faculties of the pupil and collegian. Reader! if you have ever stood beneath the far-spreading boughs of a lofty forest oak, you must have noticed that every plant within its shade, wanting the healthy breath of heaven, and the cheering smiles of the sun, became cankered, withered, sickly, and was evidently destined to a premature death. Such is the aspect, such the doom of the poor toiling human plants who surround you, when, in a Manchester cotton mill, you look admiringly, perchance reverently upwards at the pestiferous *Upas* which is

called a steam-engine. The bright mailed monster, exulting in its inexhaustible vigour, seems to thrive, and even to acquire a species of fearful vitality from the stifling atmosphere, the deafening dissonance, the ceaseless toil to which it is subjected. When I first stood in the presence of this steel-clad conqueror, enthroned, as it were, upon the whirling wheels of his triumphal car, and brandishing in his irresistible hands the sword of Woden and the hammer of Thor, a more potent divinity than either, I recalled to mind the story of Simoustapha in the "Arabian Nights."

"When he pronounced the charm," says the tale, "a noise like distant thunder, the harbinger of storms was heard, and the magical box opened of its own accord. Nothing appeared to come out of it, but a black vapour rose in the cabinet, and filled by degrees the space between the floor and the ceiling. Presently the vapour was dissipated, a shapeless mass unfolded itself, and as the phantom was assuming form, the courage of Simoustapha resumed its empire.

"Who are you?" said he; "who sent you hither?"

"My mistress," replied the phantom, "is the Queen of the Genii. She has sent me hither with power to execute all your commands. Whenever you have occasion for my services, you have only to touch the box and call me."

"Eureka!" I exclaimed, with all the exultation of Archimedes. "It is found, it is found! Science, the Queen of the Genii, has invented a steam-engine phantom, a vaporous giant which, at the bidding of man, shall perform all his deleterious and painful drudgery, and giving leisure to his limbs, shall allow him time for the occupation and expansion of his mind. This slave Hercules is yet undeveloped, yet in his infancy, and if time, and space, and material resistance be the serpents whom he has mastered in his cradle, what may we not expect from a maturity which, physically speaking, must be all but omnipotent? Iron, and coals, and water shall henceforth be substituted for the bones, sinews, and blood of man; and the lord of the earth, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, shall at length be enabled to exclaim, 'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!' When elemental shall universally replace muscular power, it will be equally difficult to calculate the diminution of suffering, both human and animal, and the boundless expansion given to the population, wealth, and resources of Great Britain!"

Beautiful, lofty, exhilarating dreams! Alas, alas! why were ye soon proved to be visions, as unsubstantial at present as the vaporious phantom in the Arabian tale; though destined, it is to be hoped, to a partial, if not to a perfect, realisation in a future age. I gazed upwards on the colossal engine, snorting in the pride of its steel panoply and *omne-vincent* puissance, and it seemed too stupendous, too magnificent, too intelligent, to be a mere machine. I looked downwards upon the blighted and stunted forms, the wretched and sickly faces of the human slaves that surrounded it, and they appeared too much withered and deteriorated to be men. I had said, that it would perform all the painful drudgery of man. Yes, thought I; but, behold! it has stolen his energies to do it. The huge vampire has sucked the blood; the ogre has crushed the bones and purloined the muscles, and effected a partial transmigration of his victims, until we can no longer discover a single individual among them who possesses "the thews, the stature, the bulk, and big semblance of a man." Nor was it only the mature in age who were thus stricken. Faded

youths and blighted girls were around me, predestined sacrifices to the factory Minotaur. The whole population was stunted, their progeny succeeding to the same withering employment, would inevitably be still more contracted and undersized. Manifest was it that in two or three generations the huge steel giant would have none but dwarfs for his slaves. And what was to become of *them*? Would they, in final despair, throw themselves beneath the wheels of the mighty Jaggernaut, and make one crush do for all? It is well to ask this question, for it may involve a future, and perhaps not very distant revolution.

Idle and desponding reveries! I will talk to the men, and learn whether there be any ground for these misgivings. Alas! my inquiries only tended to convince me that the corporeal shrinking had extended itself to the mind, and that the faculties of the operatives, by a gradual metempsychosis, were being transferred to the iron monster. And how could it be otherwise. Serfs of machinery, mechanics literally and in very truth, their purely mechanical occupation and existence required little or no development of the brain. An automaton needs not thought. He does his routine task and learns his lesson neither by head nor by heart, but by hand and foot. All the forethought, all the intelligence, all the volition, seems to reside in the engine, whose powers are brought to such perfection, that it provides for every contingency, and even rectifies the mistakes of the workmen. Why, then, should they think? And even if they wished it, how obtain a moment for the purpose, amid the whirring and whizzing of a thousand wheels, the ceaseless thunder of enormous hammers shaking the whole building, the clamour and distraction of numerous fellow-labourers, the dizzy din that stupifies the head, and the necessity of incessant watchfulness, where the work, not depending upon your own will, cannot be suspended even for a fitting instant? In such a hurly-burly the brain becomes paralysed, and from want of exercise a permanent stupor is eventually superinduced. •

How strikingly different the results where the workman plies his art in solitude! It would even seem as if handicraft, pursued in loneliness and silence, were actually favourable to mental development. An artisan thus occupied is not an automaton set in motion by an engine; he does not live in an iron world which chalybeates his head and heart; he has a will of his own, he can think; and with this liberty, the very monotony of his employment is often favourable to the inspiration of the muse. Many noble productions of the human intellect, besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote," have been written by solitary prisoners and workmen. Bloomfield composed his "Farmer's Boy" while stitching shoes in a lonely garret. Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, yielding to the sweet and holy influences of Nature, amid the silence and the solitude of the fields, wreathed their thoughts into poetry as they guided the plough. Agricultural labourers, having the cope of heaven for their workshop, their own undisturbed thoughts for companions, and the changeful elements for the exercise of their faculties, are rarely such louts as they are painted. The greatest and the most immoral bores will be found in the most populous factories.

Is it to be deemed an advantage, or otherwise, that the life of an operative in any great manufactory, is generally below the average duration of other classes? If he appeals to the legislature to shorten his

hours of labour, what a benefactor must be death, who gives him a perpetual holiday! Yet how often, flying to sensuality as his only relief from drudgery, does the animalised workman live as if he were never to die, and die as if he were never to live! The factory-palace drives him to the gin-palace, and both drive him to a premature grave. Not without a shudder did I gaze upon the glittering engine, when I learned that it had swept away one generation of artificers, that another was rapidly disappearing, while itself betrayed not a single touch of decay. There stood the steel-clad Goliath, brandishing its Briareus hands, wielding its ceaseless and yet unwearied energies, with all the freshness of youth, and all the vigour of giant maturity. How humiliating the thought that man's handiwork should have a more enduring vitality, and ten thousand times more puissance than God's image! Oh! lamentable art that teaches us to humanise machines, and to mechanise men! Angrily would I have apostrophised the terrific engine, demanding why, being half-humanised in its powers and faculties, their exercise should be attended with such inhuman results; but—shall I confess the truth?—my spirit stood rebuked in the presence of this iron Cæsar, a touch of whose death-dealing hand could have annihilated me in an instant. What wonder that the poor operative should quail, and cower, and waste away before it, when I, a casual visitant, was almost petrified by the shaking of its Gorgon locks.

"Idle and desponding reveries!" did I again exclaim, when I found that the factory I had been inspecting, one of the worst-conducted in the town, had not yet felt the influence of the great improvements that have been recently introduced in these establishments. Did I not express a hope that the exhilarating dreams which I had associated with steam-engine machinery, might be destined to a partial, if not to a perfect, realisation in a future age? Now, even now, in this tangible present, incipient, and even advanced ameliorations in the management of our Factories, are almost everywhere perceptible. A spirit of reform in our social institutions is flying abroad upon all the winds of heaven. Class legislation, and the protection and enrichment of the few at the expense of the many, are yielding to the conviction that the paramount duty of government is the equal protection of all, and the procurement of the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Mechanics' institutes, educational and sanatory regulations, public baths, Parliamentary cheap trains, low-priced railroad excursions, the formation of parks and gardens for the labouring population of our manufacturing towns, attest the progress already made in mitigating the evils which had sprung up with the sudden and unprecedented expansion of our manufacturing system. Once awakened to the necessity of still further prosecuting these meliorations, the public will not again slumber at its post. The example of England, ever foremost in "teaching the nations how to live," has roused a spirit of imitation abroad; and a French philosopher, not less humane than enlightened, has already called the attention of his countrymen to the subject. Recently as this feeling has found a place in the heart of the nations, it is everywhere increasing; and as I contemplate its expansion, I cannot refrain from ejaculating as a prayer, that which the proud Turk assumes as a motto to his crescent—"IMPLEAT ORBEM!"

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SANCTUARY OF VARALLO.

THE SACRO MONTE OF ORTA, AND THE SACRO MONTE OF VARESE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS."

CHAP. I.

Quanto più progredisci alla salita
 Tanto più ti stupiscono da ogni parte
 Quel bosco là della valera romita:
 Là le fumanti copannette Sparte;
 Là un torrente fra scogli che s' irrita,
 E mormorando e spumeggiando parte;
 E colà un altro che sue rapid 'onde
 Rotola verso il piano, e in lui s' infonde.

Di Varallo i Sacelli adorni sono
 Di cento effigie di gentil Lavoro:
 Ed uno v' ha che per d' angeli un dono,
 Cotanto piuge di Maria il Martoro!
 Di Maria, che in orribile abbandono
 Indicibil, divin serva decoro,
 Di Maria che, abbracciando il morto Figlio,
 Frena le amore lagrime in sul ciglio!

SILVIO PELLICO. J. SANTUARI.

LEAVING the route both of Hannibal and the great captain of modern days, Napoleon, we turned from the plain country, and skirting the hills, had a most beautiful drive to Biella—through a rich country, and then over a mountain clothed below with chestnuts, above heathy and barren, commanding a glorious view. The buttresses of the greater Alps, as they subsided into the plains, closed in the scene, with here and there the snow-clad peaks of the first-rate mountains peeping over all. Next came the outline of the Mount Cenis, until it almost joined the Apennines, which stood out clear and sharp against the sky. The line of the Po could be traced as it threaded its silver course through the vast plains on which—but far-off stood "Milano il Grande," while we could plainly see the Superga, towering above Turin. From this hill we wound down through chestnut-woods and over a common to the beautiful village of Zubiena. Here a country inn, *Il Campanile* (the Bell), looked just what such a sign would have been affixed to, in a pleasant rural village in our own country. Hence we held on our course to Biella through a less pretty road. The hemp, which is grown in enormous quantity, was at this time rotting in the pools artificially made for it, and in every spring of water, infecting the air with a most unpleasant smell; I believe it to be very unwholesome; the following day, about Romagnana, we found it particularly offensive. Biella is a handsome town; we were here, as elsewhere, surprised by the goodness of the accommodation, till we found out the enormous number of persons who flock to these sacred places, for Biella has also its sanctuary, "*La Madonna del Oropa*," situated in the mountains behind the town. Unfortunately, in our eagerness to get to Varallo, we did not like to give up a day to it, which I have since much regretted. The town is full of churches, priests, and seminaries. The baptistery is ancient and curious—a large modern church lying contiguous to it had been lately opened, painted in *chiaro oscuro*. The Roman Catholic religion seems to flourish in this part of Piedmont to the greatest extent.

It was the *veille* of a great festa at the "Madonna," and the whole place was in the odour of sanctity; plenty of life, plenty of fleas, and excessively dirty. We purchased some filagree pins, worn by the peasants in their hair, and walked about under arcades till dusk. Little rest did we obtain that night, for from the hour of two in the morning an incessant tramping under the windows proved that the worshippers had commenced starting on their pious junket.

Such, indeed, do these pilgrimages mainly appear to us. No doubt motives of religion may and do influence them, but these festas are invariably accompanied by the sort of meeting that we call a fair.—Wax-work, shows, horsemanship, fire-works at night, with heaps of toys and gingerbread. Booths for the sale not only of rosaries and pious books, but for all kinds of dress and implements, abound, and after the ascent of the morning, the evening sees the peasant return loaded with purchases for himself and family. The sanctuaries are not alone in the hands of the priests; they seemed, as far as we could gain information, to be farmed out to those who will keep them in repair by the collections made. At Orta, I saw notices on the wall, expressly stating that such and such religious ceremonies would commence the day, and that fireworks and horsemanship would conclude it; of course, the more the managers can attract, the more pence are gathered. Our drive from Biella was immensely entertaining, from the masses of people of all ages and sexes, in full costume, (of which there were great varieties,) who poured forth from the villages we skirted. Gattinara and Romagnana really seemed not to have ten people left in them. Oropa or Varallo had attracted them all. After Romagnana, where we baited, we turned our faces again to the hills—it was a disgusting dirty place, infected with the smell of decayed hemp. We saw but the mistress of the *locanda*, a horrid old hag, obliged to stay at home to mind the shop—she revenged herself for the bore of so doing by extortionising us. Right glad were we to escape her fangs, and remount our vehicle.

As we approached the Val Sesia, the crowd increased every moment. The festa was evidently over. It was like the old riddle of "How many were there going to St. Ives?" We did not *meet* one soul, all, all were returning. We were the only faces "set" to the mountain. Before four we reached Borgo Sesia, and following the course of a beautiful stream, we passed through fine chestnut woods, amidst rocks and large moss-covered stones, and ornamented chapels painted in fresco. By-and-by the village came in sight, crowned with the Sacro Monte—and at last, amidst drumming, fifeing, and noises of all descriptions, we were deposited in the *locanda*, well situated in a suburb, on a sort of humble Boulevard, planted with plane trees.

Our pilgrimage was reached—the journey's end attained—and when, instead of a few chapels as we expected, we saw a mass of fine buildings towering on the hill above, our excitement was raised to the highest pitch, and we started at once for the Sacro Monte.

A paved road leads through a fine chestnut forest to the summit, upon which are grouped the six-and-forty chapels which constitute the sanctuary. As the evening was fast drawing to a close, we did little more than look into each enclosure. The expression, arrangement, and colouring were so wonderfully carried out, that although the painting and gilding of some of the figures were too fresh for the frescoes on the walls—the general effect was extraordinary, and as the sun went down and the

early twilight set in, the figures of the thieves and murderers in the chapel of the crucifixion looked really horrible and appalling in the half-light—many of the statues were in terra cotta, but the greater part in wood or plaster. Though the chapels follow quickly, they do not take from the wildness of the scene; many of them are quite overshadowed by the chestnut trees.

As we descended the place was nearly deserted, and of all the multitude—seventeen thousand—who had been on the mountain the night before, scarcely one was left. From the town below a distant hum ascended, but from hence all had disappeared—dispersed either to their distant homes or gone to partake in the amusements of the town.

Our landlady, a remarkably pretty woman, pitied us dreadfully, for having arrived too late for the fireworks of the previous night. They really must have been fine; the frameworks were still standing on the brow of the overhanging precipices, and from beneath the effect would evidently have been remarkably striking.

Having personally felt the want of a guide-book, when lost amidst the labyrinth of chapels on the *Sacro Monte*, and positively deafened by the jargon and incessant jabbering of the personages who besiege strangers, to say nothing of the knowledge instantly attained that the greater portion of their last repast was made of garlic—the following account has been carefully translated, and those parts only taken from the "*Pilgrim's Guide*" which are interesting to the visitors of this most extraordinary spot. In the chapels are to be seen the principal events of our religion depicted to the life by some of the best artists of Italy. For those lovers of the arts who may be induced to visit Varallo, I hope that the following brief account may be found to be all that is required, and that it may save him or her from the above described obligation of puzzling out chapels under the auspices of a garlic eating varlet, or through the medium of the still more complicated guide-books to be purchased on the spot.

Tutclare di Sesia Augiol gentile,
Come nobile e vaga è tua valle!
Qual v'ha meandro all'acque tue simile
Qual altra aretta i cor tanto ricrea?
E come, fuor del consueto stile,
Qui il villomel di belle arti si bea.
Qui leggiadri pittori ebbero cuna
E lor opre Varallo in copia aduna.

Silvio Pellico, *I Santuarii*.

The sanctuary of Varallo is one of the largest in Europe, and of the Catholic world. It was founded in the year 1491, by the Padre Bernardino, of the noble Milanese family of Canino. He was sent to Palestine by Sixtus IV., and brought back from thence the model, and after searching the whole of the Milanese country, pitched upon the hill over Varallo, as the station best adapted for a Calvary. Having gained permission from the leading men of the town, he succeeded in founding the sanctuary. The founder took up his abode there in the year 1493, and named it "*Il Santo Sepolcro di Varallo*."

The Varallese were very anxious to see the work extended according to the plan laid down by the original founder, and in this pious desire they were joined by all the people of the Valsesia, who came forward with so much pecuniary assistance, that before the year 1550, nineteen of the

chapels were finished. On the death of Canino, the horrors of war and of the plague, which devastated Italy, interrupted the work for a time, but on the cessation of these evils, in the year 1578, St. Carlo Borromeo came to visit the place, which gave a fresh spur to the undertaking. Considering it advisable to terminate the work, he ordered his architect, the famous Peligrino Tibaldi, to furnish designs for the chapels, many of which were completed at his expense. He also, at his second visit, in 1584, surrounded the accessible parts of the sanctuary with a wall, and ordered Tibaldi to erect an arch as an entrance, on which is inscribed in gold letters these two lines,—

HÆC NOVA HYERUSALEM. VITAM SUMMOSQUE LABORES,
ATQUE REDEMPTORIS SINGULA GESTA REFERT.

It was thenceforth called "The New Jerusalem;" nor did his liberality stop here; for wishing to shadow forth the cause that had led to the great sacrifice on Calvary, he added the chapel containing the transgression of our first parents. But it was not only the Cardinal who expended large sums on the work. Its fame went forth through all Italy, and devout benefactors (so says the Pilgrim's guide-book) arose on every side, who founded new chapels and finished those already begun. Notwithstanding these efforts, however, there were yet fifteen chapels wanting to complete the work according to the original plan.

In 1824, some attempts were made to erect a magnificent portico of a marble, found in a quarry near Varallo, before the great church, according to the design of the Cavaliere Cagnola; nothing but the foundations have yet been done, and the Pilgrim's book goes on to expatiate upon the glorious work here left for the faithful to achieve.

Pope Sixtus V., in a bull dated the 30th of May, 1587, mentions the place; and amongst other illustrious personages who have visited it were Charles Emanuel II. who with his wife Catharine, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of Philip II., not only stopped to admire the work but erected the large chapel of the Slaughter of the Innocents.

A broad paved way leads from the town to the sanctuary; about fifty yards from its commencement two roads branch off, one shorter and steeper, the other one easy and zigzag. The Virgin Mary is represented seated in a little chapel, near the place where the two roads meet. There is here a wooden cross, for some reason so much prized that every pilgrim cuts off a relic; it was lying on the ground, having been literally hacked until it fell, cut across. After passing the representation of a grotto which contains a statue of St. Jerome, and a second containing the ashes of Casar Maggi, in which are some frescoes of Luini's, we entered the gate of

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

A vine-clad cottage stood just without the entrance, around which people of all costumes were grouped; it was a "Spaccio di Vino," games of ninepins and dinner parties were going on under the chestnut trees, and the air *de fête* so decided, that it was quite impossible to feel any of the religious awe which the guide-book we held in our hands strongly inculcated. We could think alone of the beauty and novelty of the scene.

The first chapel we came to, was that built by order of St. Carlo, and contained the figures of Adam and Eve, the latter presenting the fatal fruit. They are surrounded by statues of animals, of which there are forty-two, neither of which, nor the paintings on the wall are any thing very remarkable.

Our guide-book contained, besides a description of each group and the texts of scripture meant to be illustrated, exhortations to penitence and a better life, in very good language, something in the style of some of our old companions to the altar. I shall now number the chapels in the order in which they are visited.

CHAPEL II.

The Annunciation.

Walls painted by Fiammenghino, the figures by Tabacchetti.

CHAPEL III.

The Salutation.

The principal figures were begun by Tabacchetti, and finished by Bartolomeo Ravello, and the pictures are by Giulio Cesare Lucini, the pupil of the celebrated Gaudenzio Ferrari.

CHAPEL IV.

The Angel revealing to St. Joseph the Mystery of the Conception of the Virgin Mary.

A quaint and oddly arranged chapel erected in 1500; it resembles the holy house at Loretto. The statues are by Tabacchetti. Fermo Stella, a pupil of Gaudenzio's, painted the prophets on the walls, and not Fiammenghino, as has been supposed.

CHAPEL V.

The Adoration of the Magi.

The ten statues and the paintings of this chapel are by Gaudenzio Ferrari, of whom more hereafter.

CHAPEL VI.

Jesus adored by Joseph and Mary.

This chapel is one of the oldest, and contains ten statues, for the most part the work of Gaudenzio.

CHAPEL VII.

Joseph and Mary in Adoration over the Cradle of Jesus.

The statues by Gaudenzio.

CHAPEL VIII.

Jesus presented in the Temple.

One of the oldest; both statues and paintings (much injured by time) are the work of Fermo Stella, a capital artist, and a pupil of Ferrari's.

CHAPEL IX.

The Angel warning Joseph in a Dream.

Four statues by Stella, the pictures by Luini.

CHAPEL X.

The Flight into Egypt.

The chapel painted by Girolamo Chignola, but the statues by different artists.

CHAPEL XI.

The Murder of the Innocents.

A very large chapel; containing upwards of 100 figures; the work of Giacomo Bargnola; the paintings by Fiammenghino carry on in wonderful perspective, the distance; and give great idea of space. The attitudes of the soldiers employed in the slaughter, the death-like repose of the infants, and the agony of the mothers, are wonderfully expressed by Bargnola. The first time we had looked into this chapel was just at the commencement of twilight, and the effect was really quite horrible and

appalling. The ceiling is finely painted in the form of a tent, in the openings of which are the following subjects: our Saviour's birth, with Joseph and Mary; the Magi on their way to Jerusalem; the Magi adoring the young child in the cradle, and offering gifts; the Angel advising them to return by another way; the Angel ordering Joseph to fly into Egypt; the flight into Egypt; and lastly, the funeral of Herod. This chapel was begun in 1583, and was finished by the munificence of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy.

CHAPEL XII.

The Baptism of Christ.

Five statues by Stella; the frescoes by Luini.

CHAPEL XIII.

"The Temptation.

An extraordinary and, perhaps, the most grotesque and absurd of the chapels. An attempt is made to represent a desert; animals mixed with plants, made of tin, and presenting much anomaly and absurdity; however, the statues by Giovanni d'Enrico are considered good; the painting is by Melchiorre Enrico, his brother.

CHAPEL XIV.

Christ and the Samaritan Woman.

This chapel was finished by contributions from Rome. The whole is by Stella.

CHAPEL XV.

Jesus healing the Sick Man of the Palsy.

The sixteen statues of this chapel, finished about 1620, are the work of Giovanni d'Enrico; the paintings are by Cristoforo Martinoli, a native of La Rocca, a village not far from Varallo, whence he was named "Il Rocca." There is great expression in the spectators, wonderstruck at the miracle; the colours are in admirable preservation, and the friezes rich in arabesques; the whole work is very fine. The figure of the paralytic man is being let down through the roof with cords.

CHAPEL XVI.

Christ raising the Widow's Son.

Donna Matilda of Savoy, Marchesa di Pianezza, ordered this chapel to be continued and finished. There are seventeen statues, all are good; but the effect of this group is spoiled by the absurd way in which the corpse of the young man is dressed in his "Sunday best;" a blue coat, brass buttons, &c.

CHAPEL XVII.

The Transfiguration.

A striking and grand assemblage of figures. The chapel itself, containing this work, is one of the largest; and is of beautiful architecture. It represents a mound and was begun in 1500, and finished in 1660. The statues of Jesus, Moses, and Elias, are excellent, and are the work of Francesco Petera, of Varallo; and those of the accompanying Disciples are by Giovanni d'Enrico. On the slope of the hill are fourteen figures of the Disciples, endeavouring to cure the demoniac boy; who is represented much such a horrible figure as that in Raphael's Transfiguration, or the one (if any thing more frightful) by Domenichino on the wall of the chapel at Grotto Ferrata. The paintings are by the brothers Montalti, Milanese.

CHAPEL XVIII.

The raising of Lazarus.

Twelve statues, and some indifferent painting.

CHAPEL XIX.

Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem.

Sixteen statues by Giovanni d'Enrico ; and the pictures by Fiammenghino, represent the crowd of Jews applauding and strewing palm-branches in the way of our Lord, who is entering into the Holy City.

Through what is erected to represent the Golden-gate of Jerusalem, we entered a very handsome square. The arch was designed by Giambattista Morondi, and painted by Carlo Borsetti, of Varallo, in 1723. The square is formed by the chapels and the arcades leading from one to the other. The buildings for the attendants upon the sanctuary and the large church, complete the square. In the centre is a fountain from which the water flows in five streams, amidst which rises the statue of Christ. As we first came upon this square the scene was most striking, it was filled with groups of people, around the well, drinking the holy water, hurrying on to complete their pilgrimage. The corridors are of great length, and the numerous arches give quite a Moorish character to the place. Besides this square, there is another called the *Piazza dei Tribunali*, surrounded by some beautiful buildings. When we think of the remoteness of the place, the steepness of the hill up which so much heavy material must have been conveyed—to say nothing of the expensive embellishments of the whole—one is lost in wonder at the vastness of the undertaking.

CHAPEL XX.

The Last Supper.

The sixteen figures of this group are all in wood, the work of a skilful sculptor ; and the paintings on the wall are by an artist of Varallo, Antonio Orgiazzi. Gaetano Rachetti, an excellent painter of Varallo, was also the first benefactor for the construction of this chapel ; which was not, however, finished until the year 1818.

CHAPEL XXI.

The Agony in the Garden.

Two statues, very fine, by Giovanni d'Enrico.

Tradition, as well as an historian of St. Carlo Borromeo's, relate that this chapel was the scene of this cardinal's longest meditations.

CHAPEL XXII.

Our Saviour finding the Disciples asleep.

The statues here are by Giovanni d'Enrico ; and the paintings by his brother, Melchiorre ; it was built in 1618.* In a fine oval picture upon

* "Antonio, d'Enrico, detto *Il Tanzio*, was born in Alagna, a part of the Novarese, about 1574. Educated in the school of the pupils of Gaudenzio, he surpassed all his companions, and, perhaps, equalled in designs the best of the Milanese school. On coming to Milan, he worked in competition with Castoni, whom he beat ; his best pictures are at Varallo and Novara. The battle of Seracherib, painted in the church of the latter place, is one of the grandest works of the sixteenth century, for its composition, distribution of figures, variety of expression, chasteness of design, and colouring. He did many works for historical and landscape galleries ; which not only adorned Lombardy, but enriched various galleries in Naples, Venice, Vienna. He died in 1644."—*Ticozzi Dizionario dei Pittori*.

the walls is the event recorded in the second book of Samuel, chapter xv : "David, having heard that his son Absalom had revolted against him in Hebron, fled from Jerusalem, with bare feet, with some of his followers. He is represented passing the brook Kidron; Zadok, the priest, and the Levites with him, are bearing the ark of the Covenant, which is being carried back by Zadok and Abiathar to Jerusalem. David afterwards appears ascending to the Mount of Olives; Hushai, the high priest, is coming to meet him, with his clothes rent and earth upon his head, for the treason of Absalom.

CHAPEL XXIII.

Christ taken by the Jews.

Sixteen statues, some of wood, others of plaster, are by Giovanni d'Enrico; and the stories from Scripture depicted upon the walls are by Melchiorre, and represent two acts of treason: the one—as related in the second book of Samuel, chap. 20—Joal murdering Amasa, whilst pretending to embrace him;—the other, Dalilah and Samson: on the right hand, is represented the soldiers rushing to take Christ; and on the left, the flight of the Disciples. The chapel was erected in 1570.

SONG OF THE ARAB MAIDEN IN CAPTIVITY.

(FROM "THE TOURIST IN SPAIN AND MOROCCO.")

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

TELL me where is the young beaming light of life's dawn
 In that land of the sun—my own loved land of flowers?
 Dear home in the sweet lap of Yemen—ah! flown
 Are the fresh sparkling hopes of those joy-budding hours.

I wreathed thy bright roses—I sat in thy bowers,
 And all breathed of beauty;—the odorous air
 Woo'd the song of the bulbul to charm nights like ours.
 But where are thy flowers, thy birds—tell me where?

Sweet vale of the Yemen! I once had a fawn,
 Like a young waving palm-branch so gentle its grace,
 So soft its dark eye; and it loved me alone;—
 It was torn from my side in the wild hunter's chace.

Once mine too the glad heart of Leila, my young,
 My fairy delight in the heart of our home;
 And fond her caresses, as wandering among
 Thy myrtles and palm-groves I taught her to roam.

She, too, was ta'en from me—like all things I love—
 Home, country—and one I held dearest on earth—
 That nobler and brighter dream came like the dove
 To Heaven's prophet—my love too was doom'd from its birth.

BRAZ COELHO.

THE HUMP-BACKED COBBLER AND HIS FRIEND THE FEITICEIRO.

BY WILLIAM G. H. KINGSTON, Esq.

BRAZ COELHO was a worthy, honest little fellow, although like his neighbours, he had his faults, but that very fact made him more liked than otherwise, for had he been without faults his dear friends would assuredly have given him credit for an abundant supply, and taken care to let all the world know them, lest he should be supposed better than themselves. Among other failings, Braz possessed one which appeared incorrigible, and which strongly militated against his success in life, fully accounting for his remaining at what might be considered the bottom of the tree. Never could he pass a door over which the bush dangled temptingly, without entering to taste the quality of the wine therein portioned out to all comers with money in their pockets. He was a thirsty being, and at the same time a man of discrimination, for he always drank the best wine he could meet with, if his finances would allow it, or if not the commonest; but drink he would, while a copper remained, and deep was the sigh he heaved when the last cincoreis disappeared, and he was compelled to go back to his work.

Now it must be known that Braz was a *Remendeiro*, a cobbler, or as he called himself when his courage was brimming over, a *Sapateiro*, a shoemaker, though small were the number of shoes which had ever been formed on his last. I know not why it is that shoemakers are looked upon as the lowest rank in the class of artificers, but so it is; perhaps it may be because they fabricate the lowest part of man's habiliments, but by the same rule a hatter ought to be considered the most honourable trade of all, which is not the case, as no one looks upon him as ranking above a tailor. If shoemakers then are low, cobblers are at the very bottom of the social scale, and to that class, as I have said, Braz Coelho belonged. This fact, did not, however, seem to weigh on his spirits, for he was as blythe and gay as if he was at the very top of the tree; that is to say, except on occasions, when he was suffering from a headache, and had not a cincoreizinhos to buy either a piece of bread or a glass of wine. When Braz lived I cannot exactly say, the chronicles are silent on the subject, but where, I am well informed, for Braga claims the honour of giving him birth and an habitation. Braz was a little fellow, as I have said, and certainly no beauty, for he had a humped back, a little nose turning up towards the sky, as if he had been dragged by the feet for a league or so on his face, till it had been almost worn off, and large feet, which appeared to have belonged to a man three times his size, but notwithstanding these little defects, of which he, like many other people similarly situated, was not at all aware, he was very susceptible of the tender passion. It may seem strange, but so it was, Braz fell in love, nor could he at all comprehend why the sentiment should not be returned with equal ardour. The truth must be told, his Dulcinea did not appreciate the qualities of his mind and person in the way he considered they deserved. He was, however, unremitting in his attentions, for he knew that water, by constant drop-

ping, will wear away the flinty rock, and that the hardest steel is ground by frequent rubbing on the stone. Thus he hoped in time to soften the obdurate heart of his lovely Dercea. For this purpose, one evening after his work was done, or more properly speaking, after he had done working, for he had left several pair of shoes unpatched, he covered his hump with his best coat, it might as well have been called his worst for he had no other, he put his hat rakishly on one side of his head, and with a stick over his shoulder, sallied forth from the noted city of Braga. In truth, he looked the very beau-ideal of a lover. I ought to have said that on his stick he had hung a small elegant pair of shoes of his own manufacture fitted for the delicate feet of his adored mistress, and which he intended to present on his bended knee in an eloquent speech full of compliments to her beauty, and expressive of his ardent sentiments of love and devotion. I have not yet described his Dercea. She was a full-grown buxom damsel, about twice the height of the little cobbler, with large black sparkling eyes, and full ruby lips, and large teeth kept beautifully white by the Broa* she eat, and which looked fully capable of gobbling him up hump and all, if she took a fancy so to do. Of the difference of size Braz was not aware. He was a brave little man, and did not fear her teeth. Her occupation during part of the year was to sit at a corner of one of the principal streets in Braga to roast chestnuts, which she sold to the passers by nice and hot, at from ten to twenty for a cincoreis, and it was while one day purchasing these for his dinner that Braz first felt the tender sentiment creeping into his heart. From that day he was a lost man. He dined regularly on chestnuts roasted at her oven as long as they lasted, and when they were over and she had retired to her father's cottage, he followed her and declared his love.

I must observe, that her father being by trade a charcoal-burner, lived at the foot of the mountain near Braga, called the Carvalho d'Este, that he might with greater convenience pursue his calling. Braz was now on his third visit thither. For some time he trudged on in a most contented mood, looking out for a clear pool in which he could contemplate his own personal attractions, and study how he might exhibit them to the greatest advantage to his mistress, but at last when he did reach a smooth piece of water the sun was in a wrong position, or for some reason or other he could not see himself.

This rather served to decrease the complacency of his temper, and what followed tended, as is not to be wondered at, to do so still more. He had got into a narrow valley with fruit trees on each side of the path, for road there was none, when on a sudden a large chestnut, with its coat on, covered all over with prickles, hit him directly on the eye. He turned round to see whence came the assault, when lo and behold, another hit him on the other eye, and almost blinded him. Poor Braz roared out with pain.

"Oh, you vile scoundrels, when I catch you I'll break every bone in your bodies, whoever you are," he cried; but scarcely had he spoken, when shrieks of derisive laughter resounded on every side, and he was assailed by a complete shower of chestnuts. He could not venture to look up for fear of being blinded; indeed, it was more than he could do to defend his face from the fury of the missiles. To his abuse and threats the same mocking laughter was alone returned, with thicker showers of chest-

* Bread made of Indian corn.

nuts, which Braz declared were as big as his head. The blood now began to stream down his face, soiling his clean linen, and blinding him so that he could scarcely see his way. He was, in truth, a pretty object for a wooer. Many, under similar circumstances, would have turned back, but Braz had a stout heart, and determined to go on. He would, he thought, tell his adventures and misfortunes—they might cause the sentiment of pity in the breast of his mistress, and pity, he well knew, was akin to love.

All this passed through his mind as he was crouching down on the ground, as the most effectual method of sheltering himself from the storm of chestnuts. At last all was quiet. He carefully lifted up his head (every moment in fear of seeing the nuts flying about him), to endeavour to catch sight of his assailants, but nobody could he perceive.

"It must have been the wind after all," he thought, "and what I took for laughter was the noise it made in the trees."

Now the truth is, Braz had been so taken up with himself, that he had not perceived an odd little man in a red cap, with high-heeled shoes, an old-fashioned coat, and a pig-tail, reaching nearly to the ground, who had been for some time keeping company with him, now following him like his shadow, now darting in and out among the trees, so as not to be seen, and at last climbing up with extraordinary agility among the branches of the chestnut trees, and attacking him as I have described.

The old man was scarcely three feet high, and as thin as a lath, with a nose and chin which almost met, and little sharp eyes, so far back in his head, that they looked like two small bright specks. Braz's proceedings seemed to afford the little fellow the highest amusement, for he rubbed his hands, grinned and chuckled with the greatest glee, particularly when he saw the miserable plight to which he had been reduced. He played him some other tricks, the result of which I shall describe by and by. Poor Braz, unconscious all the time of the presence of his little tormentor, walked on some way, wishing that he had brought an umbrella to guard himself, not from the sun, but from the chestnuts, and thinking what he should say to his mistress, when he saw a small clear pool of water shining before him. Accordingly he went towards it to arrange his costume by aid of its mirror-like surface. He soon had accomplished the operation of washing his face, when he could not resist the satisfaction of contemplating his beauty for a minute before again proceeding.

There he stood, now turning his head on one side, now on the other, smiling and kissing his hand, when the little old man crept slyly behind him—up on a sudden went his heels, and over went his head some feet into the water. There he lay kicking and spluttering, for the pool was not deep, his heels and stick in the air, but all the rest of his body in the water, while the little old man stole away and hid behind a bush, laughing till his sides were ready to split with his convulsions.

Braz at first thought that he had got to the bottom of a deep lake, but at last managing to lift up his head, he found, to his great delight, that he had only a few inches of water above him, so he scrambled out almost as fast as he had tumbled in, fancying all the time that the earth had given way under his feet, and thus caused him to fall into the pond. The sun was fortunately very bright, so his clothes soon dried, but not a little mud adhered to them, adding considerably to his already forlorn appearance.

"I shall soon see my charming Dercea," he thought, "and her bright smiles will make ample amends for all I have suffered."

Now it happened that this being a *festa* (a holiday), in the parish where Dercea lived, a number of her friends were collected in front of her father's cottage, where they were singing and dancing to the sound of their violas. When they saw Braz approaching at a distance, they all stopped dancing.

"Here comes your gay lover," they cried laughingly to Dercea; "Viva Braz Coelho! Viva Braz Coelho!" they shouted, which Braz took to be but a proper compliment to his superlative merits.

On, therefore, he came boldly towards Dercea, and as he reached within a yard of her, he bent down on one knee, exclaiming,

"Fairest and most adorable creature in the universe—the sun shines by day, the moon and stars by night, but you shine always. You know that my heart has long been yours, and now to prove it I offer to you a specimen of my handiwork, this pair of shoes, fit covering for your delicate feet."

Upon finishing this pretty speech, Braz lifted his stick off his shoulder, and taking the shoes in his hands, presented them to his mistress, upon which all the guests broke into fits of laughter, in which Dercea heartily joined, already wound up by the very extraordinary appearance he presented.

"Ha! ha! ha! these are pretty shoes for my delicate feet, indeed," exclaimed Dercea, between her fits of laughing.

Braz looked at them—he thought they felt rather heavy, when, what was his horror, to discover an immense pair of shoes, with soles an inch thick, patched in every direction, and fitted for a giant.

"Did you never see that pair of shoes before?" asked the gentle Dercea.

"Yes, I own I have; they are a pair sent me to mend a week ago by an old man I never saw before, and I thought I had sent them back long ago. At all events, I vow they were not the ones I put on my stick to bring to you, sweet maiden."

"A likely story indeed," said one of the damsels, laughing.

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed all the company.

"They were, I vow, as pretty a pair as I ever saw," cried the poor little cobbler. "They must have been made of calf-skin, and grown into cow-skin on the road. It's the only way I can account for it."

At this all the party laughed still more.

"Well, Senhor Coelho, if you came here only to insult me, I should advise you to return at a quicker rate," said the gentle Dercea, a very ominous fire darting from her eyes. "You quizzical, impertinent hop-o'-my-thumb."

With these words she threw one of the shoes at the head of poor Braz. The missile hit him in the ear, nearly taking it off.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried he, rubbing the injured part.

"You offer no excuse, don't you?" cried the sweet girl, throwing with all her might the other shoe, which enabled him to form a correct estimate both of its weight and the power of his mistress's arm, for it struck his eye with such force that it nearly knocked it in.

"I could not help it, lovely being," stammered out Braz. "If you only knew what I have endured for your sake, you would have pity on

me, I am sure," and he thereon recounted all his adventures, at which Dercea and her friends only laughed the more.

"Ha! ha! he was *bebido*," (tipsy), said one giggling damsel.

"I scorn the accusation," answered Braz; "I never was more sober in my life."

"Then he must have been haunted by the Feiticeiros," whispered several old women together.

Braz overheard them, and hazarded a rejoinder.

"It is the truth, senhoras, certainly. They were Feiticeiros who attacked me, there is no doubt of it. Oh, the villains! I'll strangle any one of them I can catch, as I would a blind puppy."

As he said this, loud fits of laughter echoed from the trees in every direction, not a little to the astonishment of the party, and directly afterwards the little old man, in the red cap and old-fashioned coat, appeared at some distance, crying out,

"Come here, Braz Coelho, I want to speak to you."

"That's the villain who played me all those tricks, I'll swear," shouted Braz; "I'll catch you, you jackanapes," and off he ran, as hard as he could go, after the little old man.

Away went the odd little being, skipping merrily along over hill and dale, Braz following, as if his life depended on the race, not a little to the amusement of the lookers-on, who had not, in truth, perceived the little old man, and were consequently much puzzled to discover what could possibly have induced the cobbler to run off in that curious way. No one laughed more than his mistress, and had he heard her observations on his conduct, it would, I think, have cured him effectually of his love.

"There he goes, good luck go with him," cried Dercea; "at all events I have got rid of the miserable little impertinent."

Our business is now with friend Braz. He was, as I have said, a plucky fellow; so, when he saw the odd little old man hopping along so nimbly before him, he determined that nothing should prevent him from catching him. However, the more speed Braz put on, the faster went the old man, just twenty yards or so before him, turning round such quizzical looks every now and then, that, in spite of his vexation, Braz for the life of him could scarcely help laughing. First, the little man led him a long way round and round, just to show him off to his mistress and her friends; then he led him through a vineyard, where he was every now and then caught, like a rat in a trap, by the long, twisting tendrils of the vines, and while he was extricating himself his tormentor would sit quietly down on a stump, or the thicker bough of a vine, with his long chin resting on his palm, waiting with a smiling countenance, till Braz was free, to make a fresh start. I don't know whether this was not more provoking than any thing else. No sooner was the cobbler released from his trap, than the old man skipped off his seat and hopped away just before him, and when this was repeated several times, down he went from the hill, at a great rate, towards a wide brook, which he leaped over as if it had been a mere gutter; so Braz thought he could do the same, or rather he had not much time to think about the matter, but went at it bravely. A loud shriek of laughter followed from the little man, who clapped his hands with glee, at seeing poor Braz floundering up to his neck in the middle of it.

"Stay, I'll help you out, my friend," shouted the old man, shoving a

long pole towards him and nearly putting out the eye which the shoe had not hit. Braz caught hold of the stick thinking he was now sure of his tormentor, but the other was not to be outwitted, for he gave the pole such a hearty pull that he hauled Braz not only out of the water but some way along the ground right on his face, and before he was up again on his feet he had regained his former distance. Then away he went directly up so steep a hill that Braz and scarcely any breath in his body when he arrived at the summit merely to see him running down the opposite side as fresh as a lark.

"This will not do," thought Braz, "I must make a push for it, or I shall never catch him;" but when he reached the bottom he found himself among such rough stones and rocks that he could scarcely get along, and when he looked round the odd little old fellow had disappeared. He quite forgot in the ardour of the chase to see which way he was going; the sun had set, and the horizon all around was obscured by clouds, so that he was fairly puzzled which way to follow to reach home. He, therefore, baffled, bewildered, and vexed, sat himself down on a stone to take breath and think over his misfortunes.

He had not been there long when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked up, and there to his surprise he beheld his little friend in the red cap and high shoes standing composedly by his side.

"*Come sta, meu amigo?* How do you do, my dear friend?" said the little man, nodding familiarly at him. "You have had a pleasant walk this evening, I hope."

"A walk! do you call it? It was a run, a fly—a leap—any thing but a walk."

Braz was too tired to get up and attempt to catch hold of the little man, and indeed he dreaded being obliged to recommence the said walk; he had had enough of it, so he wisely remained quiet and said nothing.

"Now hear me, Braz Coelho," commenced the little man, perching himself upon a stone opposite to him, "I am your friend and I am going to prove it to you. You are a fool, but that is no matter, there are many more exactly like you in the world, for if there were not there would be no wise men. It is only by contrast that any are wise. That again has nothing to do with what I am about to say. You think I have treated you very ill, I know. It is natural that you should—making you cut such a ridiculous figure before your mistress, but therein I did you a great favour. You have had a specimen of her sweet temper, and if you marry her you will lead a miserable life and end it like a dog by hanging yourself or being hung. Mark my words—but its getting late, and I haven't time to stop prating to you here, as I have other work on hand, so good night."

"I am much obliged to you for your good advice," said Braz, "but I wish all the same that you had given it me before you led me such an infernal scramble."

"Oh you would not have listened to me, then," answered the little man, "I wanted to tame you, you were too conceited by half."

"You are candid at all events," said Braz, looking very foolish, for he felt that the little man spoke the truth. "But may I ask you just to show me the way out of this place into which you have led me."

"That's good," said the little man laughing and coming close up to him, "you want to get home, do you? Well then, I'll tell you. You

first turn to the right, then to the left, then you go straight on, then you turn again to the left, and then once more to the right—no, did I say right? I mean first to the right and then to the left—exactly so, now I'm right—to the left and then twice to the right—you'll remember that, I know you will."

Poor Braz had his mouth wide open gaping with astonishment.

"Then recollect you turn to the left, then to the right, then right, then to the left, then to the left, then to the right, then to the right, then to the left. And now I have given you ample directions I'll wish you good night, meu amigo." And off skipped the little man with a malicious grin at the poor cobbler.

Braz made a spring at him to catch hold of him, but he might as well have caught at a sunbeam, for with a loud chuckle the little being disappeared among the rocks, and his victim came flat down on his face.

"You little aggravating tormenting imp," exclaimed Braz, as soon as he could utter any thing, "I'll pay you off some day." His words were echoed by fits of ringing laughter from a hundred voices among the rocks—"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

At last Braz got up on his feet and groped about for a long time in the hopes of finding his way out of the labyrinth of rocks among which he was entangled. He literally did turn to the right and then to the left, then to the left and then to the right, as the little man had told him; but he must have made some mistake in following his directions, for at the termination of an hour or more he found himself exactly in the same spot from whence he set out, so in the end he was compelled to coil himself away under an overhanging rock and to try to go to sleep.

He was very hungry and very tired, but fortunately for him the weather was warm and dry or he would have found it far less agreeable. It was, however, some time before the balm-bearing god shed his soothing influence over him, while his little tormentor visited him in his slumbers, and all night long he was acting over again the far from pleasant adventures he had gone through in the day.

He was up with the sun, as people generally are who sleep under a rock on a couch of granite, and after he had performed his toilet by shaking himself, and discovered that though his bones ached terribly none were broken, he looked round to find out the best means of returning to Braga. For this purpose he climbed up to the top of the rock under which he had slept, and lo, behold there was the high road not twenty yards from him. It was indeed very provoking, and he could not think how he could have missed it—like the rest of his fellow-mortals, not in the least imputing it to his own stupidity. However, he was wiser than some people I know of, so he determined to take advantage of the information now he had gained it, and off he trotted as fast as his little legs could carry him towards home, fearing every moment to be overtaken by his pigmy tormentor.

When he got to his house, which was, I must observe, merely a hole in a thick wall under an arch, he found the very pair of shoes he had intended to present to his sweet Dercea hanging up on a peg, and the hob-nailed ones gone.

He told all his story to his neighbours;—the ill-natured ones laughed at him, and said he must have been drunk, but others fully believed him,

and were perfectly convinced that he had been haunted by a Feiticeiro, in which opinion he piously coincided.

Some time passed away, and the lovely Dercea returned to Braga, to keep a *mangosto*—a feast of chestnuts—with a party of friends, after which she intended to pursue her usual avocation of selling them.

Braz, forgetful of her former behaviour and of his misfortunes, unwisely went. He saw her in all her glowing charms. His love, unhappy youth, returned with redoubled force. She smiled on him ;—such a smile ! Poor Braz ; he swore that he was loved in return. How proud and happy he felt ! She cooked the chestnuts. Braz eat them ;—so did a stout dragoon of Chavez cavalry, and by far the larger portion. But Braz had the honour of paying for all—a thousand reis worth at least. He returned home elated in spirits and unmindful of all sublunary affairs. No sooner had he shut himself into his den and lighted his lamp than he heard a knock at his door. He jumped up to open it, when in skipped the little old man with the cap and old-fashioned coat, slamming the door behind him.

Braz sat himself down on his stool in despair, expecting all sorts of tricks to be played him, while the little imp perched himself at the end of the bench directly facing him, with the most comical expression of countenance, so that he could scarcely help laughing.

Braz, meu amigo, tu és hum tolo, you are a fool,” he began.

“Thank you,” said Braz.

“Didn’t I tell you that if you would go on making love to Dercea, you would repent it,” continued the little man, not minding the interruption. “You conceited little dolt, you, now come with me and I’ll convince you.”

Whereupon, the comical little being seized Braz by the arm, and led him unresistingly into the street. In a minute they were before the house where he had left the fair Dercea. The door was ajar.

“Look in there,” whispered the little man.

Braz did so ; he had better not. “Oh, oh, oh !” he groaned. What he saw I can scarcely say. There was the sweet Dercea still eating chestnuts and, alas, sitting on the knee of the Chavez dragoon.

At that moment the little man gave poor Braz a kick on the seat and sent him tumbling head foremost into the middle of the room. Up jumped the gentle Dercea, and up jumped the fierce dragoon. One seized her soko, the other his belt, and before poor Braz could get up they belaboured him so cruelly that he roared out for mercy, while a merry peal of laughter rang outside the door.

“That’s what you get for eaves-dropping, you miserable anatomy,” cried Dercea, giving him a no gentle blow on his hump.

“And that’s what you get for interfering with my mistress,” chimed in the dragoon, strapping him heartily in a less honourable part of his frame.

“Oh, oh, oh !” sung out poor Braz.

At length the amiable couple grew tired of their amusement, and the soldier finished it by kicking him out into the street. There he lay for some time ; the hard-hearted passers-by declaring that he was, as usual, *bebido*, till, at last, coming to himself, he managed to crawl back to his own domicile. He was met on the threshold of his door by the little Feiticeiro.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the comical imp, as he observed the sulky look of Braz as he seated himself on the three-legged stool. "You are cured of your love, I think. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am, and no thanks to you for the drubbing I got; but I'll give you as good in return," roared Braz, making a grab at the little man; but he was out of his way like lightning, and round and round the cell he went, hop, skip, and jump, Braz following, and upsetting his stool and his bench, and bringing down all the old shoes hanging up against the walls. Braz was the first to grow tired, so he sat himself down ready to cry, while the Feiticeiro placed himself opposite as before.

"That last act of yours was ungrateful," said the little man. "But such is the way of the world. Now I have been the best friend you ever had, for I have saved you from a bad wife, and I will continue to protect you if you will give up drinking and turn an industrious character."

Braz was a sensible fellow, and he promised the Feiticeiro he would follow his advice. He kept his word, and became one of the most celebrated cobblers in Bragá. What more passed between him and his little friend I do not know, but I believe, after some further conversation, with a hop, skip, and a jump, he vanished out of the room.

The Feiticeiro now and then used to pay Braz a visit, whenever he heard of his falling in love, which was rather frequently the case, but I believe, after all, he died in a state of single blessedness.

The gentle Dercea married the Chavez dragoon, and was noted as one of the greatest termagants in the army, so that the neighbours agreed that Braz had certainly a lucky escape.

STANZAS.

BY THE HON. J. MAYNARD.

I.

THROUGH the half open lattice pane
So old and quaint,
A dim uncertain light sheds forth
A lustre faint!

II.

A fairie form, a gentle form,
Is gliding there,
So pale, and wan, and indistinct,
And yet so fair!

III.

The lover gazes upwards still,
Another glance
He hopes to catch of that loved shape
Of elegance.

IV.

In vain he gazes! all is fled,
And darkness reigns,
Light is extinguish'd, light and joy,
And nought remains!

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. XLI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE man kindly undertook to make inquiries, and let her know the result; and leaving her there for some minutes, he came back shortly after with the butler, who told her, that Stephen Gimlet had certainly not been there the day before. "I can't stop to talk with you, Goody," he said, in an important tone; "for you see Miss Slingsby is just going to set out, to be married to Lord Lenham; but, as soon as they come back from church, I will tell Sir John; and depend upon it he will have Stephen sought for."

"If I could speak with Lord Lenham for one minute," said Widow Lamb; but the man interrupted her, laughing. "You must go down to Tarningham, then, goody," he said, "for his lordship slept there last night; or else you can go down to the church of Little Tarningham, where, I dare say, he is waiting by this time; or, what is better than all, wait here till they come back; and I'll give Ste Gimlet's little boy a bit of bride-cake."

As he spoke, he hurried back again into the house; and Widow Lamb paused and thought, with the tears in her eyes; but at length she said aloud, "I will go down to the church;" and, taking the little boy by the hand, who did not at all like the idea of losing the bride-cake, she hurried out of the gates of the court, and pursued one of the small footpaths leading towards Little Tarningham. She was within fifty yards from the park paling, when Sir John Slingsby's carriages drove past at a quick rate; and Widow Lamb, though little able from much exertion, hurried her pace, till the boy was forced to run, to keep up with her. The church, as the reader knows, was at the distance of somewhat less than half a mile; and, when Widow Lamb reached it, there stood before the gates of the little church-yard, two or three handsome carriages and one post-chaise. Passing quickly along the path through the cemetery, the old woman approached the door, which was ajar, and heard the full sonorous voice of Dr. Miles reading the marriage-service. She pushed open the door gently and went in. There were a great number of people in the church, collected from Tarningham and the neighbourhood, some in the little gallery, where they could see best; some in pews in the body of the church; and one or two in the aisle. The latter, however, did not prevent the old lady from seeing straight up to the altar, around which was congregated the bridal party, with Beauchamp and Captain Hayward on the one side, and Sir John Slingsby with his family on the other. Just as Widow Lamb entered, Dr. Miles, standing before the altar, was saying aloud, "I pronounce that they be man and wife together."

It was evident the ceremony was nearly over; the marriage in fact completed. The benediction was then given, and the psalm said; and,

after all those parts of the service, which are usually read, Beauchamp drew the arm of Isabella through his own and led her down the aisle towards the little vestry which stood on the right hand side of the church. The people in the pews rose up to look over; but, to the surprise of many, one of the pew-doors opened, before the newly-married couple had taken two steps; and a lady issued forth, and, turning her face towards the altar, stood right in the way of the advancing party. Her eye fixed straight upon Lord Lenham, flashing and fierce; her lip curled with a smile of contemptuous triumph, while her brow appeared knit with a heavy frown. At the same moment a voice, which some persons near recognised as that of Mr. Wharton, the attorney, exclaimed from the pew which the lady had just left, "Now she has spoiled it all."

But what was the effect of this apparition upon those in whose presence it so suddenly appeared? Beauchamp staggered and turned deadly pale; and Isabella recoiled in alarm from that menacing look and flashing eye, saying in a low tone, "Good Heaven, who is this?"

"Who am I, girl?" said the lady, aloud, "I will tell you who I am, and let him deny it if he can. I am this man's lawful wife whom you have just married—look at his face, pale, dastard conscience is upon it. He is well aware of the truth that I speak and the crime that he has committed."

But Beauchamp instantly recovered himself, and while a dead silence prevailed in the whole church, he put Isabella's hand into her father's, advanced a step towards the person before him, and fixing his eyes firmly upon her, he said,

"Charlotte Hay, you have laid once more a dark and horrible scheme to injure me. By cunning artifices and long concealment you have taught me to believe you were dead for some years, and have waited for this moment for your revenge—you know it, you dare not deny it—but you may yet find yourself deceived. In one point you are already deceived; for, doubtless, judging from your own heart, you imagine I have concealed previous events from this lady and her family. Such is not the case; and now you force upon me that which I have always avoided, the trial whether there ever was any marriage at all between myself and you."

"Avoided it, because you knew it could not be questioned," answered the lady, scornfully. "Your father and yourself took lawyers' opinion enough, and the reply of every one was that the marriage was perfectly good and valid."

"Not worth a straw," said a voice behind her, and turning round with the look of a demon the eyes of Charlotte Hay lighted on Widow Lamb, who had walked quietly up the aisle at the commencement of this scene. For a moment or two she gazed at her as if striving to recall her face, and then gave a short scream, muttering afterwards to herself,

"I know who has done this; I know who has done this!"

"What is this, my good woman?" cried Mr. Wharton, stepping out of the pew, and putting himself at the side of Charlotte Hay.

Sir John Slingsby was darting forward towards him with wrath in his countenance, but Doctor Miles held him by the arm, and Widow Lamb replied boldly,

"What I said, Mr. Wharton, was that this lady's pretended marriage with Lord Lenham, then Mr. St. Leger, was no marriage at all."

"But why? were you present? what can you know about it? are you

one of the judges of the ecclesiastical court?" asked Mr. Wharton, with amazing volubility.

"I am no judge, and was not present though I was in the house," answered Widow Lamb; "but it was no marriage at all, and I can prove it, so you need not be terrified, dear young lady, for you are his lawful wife at this very moment."

Charlotte Hay turned towards Isabella with a look of withering scorn, and exclaimed,

"You may be his concubine, girl, if you like, but you can never be his wife as long as I live."

"I say she is his wife," cried Widow Lamb, indignantly, "just as much as you are the wife of Archibald Graham, the minister of Blackford, my husband David Lamb's first cousin. You thought all trace of that marriage was removed; you knew not that there are people living who witnessed the marriage; you knew not that I have your marriage lines now in my possession, and a letter from your real husband written long after Captain Moreton took you away from him, and after your pretended marriage with this gentleman."

"Produce them, produce them," cried Mr. Wharton, "let us see what these wonderful documents are. Such papers often turn out mere moonshine in a court of law."

"At all events, sir, this church is not a court of law," said Dr. Miles, advancing "such matters must not be argued here, and I must remark that if this lady had any just cause to oppose this marriage she was bound to state it when called upon in the solemn manner which the ritual prescribes. How the fact of her not having done so may affect the legal questions implicated is not for me to say, but I must declare that her not having tendered her opposition at the proper moment was highly wrong, and does not give a favourable impression of her case."

The lady turned her fierce eyes upon the rector, and then glared over the rest of the party, but seemed without a reply, for she made none. Mr. Wharton came to her assistance with a falsehood, however.

"The lady was too much overpowered, sir, to speak," he said, "and I was not formally authorised by her to do so. But as to this old woman, I demand that the documents she mentions be produced, for I have every reason to believe that this is a mere pretext, in fact a case of fraud originating in conspiracy, and I shall not scruple to give the good lady into custody if I can find a constable, unless she instantly produces the documents." He looked full at Widow Lamb while he spoke, and then added, "Have you got them? can you produce them?"

"I have not got them here," answered the old woman in a faltering tone, somewhat alarmed at the threat of a man who had ruined her husband, "but they are safe enough, I am sure, and they shall be produced whenever there is a trial."

"Oh, oh!" cried Mr. Wharton, "what time to manufacture them! But I will take care of you, my good lady. I will see for a constable directly, and—"

"Nonsense, you rogue!" cried Sir John Slingsby, "you know very well that such a thing is out of the question. You can manufacture no charge upon such a ground, whatever others may manufacture."

"Rogue, Sir John," cried Mr. Wharton, furiously, "that man is the

rogue who does not pay his just debts, and you know whether the name applies best to me or to you."

"To you, lawyer Wharton," said Stephen Gimlet, coming up the aisle, "there, hold your tongue, for I heard all your talk with Captain Moreton this morning, and how you settled all your differences upon his promising you what you called a *post obit bond*, to pay you five thousand pounds upon the death of Lord Harcourt Lenham. There, Goody Lamb, there is the letter you gave me yesterday; I'll tell you how it all happened that I could not deliver it by-and-by."

"Here are the papers, here are the papers!" cried the widow, tearing open the letter; "here are the marriage lines, as the people call them in Scotland, between Charlotte Hay and Archibald Graham, and here is poor Archy's letter to my husband written long after."

"You had better get into the chaise and go," whispered Mr. Wharton to the lady, who now stood pale and trembling beside him, and then raising his voice as if to cover her retreat, he continued: "take notice, Sir John Slingsby and all persons here present, that I charge the noble lord there with the crime of bigamy in having intermarried with Isabella Slingsby, his wife Charlotte Hay being still living, and that I at once pronounce these things in the old woman's hands merely forgeries got up between her and Viscount Lenham while he was staying at the cottage of her son-in-law Stephen Gimlet, *alias* Wolf. You will act as you like, Sir John, but it is only a friendly part to say that if you have any regard for your daughter you will separate her at once from one who is not and cannot be her husband."

Thus saying he walked with a well-assured air to the door of the church, neither turning to the right nor to the left, but the moment he turned away Ned Hayward quitted the side of Mary Clifford, and with a quick step followed the lawyer. He let him pass through the churchyard and open the gate, but then going up to one of the post-boys standing by Beauchamp's carriage, the young officer said,

"Lend me your whip one moment."

The man at once put it in his hand, and the next instant it was laid over Mr. Wharton's shoulders some five or six times with rapid and vigorous reiteration.

"I think the price is five pounds," said Ned Hayward, nodding his head to the smarting and astounded attorney; "it is cheap, Mr. Wharton, and perhaps I may require a little more at the same price. Good morning," and he re-entered the church, while the servants and post-boys gave a grand shout, and Mr. Wharton sneaked away vowing vengeance for a future day.

CHAP. XLII.

"COME into the vestry," said Dr. Miles, in a low tone to Beauchamp, "you have many things, my lord, to consider; and we have here the eyes of a multitude upon us, the ears of a multitude around us."

"You had better go back to the park," said Sir John Slingsby, who had overheard the good old rector's words, "there we can talk the matter over at leisure."

"The register must first be signed," said Dr. Miles, gravely, "for whatever be the result, the ceremony has been fully performed—come,

my lord. The circumstances are, undoubtedly, very painful; but it seems to me they might have been much worse."

With slow steps and sad hearts the whole party followed; Isabella, pale as death, looking down upon the ground, and Beauchamp with his lip quivering and his brow contracted, but his step firm and regular, as if the very intensity of his feelings had, after the first moment, restored him all his energies. As they passed through the vestry-door Isabella raised her eyes for an instant to his, and saw the deep dejection which was written on his countenance. She touched his arm gently to call his attention, and said, as he bent down his head,

"Do not be so sad, you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"That is some consolation, dear girl," replied Beauchamp, in a low voice, "but still I must be sad. How can it be otherwise, when I have to part with you for a time even at the very moment I call you my own?"

Isabella did not reply, but her cheek varied, first glowing warmly, then becoming deadly pale again.

"Where is Ned Hayward?" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, looking round, "where the devil have you been, Ned?" he continued, seeing his young friend coming in at the vestry-door.

"I have been horsewhipping Wharton," answered Ned Hayward, in an indifferent tone; "but now, Lenham, what are you going to do in this business?"

"To go to London directly," answered Beauchamp, "and bring this matter to an issue at once."

"Pooh, the woman is not married to you at all!" cried Sir John Slingsby, "the whole thing is a farce; still I think you are right."

"I am quite sure you are," said Ned Hayward, "and I will go with you, if you will let me, Lenham. But first we must talk with good Widow Lamb; examine these papers of hers accurately; ascertain exactly all the circumstances, and be prepared with every sort of evidence and information. Cheer up, cheer up, my dear lord. Honour and straightforward dealing always set these things right at last. Shall I call in the old woman? she is standing out there by the vestry-door."

"By all means," said Dr. Miles, "it may be as well to make all these inquiries here, and determine at once what is to be done. The crowd of gaping idlers from Tarningham will disperse in the meantime—sit down here, Isabella, and be firm, my child, God does not desert those who trust and serve him."

While he was speaking, Ned Hayward had beckoned Widow Lamb and Stephen Gimlet into the vestry, and Dr. Miles, taking the papers from the old woman's hands, examined them carefully.

"The very appearance of these documents," he said, at length, "puts the idea of forgery, or at least, recent forgery, quite out of the question. No art could give all the marks of age which they present. But we can have another and a better assurance, I believe, than the mere look of the papers—"

"But what are they, what are they, doctor?" asked Sir John Slingsby, "I have not yet heard the exact import of either."

Isabella moved nearer to the clergyman while he explained, and all other eyes were fixed eagerly upon him.

"This first and most important document," he said, "purports to be what is called in Scotland the marriage lines of Archibald Graham,

student in divinity, and Charlotte Hay, the daughter of Thomas Hay, of Green-bank, deceased, within the precincts of Holyrood—which means I suppose, that he died in debt. The paper—I have seen such before—is tantamount to a marriage-certificate in England. The marriage appears to have been celebrated in one of the parishes of Edinburgh, and I have lately had cause to know that very accurate registers are kept in that city, so that the authenticity of the document can be ascertained beyond all doubt."

"But the date, the date?" cried Beauchamp.

"The date is the 4th February, 18—," said Dr. Miles, "just thirteen years ago last February."

"Nearly two years before the execution of their villanous scheme against me," said the young nobleman; "so far, at least, all is satisfactory, but what is the other paper?"

"Hardly less important," replied Dr. Miles, whose eye had been running over the contents while he conversed, "but it will require some explanation. I would read it aloud, but that some of the terms are more plain and straightforward than ladies' ears are accustomed to hear. It is signed Archibald Graham, however, dated five years ago, and addressed to David Lamb, who died in Tarningham some two years back. He speaks of his wife Charlotte, and tells his cousin that he hears she is still living in adultery with Captain Moreton. He says that as her seducer's property is somewhere in this neighbourhood she is most likely not far distant, and begs David Lamb to seek her out, and beseech her, upon Christian principles, to quit her abandoned course of life. The good man—and he seems a really good man—says further, that although he can never receive or see her again, he is ready to share his small stipend with her in order that she may not be driven by poverty to a continuance in vice; but he seems to have been ignorant of her pretended marriage with Lord Lenham—at least, he makes no allusion to it."

"That was because he never knew it, sir," said Widow Lamb; "I beg pardon for speaking, but the way it all happened was this. Old Mr. Hay had spent all he had and had taken to Holyrood to avoid his creditors. Archy Graham, who was then studying divinity in Edinburgh, had been born not far from Green-bank, and finding out Mr. Hay, was very kind to him and his daughter. Though he was not very rich himself—for he was only the son of a farmer well to do—he often gave the old laird and the young lady a dinner when they could have got one nowhere else, and when Mr. Hay was taken ill and dying, he was with him every day comforting him. He paid the doctors, and found them food and every thing. When the old man died the young lady was left without any means of support. At first she thought of teaching, for she had learned all kinds of things in other times, but people were not very fond of her, for she had always been too gay for the Scotch folks, and there was something flighty in her way that was not liked. It was need, not love or gratitude either, I believe, that made her marry poor Archy Graham. Soon after he got the parish of Blackford, and went there to have the manse ready, leaving his wife in Edinburgh. He was only gone six weeks, but he never saw her again, for when he came back to take her to her new home, he found that she had been receiving the visits of a very gay gentleman for some time, and had, in the end, gone away

with him in a phaeton about a week before he arrived. Eight or nine months after that a gay young lady came to stay on a visit at old Miss Moreton's, with whom my poor husband David Lamb was greeve, or what you call steward in England. I had gone down with her as her maid, and had married the steward about eight years before, for my poor girl Mary was then about seven years old. We saw this Miss Hay, as she called herself, very often, but never thought she was the runaway wife of my husband's cousin. Indeed, we knew little of the story till long after. Captain Moreton was generally at his aunt's house, though he often went away to England, and we all said he was going to marry the pretty young lady, if they were not married already, as some thought. But then he brought over his own cousin Mr. St. Leger with him, and soon after we heard of the marriage by consent when Mr. St. Leger had drank too much, and about his going away in haste to England, and we all said that it was a great shame, though we did not know it was as bad as it was. About four months after, old Miss Moreton died, and one day the captain came down in great haste to my husband and told him a long story about his being on the point of selling the property; but that he would take good care, he said, that David Lamb should not be out of employment, for his father, the Honourable Mr. Moreton, would take him as steward if he would go up to Tarningham directly. My husband said it would be better for him to stay on the ground till Miss Moreton's estate was sold, but the captain seemed in a great hurry to get us off, for he said that his father was very anxious to have a Scotch bailiff as they farmed so well, and he promised all kinds of things, so that what with one persuasion or another we were away in a week to Edinburgh, to take ship there for England. There we met with Archy Graham, who afterwards came to visit us, and he and my husband had a long talk about his unfortunate marriage, all of which I heard afterwards; but David Lamb was a man of very few words, and he did not mention to his cousin any thing about our having seen his wife at old Miss Moreton's, though it seems the minister was even then going down there to try and separate her from Captain Moreton, for he had found by that time who it was that took her away, and it was because he had written several letters to the gentleman, and threatened to come himself directly, that the captain was in such a hurry to get us away to England."

"I do not understand why your husband did not tell the whole truth," said Dr. Miles, gravely, "it might have saved great mischief, Mrs. Lamb."

"I know that, sir," replied the widow, "but there are great differences in the way men think of such things. I asked my husband afterwards why he did not mention all about the marriage with Mr. St. Leger, but he said he wanted to hear more about it before he opened his mouth to any one; that he was not sure they had set up this law marriage as a real marriage at all; and that it might be only a sort of joke, so that if he spoke he might do more mischief than was already done. I knew him to be a very prudent, thoughtful man, very sparing; too, of his words, and it was not for me to blame or oppose him."

"Very true, Mrs. Lamb, very true," said Dr. Miles."

"Well, your reverence," continued the widow, "he did try to hear more of the business as soon as he had time to think of any thing but himself and his own affairs; for, poor man, when he came here he found

that old Mr. Moreton had no occasion for a bailiff at all ; and knew nothing at all about him. We were going back to Scotland, again, after having spent a mint of money in coming up to London and then down here ; but my husband fell ill of rheumatic fever, and for six months was confined nearly to his bed. All—or almost all that we had saved was gone, and we had to try for a livelihood here as we best could. We did better than might have been expected for some time, and David made many inquiries in regard to his cousin's wife and her second marriage with Mr. St. Leger ; but he only heard that the young gentleman was travelling, and that they had certainly never lived together. Then came the letter from Archy Graham ; and my husband, whose health was failing, consulted me about it, and I said, that at all events, it was a pity Mr. St. Leger or Lord Lenham, as he was by that time, should not know all the truth, for no one could tell how needful it might be for him to prove that he was never really married to Charlotte Hay, and David wrote back to his cousin, asking him to send him up proofs of his marriage with the lady. So that brought up the marriage lines, and I have kept them and the first letter ever since my husband's death."

"And is Archibald Graham still living?" asked Beauchamp, who had been listening with painful attention.

"He was living not two years ago," answered Widow Lamb ; "for he wrote to me at the time of my husband's death, and sent me up ten pounds to help me. Poor David had not neglected what he thought of doing, when he asked for the proofs ; but we could hear nothing of you, my lord. You had been very kind to my poor boy, and I always put my husband in mind of the business, so that he wrote to you once, I know, saying that he had important information for you if you could come to Tarningham."

"I recollect," said Lord Lenham, "such a letter followed me into Italy ; but I did not recollect the name, and thought it but a trick of that unhappy woman."

"Well, my lord, the case seems very clear," said Doctor Miles ; "but your immediate conduct in this business may require some consideration. Perhaps we had better all go up to the park and talk the matter over with Sir John at leisure."

"No, my dear sir," answered Beauchamp in a firm tone, "my conduct is already decided. If you please, we will just walk to your house for a few minutes, I dare say all the people are gone by this time. Come, Isabella, there will be peace for us yet, dear one ;" and he gave his arm to his bride, who drew down her veil to hide the tears that were in her eyes.

All the party moved forward but Sir John Slingsby, who lingered for a moment, and laid his hand kindly upon the widow's arm. "You are a good woman, Mrs. Lamb," said the old baronet, "a very good woman ; and I am much obliged to you. Go up to the park, Mrs. Lamb, and take the little boy with you. I'll come up and talk to you by-and-by ; but mind you tell the housekeeper to take good care of the little man, and give him a hunch of bride cake. I don't think there will be much eaten in the house by any one else. You go up too, Ste, and wait till I come."

When Sir John followed to the rectory, which was somewhat slowly, he found the rest of the party in the rector's drawing-room. Now the house was built upon a plan not uncommon, and very convenient for studious bachelors like Dr. Miles. The drawing-room on the right side

of the entrance hall opened by folding doors into a library, which formed a right angle with it running along the back front of the house—for houses have contradictions as well as human beings, and I may add many a man has a back front to his character as well as many a house. The library occupied one-half of that side, the dining-room the other half; the offices all the left of the entrance hall, and the hall and the staircase the centre.

Beauchamp, at the moment of the baronet's entrance, was speaking to Dr. Miles and Ned Hayward in the bay window, Isabella was seated at some distance, with her hand in her aunt's, and Mary Clifford was leaning tenderly over her. But the position of all parties was soon changed.

"The sooner the better, then," said Dr. Miles, in answer to something Beauchamp had said, and turning away, the young nobleman approached Isabella, and took her hand, saying, "Speak with me one moment, love."

Isabella rose, and her husband led her into the library, and thence to the dining-room, leaving the doors open behind him. "Dearest Isabella," he said, "forgive me for all the terrible pain I have caused you—but you know it was that I was deceived, and that for the world I would not have inflicted such distress upon you intentionally."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," said the poor girl, her tears flowing fast.

"But out of evil springs good, dear Isabel," continued Beauchamp, "by this day's misery and anxiety, I trust we have purchased peace and happiness for the future. Yet for me, my beloved, remains one more painful effort. Till the decision of the law is pronounced upon all the circumstances of this case, I must leave you, dear girl. No happiness that your society can give me must induce me to place you in a doubtful position. I must leave you, then, my dear Isabella, my bride, my wife, even here almost at the steps of the altar; but I go to remove every obstacle to our permanent reunion, and I trust in a very few weeks to clasp you to my heart again, mine beyond all doubt—mine for ever. I knew not, dear girl—I hardly knew till now, how dearly, how passionately, I loved you, but I find from the difficulty of parting with you, from the agony of this moment, what it is to love with the whole heart. That very love, however, requires me to go. Therefore, for a short, a very short time, farewell, my love;" and he threw his arms around her, and pressed one kiss upon her lips.

"Oh, do not go, do not go yet," said Isabella, clinging to him. "Oh, I was so happy this morning, Henry, I felt quite oppressed with it. I am sure there is a dizziness of the heart as well as of the brain—but now I shall go home and weep all day!"

"Nay, do not do that, dear girl," said Beauchamp, "for our parting is but for a short time, beloved. Every one judges that I am right in going. Do not let me think my Isabella thinks otherwise, do not render more bitter what is bitter enough already, by a knowledge that you are suffering more than is needful. Cheer thee, my Isabella, cheer thee, and do not give way to grief and apprehension, when our fate is lightened of half of its weight, by the certainty, the positive certainty, that there is no serious barrier between us."

"I will try," said Isabella, "I will try; and I believe you are right, but still this is all very sad," and the tears poured down her face afresh.

When Beauchamp came forth, however, Isabella came with him, and was calmer; but she would not trust herself to speak till he was gone.

The parting was then soon over. Ned Hayward, called up the carriage, gave some directions regarding his own baggage to Sir John Slingsby's servants, and bade farewell to Mary Clifford and the rest. Beauchamp once more pressed Isabella's hand in his, and hurrying out sprang into his carriage, Ned Hayward followed, and one of the post-boys, approaching the side after a servant had shut the door, touched his hat, and asked, "Will you go by Winterton or Buxton's inn, my lord?"

"By Winterton," answered Beauchamp, mechanically, and in another minute the carriage was rolling on.

For about twenty minutes Sir John Slingsby remained talking with Dr. Miles, and then the party which had set out from Tarningham-park, so happy and so gay, not two hours before, returned sad and desolate. Even the old baronet's good spirits failed him, but his good humour did not; and while Isabella retired with Mary to her own room, he called Widow Lamb and Stephen Gimlet into his library, after having assured himself that the little boy was taken good care of by the housekeeper, he repeated his sage commendation of the old woman's conduct, saying "You are a good woman, Widow Lamb, a very good woman, and you have rendered very excellent service to us all this day. Now I am not so rich as I could wish to be just now; but I can tell you what I can do, and what I will do, Widow Lamb. Stephen has here, his cottage as keeper. It is a part of his wages at present; but I might die, you know, or the property might be sold, Widow Lamb, and then those who came in might turn him out. Now I'll give you a lease of the cottage and the little garden, and the small field at the side—they call it the six-acres field, though there are but five acres and two roods, and the lease shall run for your two lives. You may put in the little man's life too, if you like; and the rent shall be a crown a year, Widow Lamb. I'll have it done directly. I'll write to Bacon to draw the lease this minute," and down sat Sir John Slingsby to his library table.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Stephen Gimlet, approaching with a respectful bow, "but I think it would be better not to give the lease just yet, though I am sure both I and Goody Lamb are very much obliged; but you recollect what that bad fellow, attorney Wharton, said about the papers being forged, and if you were to give us any thing just now, he would declare we were bribed; for he is a great rascal, sir, as I heard this morning."

"You are right, you are quite right, Stephen," replied Sir John Slingsby; "and Wharton is a great rascal. I am glad that Ned Hayward horsewhipped him; I dare say he did it well, for he is a capital fellow, Ned Hayward, and always liked horsewhipping a scoundrel from a boy. But what was it you overheard this morning, Stephen? I hope you were not eavesdropping, Ste. That is not right, you know."

"Not I, Sir John," answered the gamekeeper; "but I could not help hearing. I'll tell you how it all was in a minute. Yesterday morning I was coming over here with the papers which Goody Lamb gave me for Lord Lenham; but I took a bit of a stroll first, and just when I was close upon Chandleigh Heath, Captain Moreton jumped out of a hedge upon me in front, and young Harry Wittingham pinioned my arms behind, and before I could do any thing for myself, they had a rope tight round my elbows, and got me away to the lone cottage, where they shut me up in a room with bars to the windows, and kept me there all day and

all last night. I did not sleep much, and I did not eat much, though the captain crammed some bread into my mouth, and gave me a pail of water, out of which I was obliged to drink like a horse; but they never untied my arms. However, I heard a good deal of going about, and a carriage-wheels, and some time after—it must have been twelve or one o'clock at night—there was a great ringing at the bell, and people talking, and I heard young Wittingham's voice, and then some one galloped away on horseback. But nobody came to let me out, and I sat and looked at the day dawning, wondering when all this would come to an end. I looked long enough, however, before I saw a living soul, though about six I heard people moving in the house. About an hour after I saw poor Billy Lamb out of the window, creeping about in the garden as if he was on the look-out for something, and I put my foot to one of the panes of glass, and started it in a minute. That was signal enough for the good lad, and he ran up and put his face to the window, whispering to me to make no noise, for Captain Moreton had just come in in a gig, and had met Mr. Wharton at the door, and they were both in the drawing-room together. I was not going to stay there, however, like a rat in a trap a minute longer than needful; so as soon as I found that Bill had his knife in his pocket, I made him put his arm through the broken pane, and cut the cords round my elbows. I then got his knife to open the door, but the one I came in by was bolted as well as locked, so I couldn't get out that way. But there was another door at the side, and I forced the lock back there soon enough. That let me into the dining-room which had two doors too. Through one of them I could hear people talking loud, and the other was locked. I could not manage to open it, and though I had a great longing to go in and give Captain Moreton a good hiding, yet as they were two to one, and I was half-starved, I thought it might not turn out well, and stayed quiet where I was. Then I heard them talking, and Wharton said he could hang the captain; and I thought it very likely. But the captain said to do that would put nothing in Wharton's pocket, and he had better take his *post obit*, as he called it, for five thousand pounds, which would give him a chance of something, and come over with him to Winterton, and keep the lady quiet if she would go to the church. There was a good deal of dirty haggling about it, but I made out that the woman whom he called Charlotte was going to be at the wedding, and that she had a great spite at his lordship, and I guessed all about the rest from what Goody Lamb had told me. So as soon as they had gone off in the gig together, which was not more than two or three minutes after, I walked out through the drawing-room, half-scared the servant girl into fits, and came away to little Tarningham church, sending Billy Lamb up to my cottage. That is the whole story, sir."

The old baronet commended his keeper highly, and vaticinated that attorney Wharton would be hanged some day, in which, however, he was mistaken, for that gentleman lived and prospered; and his tombstone assures the passer by that he died universally regretted and respected!

The day passed heavily at Tarningham-park, and Isabella remained all the morning in her own room. It was a very bitter cup that she had to drink; for to apprehension and disappointment was added another painful sensation. To her it was inexpressibly distressing to be made the talk of the common public. She had felt that the very announcement of her

marriage in the public newspapers, the gazing crowd in the church, the spectacle and the publicity in fact which attend such events, were any thing but pleasant. But now to be the topic of conversation, the object of tales and rumours, to be pitied, commiserated, perhaps triumphed over—be even slandered, added deeply to all she suffered both on Beauchamp's account and her own. However, she made a great effort to conquer at least the natural expression of her feelings. She knew that her father, her aunt, her cousin, all felt deeply for her, and she was resolved to cause them as little pain as possible by the sight of her own. She washed away all traces of tears, she calmed her look, she strove not to think of her mortification, and at the dinner-hour she went down with a tranquil air. Her room was on the side of the house opposite to the terrace, and the principal entrance, but she had to pass the latter in her way to the drawing-room. As she did so, she saw a carriage and post-horses at the door, and as she approached the drawing-room she heard a voice loved and well-known. She darted forward and entered the room. Beauchamp and Captain Hayward were both there, as well as her father and Mary Clifford. The very effort to conquer her own feelings had exhausted her strength, and joy did what sorrow had not been able to do. Ere she had taken two steps forward she wavered, and ere Beauchamp could reach her, had fallen fainting to the ground.

SPRING.

BY THE HON. J. MAYNARD.

I.

THE warm rich earth
Is teeming with its freight of early flow'rs !
Blue April-smiling skies and genial show'rs
Forward the birth
Of cowslip-plots as fair as fair can be,
And the frail white-cupp'd wood anemone !

II.

Briony sweets
Burden the passing breeze and tender leaves,
Whose delicate pale green the eye perceives
In wild retreats,
Unfold in rich luxuriance, and oh !
The thymy fragrance of the herbs below !

III.

Fresh beauties rise
And to perfection grow beneath our sight,
Daily expanding, and the starry night,
With orb'd eyes,
So soft and pure, is surely not more rife
Than these with pleasures the delight of life !

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BELL ;
 OR,
 THE GOOD EFFECTS OF A ROYAL VISIT.

BY MRS. WARD.

MADAME R— was an old French dame with strong prejudices—what Frenchwoman has not ? Their very enthusiasm is founded on prejudice, and therefore always at the mercy of their own caprice. On the other hand there is a certain generosity counteracting these prejudices, and standing out in bright relief when compared with the dogged obstinacy of English opinions, miscalled consistency. Say what we will of our mercurial neighbours “over the water,” we must like them as acquaintances, but we do not know them *yet*. In the days of the revolution they did not know *themselves*, and Buonaparte, who quite approved of such self-ignorance, kept them in such a constant state of excitement that it more resembled intoxication than any thing else.

It is a long time to look back to—that dark era of the French Revolution, but Madame R— began her career then as a figurante ! If she had her worshippers she also had her idols. Robespierre was her first—very shocking !—but so it was. Danton made love to her—disgusted and frightened her. “No wonder,” said some of her companions, “he is so ugly !” Robespierre affected to rescue her ; recommended her to an apartment, paid the necessary expenses of it through her mother ! and was about to establish both near his own hotel, when he deemed it advisable to send them into the country. Paris was in an uproar ; as Louise and her mother passed the Tuileries they saw the unhappy queen’s agonised countenance. Louise never forgot *that*, but she hated the Royalists because she had been taught to do so, and thought equality the finest thing for the country ; that is to say, she felt her own right to be elevated to the rank of a duchess, but she had no idea of making herself cheap by bestowing too much notice on the inferior members of the *corps de ballet*.

But though she *would* not believe Robespierre and his associates were wrong politically, she refused his money the moment she began to suspect the terms on which it was offered—still it was only a suspicion. A theatrical festival was got up in the provincial town to which she had retired with her mother in honour of Robespierre and his associates, so she danced herself and the spectators into a stronger delirium of excitement than ever.

Luckily for France, luckily for Louise, Robespierre met with retribution from the bloody instrument he had so recklessly employed on others. He was a martyr to a glorious cause in poor Louise’s blind eyes. She hated the aristocracy—she hated the English who upheld aristocratic distinctions. The war broke out ; some English *détenus* were sent to V—. Among them was a young navy officer ; he made love to Louise ; she was beginning to think *all* the English were not detestable ; he forsook her for a plainer countrywoman of his own ; Louise abhorred the English more than ever.

A young French officer succeeded the sailor in her affections. She married him ; her mother and an old aunt settled on a little property left them near the sea-coast. Louise's husband awaited another revolution. Buonaparte returned from Elba ; Louise was in full dress at a window when "the emperor" bared his breast to his assembled troops, and bid them "strike or follow him"—*C'était un grand coup de théâtre ça !* It was Louise who originally invented the triple skirt—she introduced one that evening at a *fête*, and got up a republican tableau in which she represented Liberty. Louise was still a lovely woman—at a distance. Her beauty, her grace, her enthusiasm, all contributed to render her conspicuous. She became fashionable in a few days. She followed the French army to Brussels—Napoleon was her idol now—the English were more detestable than ever. Tidings reached her now and then of the progress of the battle on the fields of Waterloo. She anticipated triumph and another tableau. The Buonapartists whispered their fears. "Never despair," said she, "as long as the emperor has his imperial guards they can decide the day"—her husband had obtained a commission in them through Louise's popularity. "We shall see," said she, "the emperor will never allow any one to head *them* but himself."

Ah if she could have seen them all march past! each rank as it came up gazing with sorrow and astonishment on him who should have led them on, but who now, as if spell bound, stood and watched them all pass by! "Ah," exclaimed Louise, when her husband told her this, and drew a melancholy picture of a great man's prostration of soul, "ah, he should have died!" But she never forgave the English for winning the day—never?

* * * * *

Summer-time in *la belle France*! Louise, the gay dasher of the restless days of republicanism, the admiration of all Paris in her graceful representation of Liberty is a quiet matron—a widow, mother of sons and daughters, nay, a grandmother! Horrid title—it is astonishing how well she wears it: but all Frenchwomen are more or less philosophers. Her mother and aunt are both dead, and the little patrimony near Tréport is hers. It is a pretty farm—there is a *fête* there, her youngest daughter is going to be married; her guests are all in holiday dresses, and the whole house and gardens are garlanded with flowers. Madame R—, la grand'mère is not half-pleased with the match, the bridegroom is an under-gardener at Eu! She thinks better of Louis Philippe than the rest of his race, but he is now the sworn ally of England. The only Bourbons for whom she entertains respect are the Duchesses de Berri and Angoulême, and there is so much pity mingled with this feeling of respect, that she *hopes* it partakes of contempt. She awards them her sympathy, but Louis Philippe is too gracious towards England; she forgets that he is indebted to England for a refuge in former days; she gives him no credit for remembering it.

But the *fête*. They have been dancing; they assemble under the arbour where la grand'mère sits in state. Ah! France is a paradise for old women, and England—the other things! They ask her leave to plant a tree in that pretty garden in commemoration of this happy wedding-day. Henri brings his spade, Julie shall put the slip into the earth; he digs: it shall be firmly planted; he digs deeper, his spade encounters a hard substance; he casts up the earth; the substance rings when he

again strikes it. The gay crowd draw near; la grand'mère calls out twenty times to know what they are looking at, and getting no answer, rises with some difficulty and comes forward, "A ciel! it is the bell!" the bell that in old times of anarchy and discussion, and mistaken, misguided patriotism, had been taken from the belfry of the little church by her uncle, a priest, and hidden there.* She had heard him speak of it; he had listened to its chimes for years; he loved it—it should never be put up in honour of a Bourbon—oh no! and then la grand'mère would sing, "Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne." They led her back to the arbour, but she was in a great state of excitement. The bell should not be moved, the tree should not be planted there. But by this time the earth had been loosened around it. Perhaps Henri was determined to overcome la grand'mère's prejudices if he could; the bell was drawn forth before her remonstrances had been fully heard, indeed, very few had listened to them.

"Ah, mother," said Julie, "all is peace now, let us put the bell up in the old tower in memory of this day?" . . .

No—the old lady was inflexible.

"No, it shall chime in honour of any crowned head rather than a Bourbon—I don't like the race!"

Henri planted the tree in another part of the garden. In the evening he and the curé talked over the event of the day, and the latter agreed it would be better not to outrage la grand'mère's prejudices, but to overcome them—if they could.

So they contented themselves with wreathing the bell thus risen from the grave, with gay garlands, and hand in hand that merry wedding-party danced round it, singing joyous songs, not as of old, when every festival was connected with politics, and no man knew whether he or his neighbour would be the first victim of falsehood or fanaticism.

Whenever the interchange between Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe was talked of la grand'mère would remark, the world was turned upside down, and establishing herself in a corner with her knitting, would sit there muttering and sulking for a whole day. When the sulks were over, she would grow garrulous on the subject.

"So much for having a girl upon a throne — *par exemple!* if she could not stay at home and govern her people, she had much better be with her children than gadding about!"

Such sentiments from the lips of a Frenchwoman made even her countrywomen laugh; but when she forbade her children and grandchildren to visit the sister of the young gardener, Henri, at Eu (she was never very gracious to him), her eldest son thought it high time to interfere. He dreaded a squabble between his wife and his mother—no wonder; it is enough to alarm any man, is a domestic difference of this kind.

After the two royal families had been associated so happily together, and Napoleon R. (for so his mother had named him in 1815) found that his neighbours were full of rejoicing in the prospect of peace and unity between the two nations, he began to think it was no bad thing for France, after all, that the Queen of England should be on such terms

* Many bells were buried in the revolution lest they should be taken away for the purpose of coinage.

with the citizen-king and his family. He was growing heartily tired of his mother's politics, they were as ridiculous as they were unpleasant. He was always in dread of arguments between the old dame and his neighbours. Republicanism might have sat very well upon her lips when she was younger, and the triple-skirted robe became her well-moulded figure in Napoleon's day; but now to hear nothing but mutter, mutter, mutter, clack, clack, clack, in the cracked tones of "garrulous old age," was too much of a disagreeable thing. She scorned the plants and seedlings her grandchildren had reared from seeds and slips from Eu; and there was the bell, too, as much in the way in the garden as ever the helmet of Otranto was in the castle-yard. Napoleon R. and the curé talked it over together sometimes. At last, one day, the curé recommended an experiment.

"It is reported," said he, "that the young Queen of England is coming here again. It is only report; but if she does, take all your household to see the show. La grand'mère will go, never fear—she may mutter and grumble, but, in the first place, she will not choose to remain at home alone, and as it will be a regular *jour de fête* in the neighbourhood, try her—you *can* but try her."

Napoleon R. took the curé's advice. His mother had provoked all the neighbours by her constant sneers at "Louis Philippe and La Reine Victoire." They kept up the young man to the performance of his intentions.

Yes, the Queen of England was actually expected. Napoleon R. would arrange matters so that his mother should see her. The weather was doubtful; but a kind neighbour, interested in the good son's scheme, lent him a covered vehicle, a humble species of *char-à-banc*, in which to take his family to a spot near the Château d'Eu, from whence they could see the royal parties on their way from Treport. At first, la grand'mère vowed she would not go—she *would* have her favourite grandchild left at home with her—the favourite grandchild was not inclined to stay. A neighbour was to visit the house occasionally, but every one in it was to have a holiday—a *jour de fête*—talismanic words! Napoleon R. presented his mother with *un schal superbe*. As far as bright colours went it was "*superbe*." She would go for the sake of a pleasant excursion, but as to looking at the royal party—bah!—and she rivalled her former idol, "l'empereur," in the quantity of snuff she took, and in the tone in which she uttered this expressive and imperial exclamation. The noisy delight of the children rather put her out of humour as she jolted along in the somewhat crazy vehicle borrowed for the occasion. People, making their way towards the scene of expectation, looked up wonderingly in the old dame's face.

Mutter, mutter, mutter. On the first warning of the approach of "the Majesty of England," la grand'mère gets up a sneer, then she compresses her lips; her daughter-in-law ventures on a gentle remonstrance, la grand'mère takes snuff and scatters some of it over her daughter-in-law's pretty dress. Napoleon remonstrates now: la grand'mère shuts her eyes doggedly; but she is obliged to open them to descend from the vehicle. Her kind son has provided a pleasant seat for her, just off the road, on a little eminence, from which she may see every thing. She condescends to look about her for a minute. At a little

distance some one has planted a tricoloured flag. She had never seen *that* in the presence of the Bourbons yet.

If people had time to think they would wonder what is meant by that old dame's pursed up mouth and closed eyes, but guns are firing in the distance, and shouts are stirring the air all round. La grand'mère throws back her head, stiffens her frame like an obstinate baby undergoing ablution, keeps her eyes closely shut—making hideous faces as she does so. Her children and grandchildren cease to coax her; they sing, they laugh, they jump, they exclaim "Ah, quel réunion! Quel joie! Vive Louis Philippe! Vive la Reine Victoire! Vive la Reine d'Angleterre! Vive les Anglais! Vive la paix!"

"Vive les Anglais! vive la paix!" The old republican lady opened her eyes in astonishment.

Just in time. The sweet sad face of the Queen of the French was enough to melt any obstinate spirit—"melt not break it;"* and there was our little Queen Victoria laughing and chatting, and Louis Philippe, le grand monarque, looking delighted, and a real pleasant smile lighting up the usually dejected features of the gentle Queen of France. Oh, it *was* such a happy sight! worth all the horrible mob popularity of the revolutionists, worth all the *coups de théâtre* of Buonaparte, worth all his dear-bought victories—victories bought with the price of blood—worth all la grand'mère's idols.

"A bas les préjugés!" said her son as they jogged merrily homewards the next morning—they had absolutely drank tea with the sister of Henri very near the château. "A bas les préjugés!" said the eldest grandson, as they met the royal families of France and England driving along the pleasant road. La grand'mère took a quarter of an ounce of snuff at once, after another sight of our joyous-looking queen and her happy friends, and before the next day at noon there was such a procession to the little church with the bell all garlanded. They hoisted it into the little belfry and there let it chime till sunset—"to make up for lost time," as the children said.

"Not in honour of a Bourbon," said la grand'mère smiling, all her prejudices overcome.

"No," said the curé, "but of another crowned head, grand'mère, a Queen of England."

La grand'mère offered him a pinch of snuff.

"May there ever be peace between that great nation and ourselves!" said the good curé, "and if wars *should* arise, may we henceforth fight *with* England and not *against* her."

La grand'mère died soon after uttering the words "peace! peace!" and that restored bell now remindeth all who hear it of her long obstinacy, and of how it was overcome by a sight of Victoria, Queen of England.

* The "good Duke of Ormond" on hearing of the death of his brave and noble son, observed that "he hoped the dispensation might melt not break his heart!"

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAP. XIII.

IT was not without considerable difficulty, when I awoke on the morning after my reception at the Tuileries, that I could persuade myself of the reality of the fact. I felt tempted once or twice to consider the whole as a distempered dream arising from bodily fatigue and over-excitement, but as my mental faculties gradually collected themselves, the events of that memorable evening grew more and more distinct, and convinced me that what I recalled to memory was not the hallucination of a vision, but a *bonâ fide* occurrence. In the first place there was the tangible evidence afforded by the viscount's wig, cocked hat, and sabre, which, with my own clothes, lay in rather a confused heap on the floor by my bed-side; and, in the next, there was evidence which I may be allowed to call intangible but quite conclusive, in the perfect vacuum that reigned over my pocket-book, where, as I found on examination, not a single note of the fair round sum which I possessed the day before remained. How the money had disappeared I could by no means satisfy myself, though I retained sufficient recollection of having played at lansquenet with the first personage in the realm, of whose gentlemanlike manners and pleasant conversation I had also a clear perception. As I pondered over the matter the image of the past became less dim, and at length all the circumstances stood out in a fine bold *chiaroscuro*, as I have recorded them.

There was one conclusion which I felt compelled to arrive at, either that I had been treated very diplomatically or that I had formed very erroneous ideas in regard to the estimation in which money is held at court—I allude to his majesty's observation with regard to the stakes played for at the Tuileries, which it struck me were rather high than otherwise, or I should scarcely have lost so large a sum as three thousand francs so very speedily. It is true the game, which after all I understood but imperfectly, was played very rapidly, and in the energy of my appeals to Banco I may have gone a little faster than I had intended, but I must do the king the justice to say that he won my money in the most gratifyingly condescending way, and the conduct of the Prince de Joinville over the punch-bowl was first-rate. I shall endeavour one of these days to requite his hospitality when he pays me his promised visit to Peckham. As he is a Frenchman and a sailor I flatter myself he will appreciate my port. After all, I had only lost three thousand francs, and by the sacrifice of that sum, if even I failed to win it back, I had made bosom friends of a whole royal family. There are many people who spend as much on a court-dress merely to be introduced to the presence of royalty, to kiss the toe of majesty and bow themselves backward into oblivion. My money, on the contrary, was well laid out: I had been slapped on the back by a king, had hobnobbed with his princely scions, and made the agreeable to queens and princesses. It was a scene as Dido says, on a similar occasion, and as I have frequently heard Mr. George Robins observe, "*Quorum pars magna fui!*"

It was a satisfaction also to me to think that whatever I did with my

money I was not called to give an account of it to any one. Having attained the rank of a major—I do not mean in the army but in the law—there was no one to control my inclinations; I could marry, or make war, or perform any other absolute act as freely as a king—that is to say as long as I kept my intentions unknown to my only respected parent who idolises me, and whose sole heir-apparent I am. “Jolly, my love,” said my mamma, as she stood on the doorstep to give me her blessing on the morning of my departure for foreign climes, “my dearest boy, whatever you do spend your money like a gentleman!” I trust I have sacrilegiously obeyed my maternal relative’s behest.

I now recollected that a busy day was before me. It was the morning of the review; Angelique would be there, and I was to be one of her *cavalieri serventi*. A bold thought shot across my mind, as original, I flatter myself, as it was startling. *I resolved* (provided the animal I rode did not kick), *to propose on horseback!* There was something truly chivalrous in the idea, to which there was, as far as I am aware, only one parallel in history, I allude to the case of Bürger’s Lenore. A flash of exultation radiated my brow as I sat gazing on my features while I shaved, and thought of my triumphant return from the battle-field with my blooming bride. I would seize the moment when the din of the cannon’s roar, the rattling of musketry, and the braying of trumpets were at the highest, to throw myself on my saddle-bow and declare my sentiments; I would support the fainting form of Angelique in my arms as her steed reared up on my bridle-hand, and while she poured forth her vows of tenderness and devotion on my shoulder, I would whisper words of hope and happiness! It was a thrilling and exciting picture, and I inwardly determined to have it transferred one day to canvas. With what pride should I gaze upon it in after years when my eyes became dim and my memory feeble, and pointing it out to my posterity, should incite them to emulate the deed. Such a subject painted by Turner, in the clear, distinct, and positive manner that forms the charm of his later productions, would of itself suffice for an exhibition. Thither I resolved, in the first instance, it should go, and Turner should give it a name; for he is as skilful in nomenclature as he is intelligible in style. He would probably call it “The Rape of the Centaurs!”

I was on the point of descending to the *salon* to breakfast, when I heard a knock at my door. It was Antoine, who smilingly presented two letters, one of them of ordinary dimensions with the initials “H. J.” in the corner, the other large and square and sealed with a royal coronet. There were, he said, persons waiting for answers to each of them.

I saw by the initials that the first came from the baronet; the other, could I doubt, was from the king! I confess that my hand trembled as I broke the seal, nor did my trepidation subside when I beheld the royal autograph. That part of the letter I distinctly made out at once, but the handwriting being rather cramped, as is usually the case in France, and the French language being employed to convey his majesty’s sentiments, I could not very clearly comprehend its purport. I saw that there was some reference made to the events of the evening before, for the word “lansquenet” was tolerably plain, and there was something about the three thousand francs, for I could read the words, “Votre bon pour 3000 frs.,” which, as well as I could understand, meant that I had

been good for that amount—an equivalent for having lost it. It was no doubt a playful allusion to my ill-luck, to reconcile me to the fact. The rest of the note I imagined to be an invitation to dinner, but before I sat down to answer it, I thought I would see what Sir Henry had to say, and I opened his billet.

It ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR GREEN,—

“How are you this morning after the pleasant party we had last night? By Jove you went it. I shall never wonder at any thing happening after this—you certainly do know how to play your cards. Come and breakfast with me and we will talk it all over before we go to the review. I have seen Crémieux, and he says he will mount us famously. There is a delightful *jument* for Mademoiselle de Vaudet, and splendid chargers for you and I. By-the-by, I have something particular to say to you, so let me see you as soon as you can.

“Yours truly,

“HENRY JONES.”

The baronet's note was a fortunate coincidence, for by going to him at once I could show him the letter I had just received from Louis Philippe, and ascertain exactly in what manner I ought to reply. He would also be able to explain to me such parts of the royal missive as I did not exactly understand. I therefore desired Antoine, who understood English, to say to the king's messenger, that I would send an answer, and to Sir Henry's groom that I would be with him immediately.

It was only a step across the Boulevard to the baronet's lodgings in the Rue Godot, and I soon made my way thither, and ascended to his apartment, a *rez de chaussée* on the *troisième*. I found Sir Henry in his dressing-gown—a splendid Turkish robe, a present he afterwards told me, from his highness, the Sublime Porte, to whom he had once been sent on a secret mission. It admirably became his fine portly figure, and harmonised well with a pair of nankeen trousers and scarlet morocco slippers, which, with a bright yellow bandanna round his throat, completed his morning costume.

“Devilish glad to see you, Green,” cried he, extending the right arm of good fellowship, and shaking my hand warmly. “Hope you've got a good appetite. Have the things up directly. Here, you sir,” to his groom, “put the *paté de foie gras* on the table, and some of that Bordeaux with the yellow seal; tell the cook to send in some cutlets and—you take coffee, I suppose,—yes,—and the coffee, and stay,—set that brandy down here; take some bradioarr before you begin,—I always do,—very refreshing, gives you an appetite, all that sort of thing; hey, Jolly, my boy, devilish glad, indeed, to see you!”

I did take a little cold brandy-and-water for, to tell the truth, I felt hot and thirsty, the consequence, I apprehend, of drinking French punch and playing at lansquenet, two things that are very exciting.

We then sat down to breakfast, and I think I have never done justice to a better. Sir Henry was in his usual high spirits, and talked a good deal. Our conversation naturally turned on the reception at the palace.

“They are all delighted with you, Green,” said the baronet; “the king told me you were the pleasantest fellow he ever sat down to play with,

and as to the queen she is quite in raptures at your delicious *bonhommie*,—her own phrase, and a very flattering one, I assure you. I don't care to repeat what the princess royal said, but you may set it down to your account. Now tell me how did you make it out? I saw that you and Joinville were very thick. Isn't he a splendid fellow?"

"As fine a specimen of a *matelas*," I replied, "as ever luffed up in the weather-gauge of adversity, or hauled his wind a-peak in the hour of danger. Excuse me, Jones, but I am a bit of a sailor, myself, and knowsome-thing of the makings of one. I have not trod the fo'castle of the Calais steamer for nothing. How I made it out? I wish I could tell you, but upon my life I can't remember every thing that happened; I was in rather of a whirl in the latter part of the evening. All I know for certain is, that I drank a good deal of stiff punch, sung out 'Banco' a good many times, and lost a tolerable sum of money."

"Ah, I saw you were laying it on. How much did you lose?"

"I think about three thousand francs."

"In ready money?"

"Yes, in ready money; all I had in my pocket-book besides the gold in my purse."

"Does that include the bill?"

"What bill?"

"Why, I saw you giving the king a cheque, or a note-of-hand, or something of that sort, just after he made that famous coup, when I lost a thousand francs."

"What, did you play, too? I don't recollect any thing about that."

"Oh, yes, I was backing you."

"A cheque, or a note-of-hand! Did I give the king any thing of that sort? By George, I do remember now, I signed something on a bit of paper. Do you suppose that was it?"

"Haven't the least doubt of it, my dear fellow. Shouldn't be surprised if it were to be presented this morning."

Up to this moment I had as completely forgotten Louis Philippe's letter as if I had not actually come across to the baronet's to ask him to give me an explanation of it; but the breakfast, and the conversation, and something of a giddiness, which I still felt in my head, had driven it clear out of my memory. But as Sir Henry uttered these words, I recalled the royal correspondence to mind, and drawing it forth I handed it over to my friend, requesting him to translate its contents literally.

Sir Henry took the letter, compressed his lips, examined the seal, uttered a low whistle of surprise, took off the envelope, and deliberately perused the document. When he had done so, he said,—

"Ah! I see how it is, Green,—just as I thought, you did give the king a note of hand, and he merely wants to know when it will be convenient to you to pay it."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, getting all over into a very uncomfortable glow; "I had no idea of this; tell me, for God's sake, exactly what the letter says. What the deuce tempted me to play at lansquenet? I never saw or heard of the game before. I dare say I am utterly ruined?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Jolly, my boy," said Sir Henry; "three thousand francs won't ruin you!"

"How much did you say?" I inquired, gaspingly.

The baronet repeated the amount, and I breathed again. He said *francs* and not *pounds*, as in my terrors I had at first imagined.

"Pray read the letter," I said. He did so, and thus it ran :

"Louis Philippe presents his compliments to Mr. Jolly Green, and begs to remind him, that he has the pleasure of holding his note-of-hand for three thousand francs.' (We call a note-of-hand a 'bon' on this side of the water, said Sir Henry, interrupting himself)—'which he had the honour of winning from him last night at lansquenet. As L. P. has a sum of money to make up this morning, and as it is customary in France' ('de rigueur,' is the French phrase, Green, a rather stronger term than the one I have used) 'to settle these little matters without delay, L. P. will be obliged to Mr. Jolly Green to favour him with the amount at his earliest convenience.' "

There is a vernacular expression current among the elderly female classes of society which, graphically expressed, my surprise on hearing the contents of this note ; I was, in point of fact, "struck all of a heap ;" the *paté de foie gras*, which was at that moment on my fork, remained suspended like Mahomet, between earth and air, and my mouth, which had been destined to receive the condiment, remained immovably open. At length, like the Adelphi oracle, I found my voice.

"And is that the literal translation of the letter ?" I asked.

"Verbatim," said Sir Henry, "What of it?"

"Oh,—nothing," replied I, "only I didn't know I had lost the money," and I gulped the words down with difficulty.

"Green," said Sir Henry, solemnly, "the man who ventures within the vortex of royalty, must keep himself wide awake. If his brain be composed of such poor materials as to lose its faculty of observation, he had better forego the signal honour that is vouchsafed him. I presume," he added, with a degree of sternness, which I had not previously seen him assume, "that you do not for a moment doubt you lost the money!"

"Certainly not,—certainly not," I answered hastily, for I feared there was a storm brewing ; "but the knowledge of the fact came rather abruptly upon me, and to tell you the truth, Sir Henry, I thought the note had been an invitation to dinner."

The baronet became suddenly very red in the face, whether from anger or some other cause I know not ; whatever it was, he suppressed the feeling, and checked what he was about to say by an appeal to the tumbler of brandy and water which stood before him. When he had made an end of it, he resumed in a mild and friendly tone :

"You are a young courtier, Green, and as this is your first appearance in that character, I will not be too hard upon you. But observe this as a general rule : never venture to doubt the truth of any thing that is said within the walls of a palace. If you don't happen to remember it, fancy that you do ; it comes to exactly the same thing in the end, and saves a world of trouble. Look at my own case. The last time I ever went out shooting with the King of Holland—it was in one of those tremendous forests on the sea-coast, near Amsterdam ; I had laid a wager of ten thousand guilders with the Prince of Orange, that I would bring home more head of game than any two of the party. Well, we started,—there were seven of us,—the king, the prince, Baron Van Tromp, three privy councillors, and myself. We were at it for eight days and nights in succession, and not a man of us took off his boots, or had a wink of sleep the whole time. The slaughter was terrific : wild boars, partridges, grouse, red deer, wolves, woodcocks, every thing you can think of. We

were obliged to leave off at last for want of powder and shot, for the ammunition waggon we took with us was exhausted. And what do you think was the fact? I had actually killed more game than the whole of them put together,—every body knew it, but as the king happened to say that he had been the most fortunate sportsman, I was stumped, and had to pay the money. The prince did not even dare to return it to me, though every body knew his father was the worse for Schiedam when he spoke. So you see, Green, if I paid so large a sum under such very doubtful circumstances, what ought you to do where there isn't a shadow of doubt in the world?"

"You have perfectly satisfied me," I replied, with difficulty swallowing the suspended goose-liver; "but isn't it rather quick work to send for the money so soon?"

"What! you think it 'sharp practice,' as the lawyers say, do you? You'll get used to that when you've been here a little while. Paris is a place where every body lives from hand to mouth; money is always in request. Besides, you can't object to the way in which the king asks for the tin. If I were you I should look upon it in this light: as an autograph it is worth double the amount named in the letter. If you were to put that paper up to auction in London, I'd stake my existence you'd make five hundred pounds by it. Don't you see it's written incognito?"

I was ashamed to confess that I did not see how this applied, but I was cheered by what Sir Henry told me, and on that account alone made up my mind to say no more on the subject, except to ask in what way I had better pay the money.

"You can draw on Laffitte, I suppose?" inquired Sir Henry.

"Oh, yes, I have a letter of credit for two thousand pounds, and I have not drawn above a quarter of that sum yet."

"Then it's all right, Jolly, my boy," cried Sir Henry, with sparkling eyes and animated countenance. "I'll tell you what, old fellow, I'll stand by you in this matter. You know my intimacy with the king. It would never do to pay the money personally—that's against all rule; to send it down by a servant is quite out of the question. I'll take it to the king myself. Write an order on Laffitte—here are pen, ink, and paper—to pay bearer—mind you say '*Porteur*'—the sum of, so and so. The moment the review is over, I'll ask for a private audience, and settle the whole affair."

This was the second time I had experienced the kind offices of Sir Henry Jones, in taking trouble off my hands, and I could not but acknowledge how grateful I felt to him for his kindness.

I accordingly wrote out the order, and my mind felt relieved from a weight when I saw Sir Henry deposit it in the well-known Algerine note-case; for when one has a debt to pay, the next greatest pleasure to receiving the money necessary to meet it is that of immediately getting rid of it and the subject for ever.

"But," said I to the baronet, "there is one thing that seems to have been forgotten this morning."

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"You remember you told me yesterday that the ceremony of blessing the omnibuses was to take place to-day."

"Ah!—yes—very true—so it was—but the fact is, I should have men-

tioned it to you before, but it escaped my memory—the fact is, it is put off; I had a note from the prefet of police to tell me so; the archbishop has been obliged to leave Paris suddenly to perform the same office for the herrings at Boulogne. They bless 'em first and salt 'em afterwards; and as they wouldn't keep so well as the buses, the latter have been obliged to wait. Besides, when the programme was fixed, the review had not been announced. However, you shall have a good place when it does come off, I promise you. And now, Jolly, my boy, we must be thinking of getting ready for the review. Have a cigar while I dress, and help yourself to some cold brandioarrrrr! I shan't be five minutes."

So saying, he disappeared and left me to the quiet indulgence of a luxury which has ever proved the consolation of great minds under all circumstances, from the time when Socrates drank his bowl of punch in the dungeons of Anaxagoras, to that stirring moment when, knocking out the ashes of his last pipe as he sat upon the mizen-peak of the Victory, the gallant Nelson commanded the boatswain's mate to pipe all hands to quarters, in the memorable words that have since been so admirably set to music, and sung with so much applause on the boards of our metropolitan and provincial drama.

I confess that I stood in need of a few moments' repose, both of body and mind, for I had gone through a great deal within the last few days, and there was still much before me. I had to ride an unknown horse, cast a critical eye, and probably have to give an opinion on the movements of the allied forces, and, more than all, I was to meet the mistress of my affections, whom I had not seen for two days, and take the irrevocable step of asking her to be mine. The cigar, therefore, was a relief, nor was the diluted cognac unacceptable; both were the best of their kind, for, as I think I have before observed, Sir Henry Jones was a man regardless of expense, and bestowed his patronage on the mercantile portion of the community on the broadest principle, that of invariably ordering a first-rate article.

True to his promise—for a man's character shows itself in small things much more strikingly than in great ones,—Sir Henry made his appearance within the prescribed five minutes, dressed for the "*sortie*," as, with military thoughts struggling in my bosom, I practically called our expedition. He wore a blue frock-coat, black stock, white hat, and dark trousers; lilac kid-gloves, patent-leather boots, a riding-whip in his hand (called in French a "*cravate*"), and long steel spurs, completed an equipment which, ornamenting a person in height about six feet two inches, made me feel rather proud of my countryman. Not, by the way, that height or bulk are necessary adjuncts to the manly form, for most women—as I have reason to know—in secret admire the reverse. For a man to tell well in female society—the only society, after all, worth shining in—there is no necessity, as Jawley, in his recent description of Delaroché's portrait of the abdicated Napoleon, so finely says, for "grandiose grimaces," or "dare-devil desperation;" one may still be a hero without wearing the aspect of a "pale petrification," or assuming the "vulgar minaciousness of a *vieux moustache*." Still, the baronet had his points and, perhaps, his admirers, as I flatter myself I have mine, though in rather a different degree.

I also wore an appropriate costume that day—a little nearer the mark I imagine than my friend the baronet, for though he had on a blue frock,

like myself,—yet he did not sport a white neck-cloth, *as some one else does*; or white trousers; or wear a small black hat, set rather forward on the head; or, in short, dress as I did after the model of the bulwark of the British army, “Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington,” for whom I have occasionally—when at a distance—been mistaken.

After hastily swallowing a “*coup de grace*” (as the “grace” or “stirrup-cup” is called in France), we set out for the stables of M. Crémieux in the Rue Ville l’Evêque, and inspected our chargers. The mare destined to bear the fragile form of Angelique was a pretty dapple-grey, with a fine flowing mane and tail; Sir Henry’s horse was a dark bay; and the animal selected for me was a bright chestnut, standing rather higher, perhaps, than I wished him (for I am not very long in the fork), but by his resemblance to the celebrated “Copenhagen” (as I remember him in Mr. Ackerman’s shop-window), carrying out the ideal of the Waterloo hero in all its illusion. The *garçon d’écurie*, or groom, who spoke a few words of English, assured me he was “as sweet as mutton” (he meant, Sir Henry said, “*doux comme un mouton*”), a phrase at which I could not help smiling, while I pitied the poor fellow’s ignorance.

Desiring that the horses might be brought round, we proceeded on foot to the Hôtel de Vaudet. We found the ladies assembled in the saloon, prepared for the review, to which a carriage was to take them all, with the exception of Angelique. Not having seen Mademoiselle de Vaudet since the day of the excursion to Montmorency, and remembering how much she had subsequently suffered on my account, my emotion on meeting her, as a great writer has profoundly observed, “may be more easily imagined than described.” She had evidently undergone great anxiety, but as soon as I entered the room, the colour once more mantled on her fair cheek, and her dark orbs again gleamed with their wonted lustre. Her glance rested on Sir Henry and myself, but quickly withdrawing it from my companion, she fixed her eyes full on my intelligent countenance, while, with an air of forced calmness, which I perfectly understood, she inquired after my *santé*, the words she used being these simple ones:

“Comment-vous portez-vous, monsieur?”

As it was not my design to lay bare the secrets of my bosom, as Hamlet says, “for daws to peck at,” I adopted the same Machiavellian policy, and bearing in mind what another great politician has said, that “the French language was made to conceal our thoughts,” I cautiously replied:

“Je suis bien bon.”

There was a lurking smile of satisfaction in the corners of Angelique’s pretty mouth, which showed me how fully she appreciated the finesse of my answer; she made no further observation to me, but addressing Sir Henry with a timidity natural to one in her position, separated as she was by only a few particles of thin air from the object of her affections, and shrinking, in fact, under my ardent gaze, she asked him which was the horse she was to ride.

“It is your old favourite Juliette,” he replied, “and mine happens to be Romeo; Green is to have Sir Toby, he will carry him famously.”

There was something in this allocation of animals which rather jarred upon my nervous system, and I could have wished that poetical justice

had been more strictly rendered ; any outward demonstration on my part would, however, have betrayed my secret, and I therefore held my peace till the moment came that should witness my declaration. "She shall be mine !" I exclaimed inwardly ; "mine, amidst the clash of gongs and the deadly showers of grape-juice ; amidst the noise of Frenchmen and their shouting !"

Further soliloquy was cut short by the announcement of the arrival of our steeds, and we descended to the court-yard.

I ought to have mentioned that Angelique was most becomingly attired for the occasion. Her riding-dress—as is the custom in France—was a close copy of that of the Amazons, whom the French ladies are said in many particulars to resemble, and consisted of a skirt of silver-grey attached to the waist *en jupe*, and embroidered down the *devant* and round the *fond* with a deep *garniture* of black velvet *grenouilles*. Her jacket, of the same colour, was ornamented with several rows of black velvet buttons on the *corsage*, in the *chute du dos* and at the *poings*. Her *cou* was encircled by a *chemise d'habitude*, which was surmounted by a *jabot*, and fitted close to the form. On her *tête* she wore a *casquette* of dark cloth, to which was attached a plume of the wing-feathers of the *dindon sauvage*; across her shoulders was thrown, *en sautoir*, a broad black watered *ruban*, confined at the *ceinture* by a large rosette, but allowing its richly fringed ends to flow gracefully down the person. She was *gantée* and *chaussée en noir*, and held in one small hand a *petite* black riding-whip, adorned with a gold head, in the shape of a horse's foot, curved at the fetlock. Consummate taste had presided over her costume, which was in every respect worthy of the celebrated Diana of Ephesus.

As we went down stairs, I felt somewhat perplexed as to the manner in which I was to place Mademoiselle de Vaudet on her horse, for that agreeable task I had resolved to undertake, and I had just made up my mind that the best way would be to stand on a chair and lift her up from behind, when to my surprise I saw Sir Henry Jones hold out his level palm about a foot from the ground, on which she trod with the lightness of an aspen-leaf, paused for a moment in her aerial flight to balance her energies, and then in the twinkling of a polka, shot rapidly into her saddle. I felt vexed at Sir Henry's officiousness, for I might have done the same thing if I had thought about it a little longer, and after what he had said I did not think it was quite fair for him to monopolise attentions which should only have been paid by me. However, I smothered my indignation, and prepared to mount Sir Toby, whom I shall still call Copenhagen. Desiring the groom to keep his head steady, and not allow him to look round, for one of his eyes glared at me in a very wild kind of way (he had an *œil de mur*, I think the French call it), I cautiously approached his right side, and tried to put my foot in the stirrup, but the creature stood so high that it was in vain I lifted my leg to accomplish that feat. I then caught hold of the saddle, but the animal sidled about so, I could make nothing of such a fulcrum, and, as the groom seemed very rude and ignorant, for he kept on grinning and calling out "*de l'autre côté*," I ordered a chair to be brought, and, mounting that, speedily astonished him by the rapidity and vigour with which I vaulted into my seat. Owing, however, to this slight delay, Angelique and Sir

Henry, whose attempt to show off in mounting had been lost on me, were out of the court-yard before I was fairly settled on the back of my *destrier*.

There are few things so unmanageable as a French horse. In the first place, his gait is the most awkward possible: in trotting, he bumps you up and down, as if he were a young apothecary, or a musical tyro, taking lessons in the art of shaking; in cantering, he performs a rough see-saw movement, which keeps the person in a state of perpetual oscillation between the pommel and the crupper; and when he walks he jerks his head about, and looks from side to side, trips, boggles, and indulges in a number of equally unpleasant manœuvres. In the next place (and this is his gravest fault), he will not understand you when you speak to him. When one says "Gee!" to an English hunter, of course he quickens his pace, "Cem'ether wo!" will at any time induce the thorough-bred hack to diverge from his course; but language is thrown away upon French animals. I had hardly righted myself in my saddle, and grasped the reins with a firm and manly tug, indicative of my mastery over the quadruped, when he set off at a high trot, very nearly jerking me out of my stirrups at every step; indeed, I believe the brute would have accomplished his purpose if I had not held on very fast by the pommel of the saddle, and stuck my toes straight down, by which means I prevented the stirrups from slipping away from my feet, though they hit me some sharp raps on the ancles. I then called out "Wo-ho!" as loud as I could, but the creature paid no attention to my remonstrance, and if his progress had not been arrested by the stoppage of an omnibus before me, I might possibly have been unhorsed. I say "possibly," because the wisest amongst us are not beyond the reach of accident, and if it is one's misfortune to ride an animal that does not understand the human language, there is no predicting what may be the consequence. The saddle, moreover, was a great deal more slippery than it ought to have been, and nothing that I could do enabled me to grasp it firmly. But for these drawbacks, I am convinced I should have made a splendid appearance; as it was, I observed that a great many people took particular notice of me. At the corner of the Rue de la Paix I overtook the cavalcade, and the first thing that Mademoiselle de Vaudet said, showed me the accuracy of her judgment.

"What a wonderful horseman you are, Mr. Green," she smilingly said; "how quickly you have subdued that violent animal!"

I answered modestly that there were few things a man could not do if he tried; and as I said this I cast a significant glance at the left-hand row of buttons on Angelique's corsage, as much as to say there is a heart in that region calls me its lord and master. She pretended not to notice this feint of mine, but turned her head away to address some trivial observation to Sir Henry, who, with absurd levity, responded by loud laughter.

I should probably have followed up my advantage by something still more to the purpose, but the Boulevard being clear, Mademoiselle de Vaudet put her mare into a canter, and Copenhagen doing the same, I thought it better, as we were still in the streets, where he might be disposed to shy, and perhaps do some injury to the pedestrians on either side, to pay my undivided attention to his movements. Indeed, what with turning his head round, his very awkward paces, and my being unaccustomed to French horses, to say nothing of their uneasy saddles

and bridles, it was as much as I could do to preserve a graceful seat. My hat, too, owing to the warmth of my head, contrived to slip over my eyes, and as I had both hands full, of course it was out of my power to push it back until the creature stopped. I may also notice the fact that one of the straps of my trousers gave way, and the garment rucked up in a very uncomfortable manner, but it was luckily my off-leg, so Mademoiselle de Vaudet did not observe it, though had she done so, the symmetry of the developed limb would, without doubt, have pleaded in my favour. As to Sir Henry Jones, he kept on the other side of Angelique, and whether he rode well or ill it was as difficult to discover, as, indeed, it was indifferent to me. Under the circumstances I have described, I was scarcely sorry when the increasing crowd which flocked to the review caused us to pull up our chargers a short distance from the Pont de Grenelle. The remainder of the distance we pursued at a foot's pace, and it fortunately enabled me to adjust my habiliments, which the violent exercise of holding on had somewhat disordered. By the time we had reached the ground, I had recovered my *coup d'œil*, and was competent to survey with calmness the preparations that were being made for the review. It required a mind of enlarged capacity to take in with an eagle glance the scene that now presented itself.

The task of conveying to the mind of the unprofessional reader an accurate description of a battle, is one of no slight difficulty, and it is just possible that I may fail in my endeavour to do so; but if any want of clearness should be apparent in my narrative, I trust it will be set down to the confusion of the scene itself, and not to a deficiency in my powers of observation. That I am tolerably well qualified to assume, like Pliny, the office of a military historian, may, I think, be admitted without much presumption on my part, when I state that I was for six weeks under the personal eye of Sergeant Stiff, of the Grenadier Guards, and that during that period I not only went through the whole of my facings (including the goose-step and the extension movements), but had made considerable progress in the manual and platoon exercises, and had acquired a knowledge of the seven cuts in the broad-sword exercise. In private life I had also occasionally studied the eighteen manœuvres—a course of discipline which may well be supposed to have qualified me for my undertaking. I dwell more particularly on these facts, lest it should be made an objection that my style of narration is slightly tinged with military pedantry.

I shall first of all describe the order of battle.

As well as I could distinctly make out with my opera-glass—an instrument which no campaigner should ever neglect,—the enemy was drawn up in two lines of infantry, extending across the south side of the Plaine de Grenelle, with his right resting on the river, and his left supported by a high wall, which afforded him a flank defence. His artillery was well protected in the rear, and his cavalry, formed into hollow squares, was masked behind his line of reserve, a disposition of his forces which it will at once be perceived rendered his position highly impregnable.

To meet this arrangement, the British army (I mean its representatives of course, for the battle was fought entirely by French troops) occupied a position exactly opposite, and was, of course, drawn up in an exactly opposite order, a military rule which is never deviated from; the reserve

being formed into three columns of attack, supported by the main body in a single line four deep, the cavalry advancing in file, and the artillery well posted on the flanks, and as usual bringing up the rear.

That the accuracy of these dispositions may not be called in question, I beg to state that my own opinion was confirmed by the observations of Sir Henry Jones, who being better acquainted with the *materiel* of the French army than myself, supplied me also with the names of the principal officers. It was in this way I learnt that the French order of battle was led by the celebrated Field-marshal Ney ; the Prince de Talleyrand was on foot at the head of the cavalry ; the Viscount de Châteaubriand commanded the right wing of the infantry, and M. Odilon Barrot the extreme left ; the gallant Victor Hugo pressed forward with the reserve, and the artillery were manœuvred by the experienced Lamartine, a general who served with distinction under Napoleon in the Holy Land, and whose "*Méditations*" are in the hands of every French soldier. The allied British, on the other hand, were under the chief command of Duke Pasquier, a veteran campaigner, well known in France for his persevering conduct at the siege of the Luxembourg : he had under his orders a host of brilliant names, amongst whom perhaps it is only necessary to mention the fearless Eugène Sue, who commanded the heavy brigade ; the distinguished Thiers, to whom the *tirailleurs* were intrusted ; and Messieurs Laffitte and Caillard, who charged at the head of that splendid corps the "*Messageries Royales*" of France. I need scarcely observe, that all these general officers were, what is usually called "*Veterans of the Empire*."

Having spoken of the *corps d'armée*, as they fell under my observation, before I narrate the manner in which they broke into open column for the attack, I shall briefly describe the general appearance of the field.

The ground was "kept" (to use a military expression of some significance) by the outlying pickets of that dashing regiment the national guard of the sixth arrondissement, whose services in the *Marché de Vieux Linge*, will long be remembered by their admiring countrymen. With grim and soldierly aspect they preserved a *cordon sanitaire* which no hardihood on the part of the spectators ventured to disturb, or if a casual attempt were made to break the line by some solitary individual, the butt-ends of their muskets were brought to the charge, and the offender was quickly driven back.

The crowd collected to see the review was a very dense one, and occupied both extremities of the plain, and it was not without some difficulty that we made our way to the upper end, where we learnt that his majesty and the royal family would take their station. When we arrived there, however, the gendarmes at first refused to allow Sir Henry and myself—in spite of our military appearance—to pass ; but when it was explained to them that we were the cavaliers of Mademoiselle de Vaudet, their stern sense of honour yielded to French politeness, and we were allowed to resume our places by her side ; in consequence of this arrangement, we penetrated almost into the front rank of the staff assembled to surround the king.

We had not long been on the ground before the royal cortège made its appearance. It consisted of a carriage drawn by four horses, and es-

corted by a party of life-guards (I suppose), in which were the ladies of the royal family. They took up a position a little to the right of where we stood, and were received with loud acclamations, amongst which the voice of Jolly Green was not silent. I also took off my hat, and made a graceful bow, but being short-sighted, and the dust also being very great, I am ignorant of the effect it produced in their royal bosoms. I was too far off to distinguish their countenances, but I have not the slightest doubt I was instantly recognised.

Immediately following the carriage came the king and the princes with their personal adherents on horseback. They wheeled round and drew up exactly in front of where we were, but with their backs to us, and their movements being rapid I did not succeed in getting a glimpse of my royal creditor, as in my own mind I ironically considered his majesty. This was partly owing to the cause I have mentioned, and partly to an accident, for I had raised myself in my stirrups to have a good view, as I observed others do, and was holding tight by the horse's hair, when Sir Henry Jones called out to me to take care of Mademoiselle de Vaudet's mare, which was getting rather uneasy at the noise, and a movement suddenly made by that animal, compelled me to consider my own safety, so that I lost the opportunity of comparing the king's appearance in uniform with that of his costume in private life. Owing to other untoward circumstances I was not more fortunate throughout the day, but I made up for the disappointment by occasionally nodding and waving my hand in the direction of the royal carriages. It was not altogether safe to do this, for my horse, I found, was a very fiery creature, and the slightest movement I made caused him to paw with his forefeet, lift his back legs, and whisk his long tail most uncomfortably. He had also a bad cough, and when a fit of it came on he almost shook me out of my stirrups, so I held the reins very tight with both hands to keep his head straight, and as low as I could that they might be near his mane, and prepared with firmness to witness the representation of the Battle of Waterloo.

I had not lost sight of the grand object which had brought me to the field, but I waited for the favourable moment to urge my suit, the result of which I could scarcely doubt, for I could perceive by the smiling aspect of Angelique, as she turned her head every now and then to observe how admirably I sat my horse, that I was "not indifferent to her," that happy phrase which expresses all one wishes! I was also rather anxious to know how Copenhagen was likely to stand fire. In this particular he very much belied the reputation which was ascribed to him by the groom at the livery stables; but I will not anticipate, as I am desirous of describing as much as I saw of the remarkable action which has been the subject of so much dispute. From what I observed on this occasion, as well as what I have collected from French writers, it appears that the Duke of Wellington (most gallantly represented by the Duke Pasquier) really lost the Battle of Waterloo. Like most of my countrymen, especially those who have not travelled, I had entertained a contrary opinion, but the rigidity of truth compels me no longer to conceal the fact, though why Napoleon ran away, and how the British troops found their way to Paris, are things beyond my ability to explain. They must be solved, I imagine, by what an acute critic, Monsieur Eugène Pelletan, calls "a complication of episodes," which ended in a "vertigo," though who had the vertigo, and how

the episodes won the battle, I leave to him and to M. de Vaulabelle, who has written a very instructive account of it, to determine.

The king had not long taken his place in the centre, when the signal was given for the battle to begin. It was announced by the dull roar of some heavy six-pounders on the enemy's left, and as soon as the smoke had cleared away, their field train was seen bivouacking from behind a masked battery, and advancing in *échelon* to the charge. To meet this movement our cavalry drew their sabres, and firing off their muskets, wheeled back on their centre, thus presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy's light infantry, who vainly endeavoured to take them in flank. Another battery was therefore opened from the rear of the French army, which was answered by a brigade of howitzers, and in a few minutes the action became general. Prince Talleyrand's cavalry, having formed a hollow square, steadily resisted the attack of a body of British grenadiers, under the command of the intrepid Thiers, and then by deploying suddenly into column drove the latter back with severe loss on their guns, several of which, I understood, were captured, and immediately spiked. The enemy's infantry, under Châteaubriand (who was supposed to represent General Grouchy), having opened pans, primed, loaded, and returned ramrods with a steadiness which drew shouts of applause from their commanding officers, now brought their left shoulders forward, and prepared to turn the right of the British army, a manoeuvre which failed, however, for want of sufficient ammunition. The left wing of the enemy, which had not yet been engaged, now marched past in open column of divisions right in front, the left the pivot, and threw in a heavy fire of grape and canister, which galled our artillery severely. The latter answered with a volley of carronades, and unlimbering their guns, prepared to charge, but before this could be accomplished a squadron of the *sapeurs-pompier*s, under the command of M. Dupin, suddenly bivouacked on their rear, and a retrograde movement became necessary. The two lines were now in close collision, and the firing became incessant, a fact of which I had for some time experienced the unpleasant consequences in the unruly conduct of Copenhagen, who kicked and sidled in so violent a manner as nearly to unseat me several times. To add to my annoyance, I was moreover informed by a rude orderly, that unless I kept my horse quiet I should at once be sent to the rear, thus visiting upon me the sins of an obstreperous animal, over which I had no control; I told the fellow so in pretty plain English, but he only shrugged his shoulders and affected not to understand me,—a mere affectation, as every one will agree when I say that I spoke in as loud a voice as I could.

I have hitherto confined myself to the mere strategy of the battle; I shall now enter into its history, to explain the object of the movements which I trust the reader has fully comprehended.

It will be remembered by all who have seen the panorama of Waterloo in Leicester-square, that the possession of the château of Hougoumont was one of the principal objects contended for on this sanguinary day. M. de Vaulabelle, whose account I have had expressly translated for me to guide me in important particulars, describes its capture as follows: "Our soldiers advanced with cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*'" their *schakos* at the end of their bayonets. But taken *en écharpe* by the musketry of the Château de Hougoumont, which the English had pierced for firing,

they were repulsed, returned to the charge, and again fell back. 'Take some guns and eight mortars,' said the emperor, 'and put an end to this.' Half an hour afterwards our soldiers occupied the ruins of the château." I am aware that the Duke of Wellington says in his despatch from Waterloo on the 19th of June, that Hougoumont "was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by the Guards, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it;" but much as I am disposed to respect the duke's authority, I confess it must yield to that of the French writer whom I have quoted, who if not actually present at the battle, must no doubt have seen many of his countrymen who were there, who would of course report their impressions with the utmost impartiality. Concurrent testimony is, moreover, in his favour, for there is not a solitary Frenchman to be found who does not unhesitatingly assert that Napoleon won the battle. It is also the general belief in France that Lord Nelson was beaten at Trafalgar, and as it is well known that he lost his leg there, and was afterwards tried for it by a court-martial this fact is as patent as the other.

It was, therefore, a very spirit-stirring thing to see the gallant French grenadiers charging with fixed bayonets against a stockade which represented the Château of Hougoumont, while the splendid British cavalry, who were entrenched within, after a resistance as brave as it was ineffectual, abandoned the post to the assailants and retreated to a distant part of the field. Field-marshal Ney now placed himself at the head of the artillery and moved upon our centre, which, as Monsieur Vaulabelle has stated, "fell back in the utmost disorder," but at this moment Duke Pasquier covered himself with glory by resorting to the memorable expedient which saved the Duke of Wellington's life. He commanded the *reveille* to be beat, and at this signal a regiment of female suttlers (always in attendance on a British army in the field) came forward, and, as we find it stated in the French history—"plied the dragoons with brandy, who, taking the curbs off their bridles, charged headlong upon the French batteries." The fate of the gallant dragoons—the Scots Greys, I believe,—is thus truthfully described:

"These men, upright, stiff, and drunk on their horses which they were unable to control, fell upon the guns, cut the traces, stabbed the horses, sabred the artillery, and finally *disappeared*, charged upon and slain by the cuirassiers of General Milhaut."

I did not witness this result, for owing to the shifting incidents of the battle, the king and his staff made a movement to the right that he might enjoy the sight of the victory more at his ease, and the near approach of a body of sharpshooters, who began to defile in our neighbourhood, made it necessary that we should also change our position, so that for a time I lost the means of observing the regular routine of the fight. I took the opportunity, however, of requesting one of the "*belles cantinières*" who happened to be near me, to give me some brandy, for the sight of so much warfare had made me both faint and thirsty, and, like Sir Philip Sidney, I gave her a franc, and drank several glasses on the spot. Sir Henry Jones was not slow to follow my example in this respect, but Mademoiselle de Vaudet declined the proffered draught.

"She will not decline the next thing that is offered to her," I whis-

pered to myself, for the brandy had warmed my soul, and stirred up all the chivalrous feelings of my nature.

It was a moment for their full exercise, for the conflict now raged thickly around us, the blank cartridge decimating the ranks, and spreading havoc amongst the serried battalions. It was gallantly resisted by the bayonets of the dragoons, but the light infantry of the enemy's right suddenly opening upon them with a battery of sixty-eight pounders, the brave fellows began to give way, and threw themselves back on their left centre, a movement which nearly drew our party within their vortex, and from which we only escaped by giving our steeds the rein.

Sir Henry and Angelique immediately set off at a full trot, and I gallantly followed, determined, at no risk to be left behind. In the tumult of my feelings, and the deadly roar that surrounded me, I scarcely know how I kept my seat, but after two or three "delirious bounds,"—the consequences of which I felt at a later period of the day,—I found myself by the side of my fair enslaver. I had all along resolved that her latest impression should be caused by some dauntless act of mine, and as a man never shows to so much advantage as when he performs some desperate feat of horsemanship, I spurred Copenhagen with my heels, and tugged at his head with all my might, *till he almost reared upon his crupper*, a deed which few would have done if they had not, like me, been madly in love! Angelique turned upon me an eye dilated with fear, but beaming, at the same time, with tenderness, and giving way to her feelings,—like the son of Cyrus at the battle of Thermopylæ,—exclaimed in her native language:

"Prenez garde, Monsieur Green, vous allez tomber!"

I grasped Copenhagen's mane firmly with one hand, and stretching out the other towards her, I boldly cried out,

"JE PROPOSE!"

The effect was magical. Angelique reeled in her saddle, and Sir Henry Jones, who had caught the words even in that turbulent hour, gazed upon me with a countenance of wonder.

"Je-e pro-po-ose," I repeated in more subdued but broken accents, for my brute of a horse, startled at that moment by a volley of cavalry just behind us, suddenly kicked out with great fury, dashing me nearly over the pommel of the saddle. "Je-e pro-o-po-ose! vou-u-l-lez vo-ous a-v-oir m-o-o-oi!" I added with difficulty, partly overcome by excitement, and partly by the physical accident of my position.

I know not the precise words in which Angelique would have signified her blushing acceptance of my ardent and original declaration—nor can I state with any exactitude what further did take place, for Copenhagen, or rather let me give him another and more appropriate name, let me call him, for the injury he inflicted upon me, "The Wreck Ashore"—this animal, I say, goaded by the worst propensities, again lashed out behind, shook his head in the wildest manner, jerked the rein clean out of my hand, and, before I could hear Angelique's reply, dashed off in the direction of the troops as fast as he could lay his legs to the ground.

It was a perilous, an awful moment to find myself suddenly borne away from bliss by an ungovernable brute whose every movement threat-

ened to break my neck, and heartily I cursed the day that saw me get on his back, and the fellow who persuaded me he was a quiet one. Two sounds pursued me as I flew: the affrighted cry of Angelique, which rung in my ears like fierce, hysterical laughter, and the burly tones of the baronet, who shouted in a voice that made the welkin ring again,

"Go it, Jolly; hold on, old fellow; give him his head!"

It was superfluous for me to affect to give him what he had already taken; all I thought of was how to stick fast in my saddle. Of course the first thing I did was to throw away my whip—he already went fast enough without it—and my next care was to twine both hands in his mane at the imminent risk of flying over his neck, for his action was very high behind; at the same time I thrust both my feet as far under his belly as I could, though in doing so my trousers worked up in a most exposed manner. At the very first bound he took, my hat flew off, like the gossamer whose name it bore, and thus bareheaded and barelegged, I galloped towards the encampment. Which party I had joined—the besiegers or the besieged—I neither knew nor cared, for desperation had made me frantic, but it was at a stirring moment, for a body of cavalry into whose ranks I madly plunged had just uttered the bewildering shout of "*Sauve qui peut*"—the French watchword at the Battle of Waterloo—and were dashing headlong upon a retreating column, intended, I have no doubt, to represent the Prussians. On I went careering like another Mazeppa, and wishing that like him I had been tied to my horse (I have seen the thing admirably done at Astley's, where Lord Byron took the hint of his poem), but such was not my fate. Like him I was the victim of my affections; like him I was at the mercy of a wild horse, but not like him did I retain the pigskin. As I jostled through the troops of the enemy—the enemy in every sense of the word—I could hear many an exclamation which my practised ear assured me was not meant to be complimentary. I dare say I said many things in return which, if they could have understood them, would have been no more relished than the unpremeditated onslaught I now made on their battalions; but it was no time for the bandying of words, and my mind was in too chaotic a state to heed their import. The rapidity of my motion and the danger of my position left me alone only to one thought, that of making a safe landing on terra firma. How to accomplish it I knew not, nor how to disengage myself from the troops amongst whom I had accidentally debouched, when the trumpets sounded a halt; instantaneously every rein was drawn save mine, for unluckily I could not reach it, and Copenhagen continued his flight alone across the *Plaine de Grenelle* between the hostile forces. He made direct towards the Seine, and a vision of terror rose to my brain as I thought of the fishermen's nets and the fearful Morgue. But my good genius interposed, when within fifty yards of the river, in the shape of a broad, deep, and muddy ditch. Copenhagen tried to clear it—perhaps he succeeded, it is more than I am aware of, all I know is that I did not. There was a convulsive bound, a tremendous bump on the saddle, a stifled cry, a whirling through the air, a heavy splash, a smothering sensation, a struggling through mud and water, a grasping at tufts of grass, and all was over!

I reached the opposite bank and—fainted!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. IV.

Campbell's Introduction to Byron—Dinner with Rogers—Is made Professor of Poetry at the Royal Institution—Byron's Remarks on Campbell's Poetry and Person—Extract of a Letter from Mrs. Grant—Remarks on that Letter—Preparation of the Lectures—Analysis of the Series—Recapitulation—Irregularity in the Execution.

AN unforeseen event took place in the year 1811, to which Campbell owed his introduction to Byron. A hostile epistolary communication had taken place between Moore and Byron, or one in a spirit which bordered upon hostile feeling. The cause will be found detailed in the "Life of Byron," by Moore, and need not be repeated here. Rogers had arranged the difference to the satisfaction of the disputants, who had never seen each other, but were about to meet the same day for the first time at the elegant and classical table of Rogers. Campbell chancing to call upon Rogers the same day the dinner was to take place, received an invitation to meet Byron and Moore. Accordingly they all four met in this singular manner, a meeting which the two survivors will most undoubtedly never forget. Four names standing so high for poetical celebrity never before perhaps met in so unforeseen a manner, and certainly never at a more hospitable table.

Campbell, in 1813, was appointed Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution, where he had before given lectures upon the art. In 1814 he began another course. To this Byron alludes in his correspondence, when he says, "Campbell talks of lecturing next spring, his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up. I don't know why. * * had been prating dignity to him and such stuff, as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time."

Of Campbell's poetry the same author remarked, "Like Gray. Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced."

Byron's description of Campbell in 1813, taken generally, is correct regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836, hardly later than the last year. "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dressed sprucely. A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." Byron also alluded (in 1813) to his "Lines on a Scene in Bavaria," as being then in print, but not published; he styles them "perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself."

Mrs. Grant, in one of her letters about the same date as that in which Campbell gave his lectures, says:—

"What has most interested me of late has been a visit from Campbell, the sweet bard of 'Hope'; you must know his enchanting 'Gertrude,' his 'Exile of Erin,' and other unequalled lyrics. I wish I could share

with you the satisfaction I felt on seeing him cheerful, happy, and universally welcomed and caressed in his dear 'Queen of the north,' from which he had been so long banished by the necessity of seeking the bread that perisheth elsewhere. He is one who has suffered much from neither understanding the world nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty but that of being ashamed of his circumstances—in that respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion; and his good, gentle, patient little wife was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered that she disarmed poverty of half its evils."

Poverty is, after all, comparative, for at this time Campbell had a pension of about two hundred a year. This was little enough, but it was a foundation upon which whatever the poet obtained by his pen might be placed. Mrs. Grant probably alluded to some peculiar occurrence which is long forgotten. This, whatever it was, might have been the cause of the poet's giving his first course of lectures at the Royal Institution. That any pressure of a pecuniary nature could have been more than temporary is scarcely probable, because at the peace of 1814 he went to France on an excursion of pleasure; as I myself learned was the case the following year, a few months after the battle of Waterloo, when, being in Rouen, I found Campbell had been honoured by being made a member of a society there. He was also in Paris the same year. That he lived with prudent frugality is perfectly true during the whole of Mrs. Campbell's lifetime, nor can any praise be too high for her conduct in domestic life. Under any temporary necessity for the most rigid economy, she well knew how to exercise it with grace, and that excellent system of management which can disguise narrowness of circumstances under scarcely any alteration of exterior appearance, a conduct rarely shown but where magnanimity lifts the mind above all worldly vulgarity of feeling.

The lectures of Campbell already alluded to cost him considerable labour in the composition. independently of all composition being to him a serious labour. These when he afterwards published them, he revised and altered to a considerable extent. When they were concluded he had the idea and fully intended to carry it out, of continuing a series upon the poetry of the other nations, with the literature of which he was familiar, but the *vis inertiae* in his character prevented him from going on with his design. His imagination was active enough, but the natural indolence of his disposition, or rather perhaps physical incapacity for protracted exertion, marred many well-conceived designs in which he indulged. At one time he planned a work which should embrace a history of man, his physical wants, and the requisites for their supply from the cradle to the grave, in and out of a state of civilisation, exhibiting the comparative differences in each state. As might be expected it came to nothing.

His opening lecture on poetry was devoted to some general remarks upon poetical composition. He entered into a definition of its nature and the mode in which poetry maintains its influence and advantages over painting and sculpture, notwithstanding the effects the last produce by immediate impression. He spoke of poetry as being the religion of nature under a synonyme, and its object to delight the imagination, separating it from every other pursuit of language. He showed how poetry, intermingled with other intellectual pursuits, had truth more strictly and

directly for its object. Thus Shakspeare furnished texts for philosophy, and the apothegms of Bacon were ornamented with figurative illustrations. The metaphysics of Locke exhibited poetical descriptions, and poetry was more or less diffused throughout moral sentiment. Cold imaginations had never been among the number of those which had influenced mankind, instancing the orator in appealing to human passions as indebted to the same pervading influence; and the historian, while dealing in fact giving prominence to striking events and heroic character. He thus discriminated the limits which separated the labours of the muse from history, philosophy, and oratory. He explained how poetry produces its effect upon the human mind by "views of the good and evil of existence thrown into large masses of light and shade"—how, on the sensibilities being modified by special exceptions and abatements, as in the necessary adherence of the historian to truth and impartiality, language ceased to be poetry, the very error of feeling being more poetical than its equilibrium.

Fiction was a distinctive and exclusive attribute of poetry, but it must be open and avowed. In ethics, rhetoric, oratory, and the like, the detection of a falsehood was a defeat, if it prevailed it was a fraud. In poetry the illusion of fiction was not a deception. In discriminating the end of severer pursuits from that of poetry, the intellectual character of the art was not to be kept out of sight. The truths of the poet's utterance were arranged differently from those of demonstration or historical precept; and though addressed to the imagination, yet the understanding was not unconcerned in them. Something must be done amidst all to obtain the acquiescence of the judgment. The term imagination, therefore, must be understood in poetry as a complex power of the mind, including fancy to combine and taste to arrange. The poet addressed the sympathies and affections, and if he did not task the understanding, it was not because he had not great truths to reveal, but that he was to reveal them with easy perspicuity. The lecturer alluded to the consequences and effects of poetry, and the mode in which it interests. After a full explanation of the nature, constitution, and effects of poetry, with its mode of action and its end, that prevailing idea of happiness which is still its sovereign feeling lurking even in its misanthropy, the lecturer proceeded to treat of language and its harmony, with the differences between harmony in prose and in verse, and also the necessity of association to produce pleasure. The fact was noticed that verse had been resorted to ever since language was known. Poetry had been the original record of human feelings and of all belief. The difference between poetry and prose was elegantly and eloquently defined, and the tendency of verse to lead out the ideal and make the thoughts music to the mind as well as the ear. The lecture, a model of fine writing and excellence of definition, including the remark that the term "poetry" in its more extensive meaning applied to prose fictions when they delighted the imagination. The alliance of comedy to poetry was shown, though less poetical in the emotions it produced than those of our serious sensibility; the difference of epithet too in prose and poetry, with the licence permitted in one and not in the other in this respect, as well as the admission of compounds, in part the peculiar attributes of poetical language and the primeval figurativeness of human speech. The cultivation of diction was defended. Here the lecturer stated that he could appropriate no

more than one lecture to the treatment of poetical subjects abstractedly, and that he should be necessitated to pass to the connexion of poetry with human improvement, the influence which the art receives from civilisation, and the moral utility it gives back. He agreed with Dugald Stewart that the spring of all human activity and improvement is the faculty of imagination, and dwelt for a short time upon this part of the subject, including the effect of poetry on the interests of virtue.

There is nothing in prose which Campbell did either in regard to writing, analysis, or a philosophical view of any subject he ever treated better than this his opening lecture. It is, in all points, masterly. He concluded—

"It is, therefore, but a faint eulogium on poetry to say, that it only furnishes an innocent amusement to fledge the lagging hours of existence. Its effects are incalculably more beneficent. Besides supplying records of human manners, in some respects more faithful than those of history itself, it upholds an image of existence that heightens our enjoyment of all the charms of external nature, and that deepens our sympathies with whatever is amiable, or interesting, or venerable in human character. We cannot alter one trait of our bodily forms, but the spiritual impressions made on the mind will elevate and amend the mind itself. And the spirits that would devote themselves to be the heroes and benefactors of mankind, are not likely to be less cherished by the philosophy that restrains their passions, than by the poetry that touches their imaginations with humane and generous sentiments."

In the next lecture he began by examining the character of the poetry of the earlier nations known, from the commencement of their records as far as any traces of these last remain to our times. The Hebrew was a dialect of a primitive speech, once dispersed over five nations of the East, and extending even to Ethiopia, from whence sprang the Chaldaic and Syriac, the Canaanitish or Hebrew and the Arabic. The Hebrew and Arabic had exclusively come down to the present day. The former alone transmitted their literature to posterity. Though Babylon possessed astronomical records nine hundred years before Alexander the Great, and Egypt and Phœnicia had been the nurseries of the arts, all their records had perished. The historical records of the Hebrews terminated where those of Greece began, a thousand years before Herodotus. From the language the lecturer proceeded to notice the poetry of the Hebrews in the view of literary taste.

There were many circumstances favourable to poetry among the Hebrews. Their ceremonials were eminently calculated to awaken the imagination. The phenomena of nature were painted with a lavishness and energy equalled in the compositions of no other nation. There was harmony in Hebrew poetry, though whether it possessed syllabic measure was unknown. The Jewish legislator was a poet. David created a new era in the productions of the Hebrew muse, and infused a taste for music and poetry beyond that it was to be presumed his nation ever before possessed. His own psalms and those composed by others at different times, are each to be distinguished. Those of David are most interesting to the heart, though some of the others may more powerfully affect the imagination. The 104th psalm was a minute and richly-varied picture of the creation. The reigns of David and Solomon were the most brilliant epoch of Hebrew history. The poetry of Solomon was an anti-

thesis of the soberest moral thought and of the most luxuriant imagination. In the Proverbs he exhibited his sagacity; in the Song of Songs his luxuriant fancy, and in the Preacher his satiety of human vanity. The lecturer then touched upon Hebrew prophecy, and discriminated between the different prophets as to the merits of their language, giving Isaiah the palm on the whole, his genius going further upon the wing and burning longer with a steady flame. He moved with grace and beauty under a divine self-possession. Nahum was the most classically poetical of the minor prophets. The third chapter of Habakkuk was a model of lyric sublimity. The pathetic voice of Jeremiah faltered under the mournful accents of his prophecy, and Ezekiel, who followed, was the only great poet afterwards, though his grandeur was not of the purest character. Daniel departed yet further from the old and pure taste of the former prophets. In the other prophets down to Malachi, the spirit of the Hebrew poetry evidently declined as divination drew towards its conclusion.

The next lecture of Campbell treated of Greek poetry, which it was impossible to trace up to its earliest fountains; for there were strains anterior to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Greece. He began with Homer, and the necessity of its being understood that in Homeric times a poet was a singer. He described the office of the bard, and the respect in which he was held in the earlier ages of Greece; and his wandering life, through which was imbibed a knowledge of human nature and of the world. The fact was that Homer has only recorded the names of three poets, and says nothing of Orpheus or Musæus, hence his silence respecting them has given rise to the idea that he preceded both. After a dissertation of some length on this part of his subject, and on the character of Orphic poetry; on the relation of Greek philosophy with poetry; on the ignorance of the ancients respecting Homer himself; the identity of Homer with the poetry carrying his name, and his composition of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were upheld by the lecturer. The nature of Greek warfare and the character of its heroism in the early age of the Trojan war, were touched upon in connexion with Homer and with the presumed state of society under his descriptions, contrasting these with the chivalry of the middle ages. He then examined the differences of character in the *Iliad*. The skill displayed in the diversity of manners, qualities, and dispositions. The perfect accordance observed in the delineations of men in the bloom of heroism and in advanced senility. Next the lecturer touched upon the mythology of the poet and its dignified and undignified descriptions. He treated of the traditions relative to the survivors of the downfall of Troy, especially those connected with Ulysses, and the subtle, hardy character with which the poet invested him, going all through his history in the *Odyssey*. While venturing into the realm of fancy in this his second work, Homer was described as the long precursor of Virgil and Dante. Scarce any conception of romantic poetry existed, the germ of which might not be traced to the *Odyssey*.

Classical poetry was censured for its deficiency in regard to the treatment of female character, but of the specimens alluded to Homer was by far the best, his descriptions or allusions to social existence in the *Odyssey* particularly, being in many respects pleasing. All that Homer left was interesting, and his pictures of life in the *Odyssey* particularly so. The discovery of Ulysses by Penelope was dwelt upon; then the scenes most repulsive were cited; and the other works attributed to Homer were enumerated. This part of the poet's lecture was precise and learned.

Hesiod was the next poet of Greece whose works were examined by the lecturer; the priority of their writings in date was given to Homer. The works of Hesiod were described. Next, in his fifth lecture, the migrations of the Ionians into Greece Proper, were noticed, before which event it is contended that Homer must have flourished, because he failed to notice so important an event both to Europe and Asia. The Ionian and Æolie colonists, there was no doubt, preserved his writings. He seems to have existed in the infancy of all the arts, though the date would ever be a subject of speculation. Civilisation seems to have been above the horizon, from the date of the Olympiads and the Ionian commonwealth, but whether any of its light shone upon Homer was doubtful. The fine arts were earlier cultivated in Asiatic than in European Greece. But in Greece Proper there were circumstances that contributed a preparatory influence towards the future perfection of her poetry. The oracle and the strains which issued from Delphi, and made a common bond among the Greeks, established a local supremacy over their religious superstitions, on a spot where war could not enter, and nature was hallowed by associations the most imposing. The Pythic, Olympic, and other games, were calculated to awaken the corporeal energies as well as the moral genius of the people. The lecturer then noticed Crete, the earliest civilised among the Greek states; and Corinth, with its priestesses of Venus; then the Doric states and dialect; Lacedæmon, and the causes why Asiatic names predominated so much in the Lyric poetry of Greece, commencing about seven hundred years before the Christian era, exhibiting the principal traits of Greek genius between the times of Homer and Æschylus. All the lyric poets of Greece were eminent musicians. The preceding and old religious hymns of Greece, as those of Olen and of Orpheus, were no doubt a species of lyric poetry of a limited kind. The poetry of the most interesting period for its excellence was mature, while the science of music was yet young, and the crisis of Greek lyrical verse was so distinguished by the excellence of its productions, that it could hardly occur twice in the history of the world. It increased rather than diminished its influence over society, and acquired a political importance which did not belong to it in the days of Homer. The effect the early lyrists produced upon the ancient mind was conspicuous; but the scanty remains of their writings preserved to the present day from the ravages of bigots and barbarians, gave but a feeble idea of the causes of the great admiration they excited. The lecturer then noticed the relics that remained to the present day, and the regret felt that so much of Greek lyric poetry had perished. The varied character of their songs would have thrown great light upon the national manners, as each description of trade and profession had its songs. The principal poets were antecedent to the Attic drama. The lecturer proceeded in the second part of his fifth lecture to treat of epic poetry in the first place, and of the Homeric spirit, and then of Hesiod as a mere secondary to Homer, a king-at-arms to the real monarch. The Cyclic poets that followed these two luminaries of Greek poetry, were next noticed as drawing the themes of their poetry from the events alluded to by Homer and Hesiod. Next in order were enumerated the writers of epic poetry down to the time of Alexander the Great; then the mock-heroic poetry of the Greeks, and their taste for parody. The extant fragments of this style left being few and unsatisfactory. The didactic poetry of Greece

was next reviewed. The chief Gnostic poets were enumerated, and the poet Empedocles named as the writer who first gave didactic poetry a worthy form, standing too pre-eminent in the history of philosophy. Oracular poetry, or prophetic composition, was another branch of Greek poetry. Oracles were coined under the authority of "prophet poets," and Bæcis foretold the battles of Salamis and Plataea. All manner of prophecies were given out on the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The ideas of Plato were stated that love, poetry, and prophecy, were the three great branches of divine transport. Delphi was the parent of divination, and the Pythoness bathed in the Castalian fount to prepare for prophesying. Yet no prophetic works existed of a high poetical character. The Sibylline verses were forgeries most probably of the early Christians, for they contained passages both from the Old and New Testament. The Pagans were not likely to forge verses against idolatry. Elegiac and lyric poetry next came under the lecturer's review. The poets of this class marked out a new era. The lecturer was of opinion that the rude music of early Greece had previously possessed but a feeble influence on its poetry. A mistake of Dr. Burney's was corrected upon this part of the subject. The effect of the lyric poetry of Greece was exciting, and sprang up abundantly as soon as the age was attuned to perfect melody. Elegiac poetry began in the lyric age of Greece, perhaps preceded the earlier Greek lyrical poems, at least in the instance of Callinus. It was strictly a musical poem, sung to instrumental accompaniments. The term Elegy, was described to be in Greek applied to sterner subjects than it bears relation to in modern times, and to martial themes, Mimnærus being the first elegiacist who could be styled plaintive. The war-hymns of Tyrtaeus were sung in the Greek camp two hundred years after the poet's time. But this was not all. Greek lyric poetry comprehended a vast variety in character, and the lyre accompanied the hymns even to the altar, music being used to set off poetry and imprint the sense on the mind, rendering it more captivating; the reverse, it may be observed, of modern practice.

The next lecture, numbered the ninth by the poet when delivered in regular form, but really the seventh, an error which he had overlooked, proceeded from the consideration of the lyric poetry of Greece, to notice the Athenian drama exclusively. The poet began with Æschylus, opened his particular view in regard to Athens as connected with Greece, and with the view of preparatory illustration, gave a considerable portion of preliminary matter. He noticed the fact that exotic poems have less charms for an individual than those which are native, and then proceeded to consider the Greek manners with a view to the easier comprehension of the drama. The spirit of the Greek legends and superstitions, it was necessary to understand, without wading through the battles of Greece, or acquiring the whole of her mythology. Greece exhibited in the rise of the Attic drama a little world of diversified national character. A comparison might be drawn, good in some respects, between Athens and England. It was a part of the subject to point out the influence of democracy in Athenian literature, without advocating the defects of that species of government. The commerce, laws, and institutions of Athens, were praised, and the advocates of all gothic abuses, who censure the smallest excess of plebeian power, were exposed. The whole of Attica would not equal a small province of Russia, and yet Athens did in litera-

ture in a hundred years, what Russia is not likely to arrive at in as many centuries, making herself supreme in the literature of the world. The larger proportion of the literature of Greece extant is Athenian. The race of her free population never changed amid the shock of warfare; they sprung from her soil. Here the lecturer entered into a brief notice of Greek history, and of the institutions of Sparta, and impugned the advocacy of Sparta and her institutions by Mr. Mitford, contrasting them with those of Athens, enumerating the more prominent, and pointing out their want of decency and innate barbarity. The backwardness of the Spartans in the arts, was dwelt upon, and the lack of Lacedæmonian poets, historians, or orators. All was to the advantage of Athens. Solon legislated for trade upon the free principles to which modern nations have not yet arrived. Every one was protected under the Athenian laws. There was no permission of torture; when the suffrages were equal, prisoners were acquitted. The dramatic century of Athens was that after the battle of Marathon, which produced Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. To the history of that century the lecturer first drew attention in a brief sketch of the more remarkable events of the period, and an outline of the political system and government, with the institutions and laws of Solon. Here the lecturer went into a long defence of the policy and laws of the Athenians, controverting the statements of Mr. Mitford, in his history of Greece eulogistic of the Spartans. The population, superficialities, trade, and manufactures of Attica, the gymnastic exercises of the people, the climate, the religious and civil architecture, the rivers, the very prospect of the city from Mount Hymettus, all that could enhance the beauty and elevate the glory of Athens in the lecturer's favoured view, were included to heighten the merits of the people whom he most delighted to honour.

The Athenian drama being that alone which has come down to the present time, as well as that which was alone worthy of the name in Greece, was next considered. The word "drama," of Doric derivation, was first explained, and then the question was examined whether tragedy was known in Greece anterior to the Attic drama. This dispute was more about an age than a thing, for it was likely that the Greeks gave the name to a simple choral poem older than that drama. The Doric and Æolic tragedy was no other than a simple chorus. The car of Thespis was the first stage that separated the player from the chorus. The dithyrambics and its three kinds of choruses were described. Chœrilus was the first tragic poet whose works were written, and for whom a theatre was constructed. The Satyric drama was founded by Pratinas. All, however, which was done by other worthies of the great stage was little in comparison to what Æschylus effected. He stamped the drama with the strength and solemnity of his own mind, and was the true founder of the Greek stage. He wrote under the star of his country's prosperity. With Sophocles and Euripides inclusive, Attic tragedy was completed, and was in every sense an invention of the Athenians. Many accessories of the stage were borrowed, it was true, but the Attic tragic muse repaid the loan to the world with usury. The Temple of Bacchus was then noticed as being the first established theatre of the Attic drama. Comedy came later than tragedy upon the Attic stage, but Sicily bore the palm for its invention, Epicharmus, a cotemporary of Æschylus, being the first writer of regular comedy. In this department of the theatre

Aristophanes stood alone, and his writings could only have been fulminated in the widest atmosphere of freedom.

The lecturer was of opinion that Euripides had more of the modern conception of subjects of tragic interest than Æschylus or Sophocles, deducing the pathetic and terrible more from the direct agency of the human passions. The Greeks employed more of the resources of art to affect the imagination in the drama than is done in modern times. Ideal and general impressions of grace and grandeur were effects studied by the Greeks, yet their characters were remarkably intelligible. Athenian tragedy was more a feast to the imagination than a mirror to nature. The choral parts fatigue the moderns. The plot, though simpler than the modern, had terrific situations and terrible bursts of passion. The theatre was not an every-day entertainment, but was only opened at festivals. The plays lasted the entire day, every three tragedies being followed by a farce, until the judges awarded the prize to the successful candidate. Not merely literary men by profession, but public officers, and commanders of armies, were among the writers of Athenian plays. Of these there were two hundred and fifty of the first class; five hundred of the second, and a corresponding number of comedies.

The lecturer then proceeded to notice the site and form of the Dionysiac theatre of Athens, which Plato stated would contain thirty thousand spectators. He described the various parts of the building elaborately, and concluded his description by stating that every device known to the modern stage was practised by the Greeks. Returning again to Æschylus, the proper founder of Greek tragedy in the eighth, which the lecturer misdenominated his tenth lecture, he continued by noticing his birth, 525 years before Christ, and his parentage, but stated that nearly all known about him was obscure and perplexing. His decease at Gela, in Sicily, was certainly known. The crowning of the tragic poets was alluded to, and the drama in general described as highly national and mythological. The subjects generally chosen were described, and the repetition of new dramas upon the same subject. Æschylus was supposed to have composed his pieces in trilogies, quoting in support of what he advanced, several eminent continental authorities. Æschylus merged the pathetic in the terrible. Only seven of his hundred dramas are extant. The "Prometheus chained," was extolled by the lecturer, and examined in detail at some length. The least interesting of the great Greek poet's dramas were, in the lecturer's view, the "Suppliants," and the "Persians." The tragedy of "Agamemnon" too was cited by the lecturer, and its leading features described.

The character of Sophocles, as a poet, was the subject of the ninth lecture, after mention of the scanty information respecting him which has reached modern times, and which does not supply materials for the most meagre biography. It was ascertained that he was born B.C. 498, and at eight-and-twenty gained his first victory in the theatre—that at sixteen he was remarkable for his personal beauty, and led the band that danced around the trophy erected for the victory at Salamis. In a contest for the tragic crown with Æschylus, the prize was decreed to Sophocles. He became a general in the Athenian army; the principal incidents in his life were adverted to; many of his best tragedies were written after sixty years of age. The lecturer then entered upon the merits of his different works, and the difficulty of giving any idea of them in a

translation. "Ajax," "Philoctetes," the "Electra," "Œdipus at Colonus," and "Antigone," were successively examined, and at considerable length; thus the ninth lecture concluded.

Euripides was the subject of Campbell's tenth and last lecture,* which he began by a brief account of the poet and his birth on the day of the victory of Salamis. Little about this great poet was known, but it was certain that he applied himself early to painting, and studied rhetoric. The opinions of the lecturer's friends, the two celebrated Schlegels, were quoted respecting the Greek dramatist. Euripides delineated life, not in the lofty ideal mode of Sophocles, but according to individual nature, its faults and passions. The disquisition of the lecturer on the merits of Euripides, was every way worthy of his acquaintance with the Greek muse and his critical acumen. Between Euripides and Sophocles, the line of distinction was drawn with the hand of a master. He observed with great truth that the difference between Euripides and his predecessors in tragedy, if they may be so called, was, that his genius triumphed more in partial than in collective effect, the Iphigenia in Aulis, being a bright exception to this judgment. In the whole drama, in the entirety of the piece he was not so perfect, but in insulated scenes he was greatly superior. He was considered the most tragic of poets in the sense of pathos. By dealing with human passions, and his mastership in the pathetic, he retains still an interest on the stage, while the other dramatic writers of his country cannot be reproduced with any effect. Campbell was of opinion, that he left the drama of Greece less perfect than he found it, though dramatic poetry must still be deemed his debtor.

Here, as was too often the case with Campbell, he got tired of his task, and never more resumed it. With great research, much beautiful discrimination of subject, and charming touches of well-defined criticism and description, the lecturer had every now and then wandered from the immediate subject as if it were forgotten. Proceeding with the Greek lyrics in a manner to instruct, and at the same time to delight the hearer to the close of his sixth, and promising to detail more about them in a future lecture, he dropped, under this promise, all future consideration of them.

The further consideration of the lyrics thus postponed, he went on to the Greek drama. This he began by an apology for his redundancy, on account of his desire to be perspicuous. All at once, in giving the heads of Greek history to illustrate the poetry of the Grecian stage, he went off into a dissertation upon the opinions of Mitford upon Sparta, opinions which carried their own refutation in themselves, and consumed a large part of the seventh lecture in any thing but the professed subject of that lecture.† He then considered the dramatic poetry of Greece, and

* A singular instance of Campbell's absence of mind or inattention, is the fact that he proceeded to the conclusion of what he called his "twelfth lecture," in the manuscript, without observing that he had delivered only ten. He talked of commencing his thirteenth with the poetry of Rome. It was observed to him that he claimed credit for more lectures than he should do, having skipped two numbers, and gone from the seventh to the ninth. He had, in fact, given No. 9 to No. 7, and made the last half of the ninth so given the last half of the seventh. He had never thought of looking back at the preceding numbers, and thus omitted numbers eight and nine altogether, thinking he had completed twelve when he had only finished ten—this was characteristic.

† Numerous inaccuracies in trifles which Campbell suffered to escape him would be unaccountable but for the peculiar disposition of his mind, and the singular abstraction which led him to pass over things it would appear to others impossible

broke off with Euripides. This was to be deplored, because a good part of what he gave was a charming addition to our stock of knowledge relative to Greece in a very condensed form, the fruit of much research. The enthusiasm of Campbell in behalf of the Athenians, made him throw his whole heart into his theme, and accordingly it was seen with what vigorous eloquence he set out on his task, and proceeded to a certain point in the same delightful manner. Next, at the termination of the sixth lecture, how a change ensued, which afforded a picture of the poet's mental constitution. Every thing he flew at was with a vigorous effort, and for some time he soared with the eagle in the glowing intensity of the noonday beam, but he soon began to slacken in his flight, and the pinions, just before so vigorous, became fatigued, and scarcely able to sustain him in mid air, under a flight out of all companionship with that in which he had before so majestically exhibited himself.

TO A LADY.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

WHEN to my soul I say I love thee—lo!
 Hope spreads her starry wings in fright, and flies.
 Of mine, I weep above this bitterest wo,—
 'Twas not for *me* God lit those burning eyes.

Ah! wherefore, holy Heav'n, may we not meet?
 So form'd in mind and soul to melt in one?
 Then Nature's work of love had been complete,
 And life had flow'd in doubled glory on.

But now!—alas, this dark and fearful Now!—
 Born of a stumbling, blind, erroneous Past—
 Despair grows whitely outward on my brow,
 To know this look, this one, must be the last.

not to detect. He was not backward in reference where he had doubts on points of moment—indeed, he was too fond of referring to opinions in cases where his own was preferable. Had he doubted about a fact, it would have been well. He did not doubt, but his mind ran off at the instant to some other topic, when it ought to have been at the point of his pen, and then he neglected petty facts in following up new objects. "Read Campbell's poets," said Byron, "marked the errors of Tom for correction." Again, "Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen." Further, "His defence of Pope is glorious. To be sure it is his *own cause* too—but no matter, it is very good, and does him much credit."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE FALLING FASTNESSES
OF BLOOMSBURY.

BY MRS. WHITE.

WHILE contemplating the newly-erected line of buildings connecting Oxford-street with Holborn, and feasting our eyes with the *renaissance* of taste exhibited in their imposing architecture, one is apt to wander from these gorgeous red-brick and freestone edifices, so replete with outward ornament, and indicative of comfort within, to the squalid burrow of rotten houses, the foul, unventilated, windowless abodes whose ancient place they have monopolised, and as far as sight is concerned, wholly extinguished. New Oxford-street no longer, but old St. Giles's appears before us; its Augean amount of dilapidation and filth, as yet unswept by the cleansing besoms of the Woods and Forests. Where wide, light-some streets now extend, numerous small ones, dark, narrow, and intricate, involve themselves—and for the handsome shops, the plate-glass fronts whereof we (of our foreknowledge) have furnished with inviting wares, and peopled with trim assistants. Trades which *flourish only* in the vicinity of poverty and crime, disclose themselves—glaring gin-palaces with persuasive and meretricious glitter, insidious pawn-offices, with shutters early closed, and side-door for the accommodation of iniquity; reeking cook-shops, upon whose coarse and soddened fare, hunger and ruffianism alone could batten; and evil-looking marine stores, with their conglomerated and sinister heaps of apparently useless articles; Old chains, suggestive of some way-side gibbet; burglarious-looking bunches of rusty keys; picture-frames from which the forms of beauty they contained have long since rotted; fragments of festive ornaments, cracked china, broken glass, mutilated books, ambiguous articles of iron-ware, strange pesthouse-looking garments, dust-begrimed, and clammy with the fetid exhalations of the place: these and other polluted exchanges of crime, were the principal features of this neighbourhood—whose very name was a reproach to the metropolis, and within whose loathsome courts and alleys (into which the sun never shone, the fresh air never penetrated) were born successive generations, cradled in want, educated for crime, and furnishing from year to year fresh scarecrows for the moral fields of human justice. Befetished by its own bad fame (from the presence of respectable residents), riot and debauchery unmasked themselves at mid-day, and every description of vice from blood-stained murder to petty theft, found sanctuary in its precincts.

To enter it, was to charge one's memory with an inexpungable picture of human depravity and wretchedness, filthy streets, impure odours, crowded, time-blackened, half-ruinous houses, rags, obscenity, and drunken brawls, were its salient characteristics, and its inhabitants were fitting agents of such effects—wretched-looking, slip-shod women, with matted hair, bleared eyes, and filthy garments, who nursed their children on the steps of a gin-palace, and deprived them of food and clothing, for the privilege of drinking from its burning fountains—men with slouching and ferocious looks, and local peculiarities of gait and garmenture (an air between a prizefighter's and a pickpocket's), with elf-like locks (where a turnkey's crop had not been substituted), bulged, soddened-looking hats

and velveteen or fustian shooting-jackets, all pockets. The very children libeled nature, and had no tint of babyhood about them, no beauty, no innocence, inoculated from their very birth with the virus of moral contagion; cabined in the same tenement with uncleanness, shame, and want, they grew up pale, emaciated little beings, with hunger-stinted frames and faces, worn and aged even in infancy; playing through their first few years of utter helplessness, as young rats play amidst damp, rottenness, and impurity; their cradle lullaby domestic oaths and strife, their fire-side legends such as the heart sickens at, and the annals of Newgate furnish. They knew nought of green sod, or Summer foliage, save the dreary, oft-disturbed patches on the graves, and the smoke-tinged trees in the local church-yard; nothing of parental rule but blows and bitter language, for in these grim districts where poverty (the social leper), cut off from all the better impulses of humanity, performs its life-long quarantine; even the mother's heart grows hardened, force takes the place of affection, and the sole incentive to duty in the child is fear; nay, in numerous instances (so thoroughly does want and vice brutalise their victims), parental authority has been used to change the child into the criminal, and according to the revelations of the police-courts, mere infants have been driven forth from their wretched homes, with wits sharpened by famishment, to find as they best might, their daily food. In this way the embryo outcasts and convicts of St. Giles's acquired the physical endurance, obduracy, and cunning, so necessary to their hard existence, and the frightful vicissitudes that sprang out of it. In a word, they were placed on their feet, with their faces set towards the hulks or gallows, and that they too frequently followed the path, was not so much their fault as that of society and the senate. We shudder that in the heart of our glorious city, with inhabitants whose philanthropy is wide spread as the world itself, that such a colony of ignorance and crime should for so long a period have been suffered to exist, a moral plague-spot on its social health, and our first feeling at its overthrow is one of gratulation and triumph—but then comes the inquiry, what has become of the ejected tenants? to what other quarter have they conveyed the poverty, and vice, and degradation of this—or have they only swelled a similar community with an accession to its population? Alas! the following paragraph which has been going the round of the newspapers for the last fortnight, lets us into the secret with painful accuracy. It is headed, “Miserable dwellings of the Poor,” and states, that in consequence of the demolition of the Rookery in St. Giles's, the close back avenues of Drury-lane, Saffron-hill, Old Westminster, and Whitechapel, are crowded to repletion, by emigrants from the falling fastnesses of Bloomsbury. A clergyman, it is added, who (*to his honour be it spoken*), is constantly amongst the poor, states, that in his visits to the sick in houses in those neighbourhoods, he has found as many as seventy human beings crammed together in a narrow and dilapidated tenement—the arrangements by which the miserable creatures are thus packed, are most revolting—for lodgings have become so valuable in these dens, that the poorer inmates pay for permission to sleep on the landing-places and stairs.” What a picture of demoralisation and discomfort does this statement suggest; what a total want of domestic decency; what accumulated depravity and filth!—For, though in solitary hamlets, where (comparatively speaking) poverty is isolated, and the spring-head untaxed, and the fresh air free for all—these

are not its necessary accompaniments. In cities, where for want of practicable accommodation elsewhere, penury becomes a colonist, herding, as in the present instance, in those polluted regions where crime has preceded it, the spark of morality, like a taper surrounded by foul air, burns but feebly, or is rapidly extinguished; and individual cleanliness becomes but as a drop of pure water in a fetid pool. Imagine ten or twelve (sometimes more) persons of either sex, and of all ages, lodged night and day in the same room; every tenement that the house contains all occupied in a similarly crowded manner, parents and children, brothers and sisters, nay, not always the members of one family, sharing the one miserable apartment—the same heap of straw, or dirty clothes that serves for the common bed, and then wonder, if you can, that women exist, in whom the blush of shame was extinguished ere its birth; or, at the depth of social and moral degradation, in which the inmates of such localities are universally steeped. But all the while that the rent of one squalid, smoke-blackened, wretched room, amounts to more than the limited means of the tenant can afford, this system will continue, and they will retain its shelter by sharing the expense with beings even worse situated than themselves. We were told some twelve months back, when the weavers of plain silk at Spitalfields (even with the assistance of one or two of their children), were earning on an average no more than ten shillings per week, that they paid for a single room in the disgusting neighbourhood of Wheeler-street, or the adjacent purlieus of Fleur-de-lis-court, three-and-sixpence per week, and were in many cases obliged to hire an extra place in which to stand their looms! But not only is the unhealthy and debasing necessity of cramming an unlimited number of human beings into one apartment forced upon the class it affects by the selfish and monopolising spirit of another, but even the gross habits of uncleanness it engenders, is further strengthened by causes, of which the wretched inhabitants of these places are the victims, and society (conventionally speaking) the aggressors. So limited is the supply of water in these and others of the densely-populated courts and alleys of the metropolis, and so high the rates which the New River Company exacts, that were the desire to render the common stairs less disgustingly dirty, and the over-peopled tenements free from filth, a general one, they are not in possession of the simple means of carrying it into effect. I have before me the report of a meeting (thank God they are becoming general), for promoting the sanatory condition of the metropolis, at which it was stated by one of the members, that he knew instances where a single tub, filled twice a week, was made to supply a whole court, containing thirty or forty houses—the poor people provided themselves when the tub was filled, with a sufficient quantity to last them three or four days, and this was kept in an impure atmosphere, often in contact with decomposed animal matter, and became, from its susceptibility to absorb poison, dangerously unwholesome; but the New River Company, though their shares have risen from 100*l.* to 1800*l.* each, cannot afford to reduce their rates, in order that a constant supply of water may be kept up in those districts where it is so essential.

The commissioners of sewers have made application to them to this effect, but without avail. Fortunately, however, the spirit of the age is not that of the New River monopoly, and we rejoice to find another company in the course of formation, which promises to supply an “adequate

quantity of water to every room in every house in London" at a very moderate rate. This is as it should be; hitherto the wretched denizens of these wretched districts have had no choice; uncleanness has been forced upon them, at least as much by outward circumstances as their own want of proper habits; yet few of them were so insensible to its discomforts, as to be indifferent to the benefits of an opposite course when the means were happily placed in their way. I remember, antecedent to the notion of "baths and wash-houses for the poor" becoming popular, an incident that to my mind spoke volumes for the certainty of their success and the benefit derivable from them. There is a large brewery at the junction of old and new Oxford-street, the name of which, however, I forget. Some years ago the attention of the proprietor was called to the fact of a large number of women congregating on brewing mornings for the purpose of washing their miserable clothing in the heated water, which, after the vats were filled, was permitted to escape on the outside. With well-intentioned humanity he gave orders for an extra supply to be prepared, and such numbers availed themselves of the privilege that as early as four o'clock in the morning the place is said to have been crowded with the poor housewives of the vicinity, to the obstruction of the thoroughfare and the annoyance of the more fastidious inhabitants, in consequence of whose complaints the provider of this simple but effective charity was obliged to withdraw it. This circumstance, however, sufficiently develops the necessity existing on the part of these poor people for some practical accommodation of the kind. Gladly, therefore, do we find the system spreading from town to town, gaining fresh converts even from the ranks of those who at first scouted the idea as chimerical, a mere soap-and-water bubble that would burst almost as soon as formed. Liverpool set the example to the metropolis; Edinburgh immediately followed it, and Mr. Alderman O'Connell has just given notice of a motion for the establishment of public baths and wash-houses in Dublin. So may the crusade against uncleanness flourish, purifying not only the persons and habitations of the poor, but their social and moral habits likewise, for it is certain that exterior decency is a stronger agent than it is generally deemed in preserving a corresponding decency of conduct. Cleanliness produces industry, and industry virtue, and these dwell not in the foul fastnesses, the recollection of which led me to these remarks, a contingency that seems to have immediately presented itself to the minds of the philanthropical projectors of these establishments, for almost simultaneously with the formation of baths, arose the mooted necessity of improved habitations for the poor.

LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH GROTTOS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE subject of mythology has generally been considered in this country as simply appertaining to poetry and fiction, or has been looked upon as a fabulous history made up of "elegant forms and agreeable fictions," as Gibbon, or of "personifications of abstractions," as Tooke designated them; but the scholars of Germany have by patient and careful investigation, satisfied themselves that it was an infant language, and a first expression of the earliest and most ancient philosophical and religious ideas; and that the Mythos, as such a primeval legend is denominated, was not the offspring of imagination solely, but of a primitive condition of the human mind, when it first contemplated objects and ideas and then figuratively represented them.

The legends of ancient Greece were all more or less changed from their original character to suit the convenience of poets, historians, and philosophers, and in the present day it often requires considerable sagacity as well as labour, to eliminate the original version from the many changes which it has been made to undergo; and it is remarkable in such investigations, that it is not always the oldest writer who contains the most correct form of legend.

In local legends, however, an unexpected light is often thrown upon this original source of the myth, by an examination of the physical features of the spot. For example, one of the labours of Hercules was to drag forth Cerberus from the depths below, at least so Pomponius Mela and Eustathius have it; Xenophon rather describes it as taming, or subjecting the beast. Now between the city of Heraclia, which tradition assigns as the locality of this feat, and the Acherusian peninsula is a valley and marsh, called the Gawur Irnak, or river of infidels, which existing ruins indicate to have been once a port or harbour. It was evidently the serviceable act of rendering this Acherusia or swamp, so called probably after its namesakes in Thesprotia and Argolis, a place of refuge for the galleys of an early navigation, which was poetically described as one of the labours of Hercules.

This is, perhaps, one of the most simple and pleasing methods of arriving at the interpretation of ancient legends, and it presents, when applied to certain stalactitic grottoes, or caves, a curious illustration of the origin of such fables. Most persons are familiar with those deposits which are common to limestone caverns, and which have been designated by naturalists stalactites when they hang from the roof, and stalagmites when they grow up from the floor, both derived from *σταλάζω*, to distil, but which are at the best arbitrary distinctions, inasmuch as the sides of grottoes are as much covered with the deposits as the roof or floor. The great poet of antiquity had such a grotto in view when he so beautifully described the cave in "sea-girt Ithaca."

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.

Within the cave the clustering bees attend
 Their waxen works or from the roof depend.
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide,
 Two marble doors unfold on either side.

The bowls and urns from which the Nereids drank, the massy beams on which the nymphs suspended or rolled their tunics of sea-purple, the marble doors, of which the southern was sacred to the gods, are evidently the forms assumed by stalactites, and the remarkable term, "living stone," suggests, that centuries afterwards, a philosopher and a naturalist, Tournefort, described, albeit erroneously, the rock of Antiparos as growing by a *vital* process similar to that of vegetation.

The fabled rivalry of the Phrygian Marsyas with Apollo, has been supposed to have originated in the claims to superiority of the flute and the lyre; Marsyas having invented the first, while the second being played at the festivals of Apollo, was considered as the invention of the god himself; and the story of the flaying of the unfortunate Phrygian, has in a similar manner been referred to the wine-skins used by the Hellenists, such as are still in common use throughout the East, and which were called in derision, the skins of Marsyas, probably on account of the hilarity and musical results often produced by the imbibition of their contents.

But these can scarcely have been the original forms of the legend, which appear to have had a primary reference to the musical sounds emitted by the celebrated cave of Marsyas, and to certain appearances presented by that cave. Situated at the sources of the Meander, in Phrygia, between two plains, that of Aulocrene, now Dumbai-uvah above, and that of Apamea, now Dinair below, this cave is now partly blocked up by rocks which have fallen down from the cliffs above, but still the stream gushes from beneath these with such rapidity and noise, that it may be heard at some distance, at the same time that the wind, when in a certain direction, is heard to murmur through its subterranean channel with the soft sounds of an Æolian harp. This may have suggested the fabled rivalry of Marsyas with Apollo, while, as the form of a web, tissue, or skin, clinging to the sides of the cave, or impressed upon the inequalities of rock, is the most common of all stalagmitic deposits, it would appear to be to the existence of such in the same cave, that we must attribute the origin of the fable of this musician having been flayed alive.

This view of the subject is further illustrated by a remarkable example that has lately come to light. According to a Peloponnesian legend, Hermes, when a little boy, stole certain cattle from Apollo,

The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
 A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd.

says Ovid, who allows the theft to be overlooked by a tell-tale Battus, and drove them into a cave at Pylus, thence called the cave of Hermes. Here he killed two of the oxen, cut in pieces their flesh, and roasted it on spits, and he afterwards spread out the hides of the oxen on the rugged rock, as a hymn, which dates as far back as Homeric times, relates, "they are still to be seen, enduring, through successive ages, a long and immeasurable time afterwards."

The passage which relates these events has been the cause of a great

deal of comment among Greek scholars, one holding from his version, that Hermes spread out the skins upon the rocks, as even now a steward spreads out the hides which will keep without rotting. Another reading that Hermes cut out of the hides the softer parts, which readily decay, and spread out the rest; and others again gave as a version, that Hermes spread out the hides as they are even now spread out, namely, that part of them which is durable.

Now a happy accident furnished to Müller, the well-known historian of the Dorians, a correct and simple explanation of this legend. The second number of the great work of the French Scientific Expedition into the Morea, contains the description and drawing of a tolerably large grotto, which is now called the Grotto of Nestor. This grotto is situated among very steep rocks on the promontory of Messenia, and above it is an ancient fortress, which now receives the name of Zonchio, but which in the time of Thucydides was called Coryphasion by the Spartans, and Messenian Pylus by the rest of the Greeks.

The name of cave or grotto of Nestor is not without significance, for Pausanias states that within the city of Pylus, in Messenia, there was a cavern in which the cattle of Nestor, and still earlier of Nelenus, had their stall. We have seen that the rock was called Coryphasion by the Spartans, and in the account of the theft of Hermes, given by Antoninus Liberalis, it is stated that Hermes concealed the cattle in the rocky hill at Coryphasion, near the shore of the Ionian Sea. In Ovid, too, although the story is otherwise much altered, and the tell-tale Battus is converted into stone, the cattle are concealed among the rocks of Pylus; and in like manner, a high-vaulted grotto at Pylus, is mentioned in the Homeridian hymn to Hermes, as the place whither the thievish boy drove the oxen along the shore. Hence it is to be deduced that the cave of Nestor is the same as the grotto of Hermes, and this leads to the most interesting part of the interpretation of this legend, for the grotto in question is a *grotto of stalactites*, and this at once explains what was intended by the long-disputed passage, and that the poet viewed the forms and images impressed on stone as the memorials of the oxen killed by Hermes, in the same manner that the primitive imagination of the Phrygians begat from analogous appearances the idea of a flayed humanity.

There are many other examples in mythology of transformations, the idea of which most probably had its origin in the appearance of certain rocks and stones, as in the case of the Trachinian wolf, of Agraules "frozen into stone," and of the small rock in the Eubæan sea, that

* * * * In human form appears,
And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

But such do not come precisely under the category to which we here wish to confine ourselves, that of a stalactitic mythology; although they in most cases constitute highly interesting subjects of investigation; none more so, perhaps, than the origin of the fable of Niobe's petrifying sorrow. Ovid's expression—

Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy winds,
Borne through the air, her native country finds,

dimly alludes to some natural phenomenon, which it remains for a future explorer to explain, by a careful investigation of Mount Timolus, now Kizil-ja-Musa Tagh, in Lydia.

TALES FROM THE SPANISH DRAMATISTS.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

No. II.

NONE BELOW THE KING. BY DON FRANCISCO DE ROJAS.

[THIS is one of the most popular plays in Spain, being often carried about the country by troops of strolling players, and often committed to memory by the Spanish youth. The author, Rojas, was born in the year 1641.

The two principles of old Spanish honour and old Spanish loyalty are here very forcibly set forth, and brought into striking collision with each other. The extracts in the course of the present tale, have been made not with reference to beauty, but to the exhibition of Spanish life.

J. O.]

CHAP. I.

WHEN Alfonso XI., King of Castile, was preparing to attack the Moors in Algecira, he requested the trusty old nobleman, Count de Orgaz, to lay before him the list of those of his subjects, who had offered him their services on so important an occasion. Among all the offers, the most remarkable was that of one Garcia del Castañar, who proposed to give to the king, every day, one hundred quintals of hung beef, two thousand *fanegas* of flour, four thousand of barley, fourteen casks of wine, three herds of cattle, and one hundred quintals of bacon. This amazingly liberal offer was followed by the modest remark,

I give this trifle, as the year just past
Has been but short in produce ; nay, I add,
If it so please his majesty, a heart—
A rustic heart—but one of right good faith ;
For, though the owner ne'er has seen his king,
He knows his duty well.

King Alfonso hardly knew which to admire most, the wealth of an obscure individual, or the loyalty that could dictate conduct so magnanimous. He at once asked the Count de Orgaz where this wonderful man resided, when the count replied thus :

There is a pasture five miles from Toledo—
Your court—my country. There the rustic dwells
Known as the Castañar, close to the hills
Own'd as an ancient property by Spain.
Against the chilly foot of the Sierra
A convent lies—by him of Asis* founded,
A veritable effigy of Christ,
For such is the humility of Francis,
He ever builds against the mountain's base.
A valley grown with chestnuts forms the bound,
And hence the convent and our Garcia too,
Are called *Del Castañar*. And in that vale,

* Saint Francis was born at Assisi—*Hispaniæ*—"Asis."

Like Abr'ham, he does acts of charity,
And vies with Heav'n in spreading plenty round.
Hard by the convent is the rustic's dwelling,
Divided into three. One part contains
Good store of grapes and olives for the need
Of Garcia's family, and serves besides
To hold the copious treasure of his grain,
For God has sent him wheat in such abundance,
That all the various granaries of Spain
Are but the ants to keep his stores supplied.
The garden is the second part, abounding
In flowers, which are the fragrant stars of earth,
And daughters of the sun,—so bright and varied,
That when they shine, we fairly might conclude
The fourth celestial sphere had cast its stars
Upon this fifth. The third part is the residence,
Form'd like a gallery, and resting on
Three arches made of jasper from San Pablo.
'Tis lit by balconies of green and gold,
And globes of costly em'rald placed above
The stones that deck the roof. There Garcia dwells,
Leading with Blanche, his wife, the sweetest life
That love e'er look'd upon,—his wealth and joy
Competing with each other. Good, my lord,
It neither suits the moment, nor my years,
To paint that glorious beauty, which the sun
Regards with envy. 'Tis enough to say
That though his riches pass all reckoning,
They form the least part of his happiness
Contrasted with his wife. The man is honest,
And ever seeks his pastime in the chase,
Being more valiant than the Lybian bull.
He ne'er has seen your face, but flies your presence,
Affirming that a king is like the sun,
And that he cannot bear his potent rays.
Such is Don Garcia, he of Castañar.
And by my troth, if he is by your side
When you are making war in Algecira,
You'll find you are attended by deep prudence,
Truth without veil, perception fine and quick,
Wealth void of all ambition, firm opinion.
And yet not obstinate, valour with mind,
And last, a rustic man from malice free.

This description of the honest and loyal Garcia so much pleased King Alfonso, that he determined to visit him in disguise, feigning a hunting-party for the purpose, and taking with him Don Mendo, a nobleman on whom, for his military service, he had just bestowed the "Order of the Band." The Count de Orgaz, however, deemed it right to warn Garcia of the king's intention, since the good-man of Castañar, although he now led the life of a rustic, was the son of a deceased nobleman, who had been forced to conceal himself for having joined in an attempt to raise Don Sancho de la Cerda to the throne, and in those days the innocent son of a guilty father was not secure. He therefore sent off a private messenger at great speed, with a letter, in which he stated that the king might be distinguished from the rest of the party, by the decoration of the red band.

When the royal party arrived, Garcia immediately directed his wife Blanca, and his servants Bras and Teresa, to make every preparation to

regale his distinguished guests. The king, pretending to be a courtier, told Garcia that he was authorised to promise him the best place in the royal palace, but the good-man of the Castañar testified his unwillingness to receive the proffered honour, and set forth the pleasures of his own mode of life.

I'd rather seek the hills with earliest dawn,
Arm'd with my arquebus, and see my dogs
Start me a covey of good partridges.
Then follow them, most eager in pursuit,
Hoping to see them fall upon the ground,
When to my eyes they seem like grayish clouds
With feet of red, flapping their wings along.
I love to hit a straggling three or four,
And breathless watch my dogs, who busy seek
The wounded birds, urged on by my loud voice.
Soon they return with palpitating prey,
And let my hands detach it from their mouth.
I raise the birds, examine carefully
To see where through the feathers went my shot,
And then go home a conqueror like the count,
When to Toledo from the wars he comes.
To pluck them, singe them, spit them with a slice
Of ham six fingers broad—there's luxury!
Three turns or four, and straight they give a scent
Like fine pastiles or Brazil cinnamon.
Then they are handed to Teresa, who
With vinegar and pepper places them
On my clean board, when in the name of Heav'n
My wife eats one and I consume the other.
Believe me there's not such a dish for two
As two fine partridges. I give a slice
Now to Teresa, not to pleasure her,
But rather to tease Bras, who sees the gift.
The well-gnaw'd carcass to the dogs I fling,
And joy to hear the crunch most musical
When teeth meet bones. Then in a crystal cup
I toast my Blanca, who, with ready hand,
Straight in another goblet answers me.
When we arise from table we give thanks
To Him who every day gives sustenance,
And chat on various topics. This, my lord,
Is Castañar, which I esteem more highly
Than all the power and the store of wealth
A king could give me.

Even the offer of the king's friendship could not tempt him to quit his beloved valley for the court. Nay, he considered this friendship as especially dangerous, for he said,

My worthy father told me many times,
Saying it was a fact beyond a doubt,
That monarchs bear resemblance to a flame,
Which warms when distant and which burns when near.

Don Mende was much struck with the beauty of Garcia's wife Blanca, and when the rest of the party had gone to partake of the rural repast, he contrived to remain in the outer room with her. There he tried the effect of his courtly gallantry to win her heart, but he made no impres-

sion on the virtuous Blanca, who, when he became more pressing in his solicitations, called aloud for her husband Garcia.

When Garcia came she did not tell him the real cause of asking his assistance, but pretended that the guest would not go to dinner until he had recited, from beginning to end, the well-known "Romance of the Moor Calainos." This explanation did not quite satisfy the good-man of the Castañar, but he dissembled his suspicions, and courteously pressed the unwilling guest to join the others.

The visitors departed as soon as the repast was ended, but not the painful impression made on the mind of Garcia. What rendered him most uneasy, was the circumstance that Alfonso, the better to conceal his rank, had appeared without the red band, whereas Don Mendo had retained the insignia of his newly-acquired honour. Taking Mendo for Alfonso, he entertained an uneasy suspicion that the king had a design upon the honour of his wife.

. . . CHAP. II.

DON MENDO remained deeply smitten with the remembrance of the lovely Blanca, and was highly delighted when Garcia's servant Bras appeared, on some mission, at the palace of Toledo. He resolved to make use of him in the pursuit of Garcia's wife, and by giving him a purse of money, obtained the information that the good-man of the Castañar went out hunting every night at that period of the year, and that Blanca sat up waiting for his return, with the important addition that the house was easily accessible by the balconies.

While Don Mendo was on the way to Garcia's residence, the good-man himself, armed with his arquebus and dagger, was roaming about the woods in search of bears and wild boars.

My leafy groves, as cheerful in the day
As ye are dark when Morpheus bathes the night
With Lethæ's waters, until Phæton's wife
Rises adorn'd with roses and fair plumes,
He, who is ruled by Mars, may find in ye
True learning and prepare for greater contests.
That noble anger, which inspires the chase,
Supports the battle. I, a thunderbolt
Among your beasts, already train myself
To be the thunderbolt of Castañar
In Algecira—so my blood inspires me
To be th' Alcides of the Spanish hills,
Rear'd as I am in caverns and in plains.
Each finger of my hands becomes a club
Against the woodland tyrants, while this land
Yields me abundance of good flesh and wax.
All acts of depredation I avenge,
Being a common fate to wolves and bears.
The kid and lamb protected by my arm,
No longer dread the robber of the hills.
For, if he dares attack the timid flock,
I rush against him, and my dog may lurk
At leisure; all the shepherds sleep on flow'rs,
Trusting to me; when the sun opes his eyes,
They, scarce awake, stretching their weary limbs
With rustic shoes* tread on more lifeless wolves

* Abarcas.

Than blades of grass ; for I defend the flocks,
 And fight against the spoiler. Sure, the bees
 Will break down all defence against the bear,
 And, without walls, fill up their delicate cells
 With sweet white fluid ; through my well-timed shot
 Their precincts own an enemy the less.
 For when the sun his course had almost ended,
 A bear let fall into a cooling stream
 Two hives which he had stolen, drowning thus
 The bees by whom the honey-combs were built,
 That he might eat the honey more securely,
 Mixing it in the crystal stream, which grew
 More sweet from this addition. Then a boar
 This night descended to the limpid stream
 And crystalline repast ; I eyed him well
 By the soft light which Cynthia begs from Phœbus,
 And saw him making way among the shrubs,
 His bristles form'd of marble or of steel,
 Clearing the way before him, like a knife.
 One shot I straight directed through his head,
 So that the valley at one moment heard,
 The sound of powder, and the roar of pain.
 Both shall be trophies, though their form is hideous,
 Hanging before my doors, and Blanca first,
 Shall plant her tiny foot upon their necks.
 Surely their carcasses are fortunate
 Even in death to find such happiness.

Don Mendo, accompanied by a servant, who carried a ladder, actually crossed the path of Garcia, just as the latter was about to fire upon a boar. Not recognising him in the dark, he merely cursed him for spoiling his sport, and went his way home, which he reached before Don Mendo.

As usual, he was affectionately greeted by Blanca, who, with the servants, soon retired to make ready his bed. He was scarcely left alone, than a man appeared on the balcony, and entered the apartment. He pointed his arquebus, and threatened to shoot the intruder, when Don Mendo (for he, of course, it was), opened his cloak, and discovered the red band.

Now, it is well known, that the old Castilians, as represented by the Spanish dramatists, entertained that high notion of the sanctity of a king, that no private wrong was sufficient to provoke them to vengeance. Jealous of the honour of their wives and families to the most extreme degree, even this feeling succumbed to the principle of devotional loyalty. Hence when Garcia saw the red band and concluded that Don Mendo was the king, he let the arquebus fall at his feet. Sternly, but respectfully, he requested the supposed monarch to leave the spot, and even gave him his arquebus, that he might defend himself against the robbers in the mountains.

When Don Mendo had gone, Garcia gave free vent to his misery ; for though he had no doubt of the virtue of Blanca, he felt the danger of having so formidable a rival as the king, and deeply resented the ingratitude of Alfonso. At last he resolved to save his honour by killing his beloved wife, though the struggle of feelings was immense.

And must I, dearest Blanca, be so cruel ?
 And must this knife draw from thy jessamine breast

Thy roseate blood? No—'tis impossible,
No, Blanche, my beautiful, I'll not believe
My hands can break the mirror of mine eyes.
But I am thinking of her beauty more
Than fits my honour. Well, then, Blanche shall die
And I will die besides,—come, courage, heart,
Let us resolve at once, to take two lives,
At once to pierce two hearts, to free two souls,*
Unless, indeed, my valour or my breath
Should fail me,—or, if both of these remain,—
Unless when I have raised my hand against her,
In that dread moment between speech and valour
My veins should lose their blood, my steel its edge.

CHAP. III.

THE good old Count de Orgaz was walking near the residence of Garcia, when he was struck by the appearance of a female only partially clad, and carrying some of her clothes under her arm.

On approaching her, he perceived it was Blanca, for whom he had the affection of a father, having superintended her education, and caused her marriage with Garcia. Astonished at her disordered state, and at the circumstance of her being out of doors at so early an hour—the day was just dawning—he asked her for an explanation.

She told him that she was flying from her husband, who had attempted her life, and the facts she narrated, showed the results of Garcia's resolution, already described.

These facts were as follow: When Blanca had gone to bed, she was alarmed by the sudden appearance of her husband, with a dagger and a ferocious countenance. Starting up, she asked him the cause of a demeanour so unusual, when she was answered by a heavy sigh, and a look in which sorrow and indignation were so mingled, that it was hard to determine which predominated. At last he told her that she must die, and had already raised his hand to put his words in execution, when before he could strike, his voice failed in his throat, and he fell to the ground senseless. She fled the house in terror, but now felt more uneasiness for the fate of her unhappy husband, than for her own life, and she entreated the count to go to Garcia and offer him his counsel. The count, to protect her from further outrage, despatched her with a trusty servant to Toledo, where she was consigned to the especial care of the Queen of Castile.

When Garcia recovered, he found himself alone, with all the horrors of his attempt upon Blanca fresh in his mind. He scarcely knew whether he had killed her or not, nor whether he ought to consider her life or her death as the greater cause of misery. The count came to his house, and reproached him with the atrocity of the act, informing him that Blanca was now in safety at Toledo. This piece of information caused a fresh out-break of passion, for Garcia, considering the king to be his rival, looked upon the palace as the most hated place in the world for the residence of Blanca. The count, however, whom he knew to be his friend, was able to persuade him into a comparative state of coolness, and he agreed to go to Toledo, whither the king had invited him.

* "To cut two throats," is added in the original, but one flinches from the expression.—J. O

In the palace Blanca felt most wretched. The events which had recently passed, were to her perfectly inexplicable, for she had never heard of the visit of Don Mendo, and there was no apparent cause to which she could ascribe the conduct of her husband. The queen treated her with the greatest kindness, acknowledging her to be a member of the royal family, inasmuch as she was the daughter of Don Sancho de la Cerda, the unsuccessful aspirant to the throne of Castile. This fact Blanca had never known, for, on the failure of her father's cause, she had been educated as a peasant, though under the superintendence of the good Count de Orgaz. The queen also told her that her husband was nobly born.

While she was weeping in one of the rooms of the palace, Don Mendo, who, by a singular accident, had been appointed by the queen to take charge of her, entered, and renewed his protestations of love. He told her how he had scaled her house on the preceding night, and had met her husband—a declaration that, for the first time, explained to her the cause of her unhappiness, though, of course, it left her unacquainted with the fact, that Garcia had mistaken Mendo for the king. During the dialogue between Blanca and Mendo, in which the latter continued to make the most passionate avowals, Don Garcia came in unperceived, and was as much delighted at the virtuous opposition of his wife to Don Mendo's suit, as he was indignant at the renewed persecution of the supposed king. Still the overpowering sentiment of royalty checked every thought of vengeance, and he confined himself to reproaches, while he asked Blanca to return with him to Castañar. Don Mendo sternly told him that all egress from the palace was prohibited, and stalked out of the room to attend upon the queen.

When the unhappy husband and wife were alone, the following dialogue took place between them :—

Garcia.—Heav'n grant me patience, for my valour fails ;
 Aiding my honour I become disloyal,
 Who ever saw a fate so hard as mine ?
 Become a murderer—nay, if the soul
 Be sever'd from the body, still my pain
 Will be immortal—there are agonies
 That finish not with life.

Blanca.—Nay, Garcia ! love !
 Heav'n keep thee, live for ever as the Phœnix,
 And I will perish—I, the innocent cause
 Of all thy misery. Oh, my death will be
 My sweetest comfort, as thy will inflicts it.
 Live in thy thoughts, I shall be living still.

Garcia.—Why quit I not the spot ? no, one commands,
 Whose will is pow'r.

Blanca.—Turn, art thou anger'd, love,
 That I broke from thee—did not yield my life
 To thy dear arms ? Lo, humbly at thy feet
 I offer it. I now know what thou art,
 And since my death thine honour will recover,
 Oh let the good steel deck thy valiant hand—
 The steel that saved the honour of a knight,
 The steel that slew a most unhappy woman.
 I wish for death, I ask it at thy hands ;
 Before, I thought thee cruel and I fear'd thee,
 But now I supplicate thee. 'Twas my fear
 Last night to lose thee, now I feel thy pain ;
 Thou must not live dishonour'd. Since I die
 That thou may'st live, be grateful for my death.

The entrance of the king and queen with the count and Don Mendo, soon relieved the embarrassment of the unhappy pair. A few words in conversation convinced Garcia that he had all along been mistaken in the person of the king, and without delay he called Don Mendo to follow him, and quitted the apartment. First some angry words were heard, then the groans of a dying man, and Garcia presently reappeared brandishing his dagger red with the blood of Don Mendo. He then explained to the king that he was noble by birth, being a son of the Count Garcia Bermudo, who had espoused the cause of Don Sancho de la Cerda, and who, dying in concealment, had intrusted his heir to the care of the Count de Orgaz. The king readily forgave the crime of the father in the son, and received into his favour the brave man of the Castañar, who would allow his honour to be sullied by

NONE BELOW THE KING.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF A DIPLOMATIST;

COMPRISING CONVERSATIONS WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE WHEN DUKE OF ORLEANS, PRINCE POLIGNAC, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE LATE GEORGE CANNING, HENRY (SINCE LORD) BROUGHAM, AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

No. I.

WE shall not so far question the public taste and right feeling, or pay so poor a compliment to the discrimination of our readers, as to waste words upon proving the genuineness of the hitherto unpublished documents that follow. Enough if, like "good wine" which requires "no bush," they carry intrinsic evidence of being what they assume to be by their superior spirit and raciness of flavour. If they are found to enlighten and entertain, not less than to edify ALL classes, by the singular disclosures which they make, and by their frequent flashes of wit or satire; and if so, the community be benefited by the secret history of men and things therein revealed, our object will be attained.

The Duke of Orleans, says our Diary (London, 4th of March, 1816), has agreed with Grillon to occupy a suite of apartments and retain them by the year. It is at this hotel where all private business is transacted. All his letters from the continent are there received. He has his special messengers as well as the Marquis d'Osmond; they go to Dover or Brighton, and there meet those from Calais or Dieppe. The accouchement of the Duchess of O—— is daily expected; they mean to appear in public as soon as her highness recovers; and they will attend the drawing-room. Prince Castelcicala has promised to introduce the duchess at our Salisbury House conversations.

March 12, 1816.—Every exertion in my power shall be made to discover the movements of O——. The Duc de Chartres still officiates as ambassador. What kind of correspondence does the Marchioness of Salisbury carry on with France? She forwarded a packet this day to the Duc de Chartres.

March 14.—I have at last found a channel which may, perhaps, communicate every movement he may make. I thought at first that through the Opposition I should certainly gain some information; but I find them all, excepting K——, extremely averse to having any communication with him. *What I have learnt I now communicate.* I will go back to November last.

When the regent was preparing to leave town, he had a long conversation with the duke and duchess at Grillion's. He was there three hours. During the Winter, the duke has regularly come to town three times a week privately to Grillion's. Immediately on his arrival, the Marquis d'Osmond waits upon his highness to pay his respects. They hold together long conversations, seldom less than two or three hours, during which time no one is admitted. The secretary to the Duke d'O—— is the Marquis de Grave, and he is a good deal occupied. Packets are continually arriving at G——'s for the duke; but they all come in an envelope addressed to the Marquis d'Os——d. The latter's principal secretary opens the packets, and delivers them to M. de Grave. A vast deal of business is done in the way of correspondence by the M. d'Os——d. The Duke of O——'s letters are all franked by the Duc de Richelieu. Eight days since, Lord Cas——gh was with the M. d'Os——d, but I could not learn whether Orleans was then in town. The latter sees a great number of persons at Twickenham, and about a week since gave a dinner to the Duc de Chartres and the M. d'Osmond. Kinnaird has not been at G.'s (Grillion's); he goes to Twickenham. The Prince Castelcicala says, that he is appointed ambassador to the French court, and therefore shall shortly leave London. Orleans is very sanguine as to the success of his party—he gives a dinner once a week. The royal dukes (ours I mean) are constantly paying their respects to the duke and duchess, and the princess is equally attentive. There are three French messengers employed by the Marquis d'Os——d. They go only to Dover, and there meet those from the other side of the water. The Duke of O——'s despatches are sent off by the same messengers, but not all the duke's packets come by the latter conveyance; many are sent up from the Foreign-office. The marquis is very unwilling to quit Grillion's; it has been repeatedly hinted to his excellency that the apartments he occupied were long since engaged by the Duke of Athol, and that his grace, who is hourly expected in town, will be much disappointed if he has them not. Still the m——s takes no notice, and makes many excuses, such as that he cannot find a house suitable, or that he is in treaty for one. The Duke of O——ns has a state-carriage building at Birch's, in Great Queen-street.

The Opposition are not inclined to support Orleans; they, therefore, have but little communication with Kinnaird; of him they speak very contemptuously; they can do nothing at present; Lord Grenville says, until he knows what the charges are and the evidence against his royal highness, he cannot move! Lord G—— waited upon Lord Liverpool a few days since, and said that if his lordship would guarantee his safety, he would immediately go to Paris, and lay before the French Government copies of the letters he had written to Wellington. It was this peculiar situation which induced the Duke of B—— to bring forward the motion for an inquiry into the state of the nation, an office better suited to the talents of Lord Grey, who says that he is not aware of any thing particularly strong having escaped him. Has Lord Holland been equally cautious?

March 21, 1816.—The Duke of Kent appears to take the lead of all the friends and partizans of the house of Orleans. His royal highness is exerting himself as much as possible in this country, and his colleague, Kinnaird, fills the honourable post of jackall. My opinion is, that the party will render themselves contemptible, notwithstanding their proud boast of possessing a genius of such amazing extent that he is able to govern the whole world—very good this! Castalcicala, that conceited ass, is shortly about to depart for the French court; he is going to fill the situation of a spy in favour of the Duke of Kent, having gained over Lord St. H——, the most subtle among the courtiers. He calculates upon his influence with the queen; and thus in regular gradation expects to mount the throne of the regent; for be it observed that the politics of Buckingham House will supersede those of Carlton—the cause—money! “Money is your surest alliance,” said an esteemed author. The royal duke is also endeavouring to unite the ties of blood with those of friendship, and thus to gain over the commander-in-chief.

The plans of the illustrious duke are not badly laid, and his whole soul, I am assured, is engrossed in his favourite pursuit. In the interim, the communication between himself and the pretender is kept up by a daily correspondence. Indeed, his royal highness appears to fill the post of an *avant courier*; whether he proceeds to the Pavilion at Brighton, the palace at Frogmore, or to the Low Countries, his object, he says, is still the same, “*vota vita mea*.”

It is a fact, that his journey to Brussels, which was stated in one of the ministerial papers, to be for the purpose of procuring a suitable residence, under the pretence of exercising a rigid economy, was solely for the purpose of seeing and endeavouring to secure by effectual steps, certain adherents to the cause. His return was rather more prompt than I believe was expected; it may not be amiss here to state that there are three parties in town upon the subject of Parisian affairs.

The first is for Louis XVIII., that of the prince regent, and the administration, the second for the Duke of Orleans, headed by the Duke of Kent, and my Lord K——, better known by the name of “the broken down gambler;” the third for Napoleon the second, supported by Earl Grey, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Holland, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Tierney, and others.

Pursuits of the Duke of Orleans.—Ten days ago his royal highness despatched his secretary, the Marquis de Grave in great haste to Paris. His return was calculated in about three weeks. The first time Orleans came to town this week was on Tuesday last; he left his carriage near the Pulteney Hotel, and walked to Grillon’s; on his arrival, a packet from Paris was put into his hands, which came in the course of the preceding night. This was at three o’clock, after being closeted for some time with the Baron Montmorency, his aide-de-camp, Orleans proceeded to Kensington Palace, where he dined with the Duke of Kent, and stayed till a late hour. On Monday, the Marquis d’Osmond dined with the Earl of Liverpool, when some conversation arose relative to the situation of parties in Paris, but as yet I have been unable to learn any particulars. On Monday night the Duc de Chartres and the Marquis d’Osmond met at Lady Salisbury’s rout many supporters of the three parties. But that not being the place for political contention, nothing passed but in common routine. D’Osmond dines this day with the Earl of Winchelsea—a bed-

chamber lord, and a great favourite with the queen. On the 30th, the marquis dines with the Duke of Montrose, and on the succeeding day with the Marquis of Camden—called, by Hunt, the Westminster orator, “one of the state paupers.”

I have reason to believe, that the Marquis d’Osmond’s messengers are the only bearers of despatches, and they have stated times for departure, namely, Tuesdays and Fridays exactly at one in the morning, or more exactly speaking, Wednesday and Saturday. There are three employed—only one at a time—and each goes to Dover only, where they meet the passengers from the other side. I find none are sent to Brighton; they do not speak English.

March 26, 1816.—Something like a disposition to vacillate appears in the conduct of our ministers relative to the affairs of the house of Bourbon. They actually begin to listen to the influence of party in favour of the claims of the Duke of Orleans. Kinnaird has had several interviews with Lord —— upon the subject. He is indefatigable in his exertions to gain over the Opposition; but I believe that I have *put a spoke in his wheel!* Lord Holland is disposed to listen to these representations; but Grey and Lauderdale are adverse. As to the Grenvilles, I really believe they are attached to Louis.

A gentleman, lately returned from the East, had an interview at St. Helena with the ex-emperor, who told him that England would bring him back in a short time to quiet France! My informant is Sir Thomas Tyrwhit. He added, the Prince Regent will certainly be in town on Thursday.

April 1.—The famous marischal, our renowned commander-in-chief, whose back our brave allies have seen, and whose face is partially known to all the celebrated impures, is become a convert to the Orleans interest, through the instrumentality of my Lord K. His highness promises to aid the cause with “giant strides,” that is, when a favourable opportunity arises! I will keep my eye on that quarter!!

The Duke of Kent fancies he possesses a lively, penetrating genius, capable of forming great designs. Imposed upon by the fallacious representations of Kinnaird, who not only sets up for a consummate politician, but also for a man of universal knowledge,—his royal highness thinks he can be a tower of strength to the Duke of Orleans. There is certainly a degree of industry about his highness, but the question is whether that will not mislead him?

Since my last communication I have heard nothing interesting respecting the Duke of Orleans. He has not been in town for ten days at least. The accouchement of the duchess, it is said, has detained him at Twickenham. One of his messengers comes to town regularly every day to Grillion’s for letters and parcels, which come under cover to the Marquis d’Osmond. There are no letters addressed immediately to his royal highness. The marquis went down a few days since to congratulate their highnesses on the birth of a daughter. Grillion has at last succeeded in prevailing upon the marquis to quit his apartments to make room for the Duke of Athol. The former takes possession of the Countess of Carysfoot’s house at the corner of Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

The Duke of O’s steward is an Englishman, who has been long in his service. I shall proceed in a way which may develop all we wish to

know. It is this. I understand the duke has often expressed a wish to know the sentiments of the conductors of the daily journals, and whether one of them would support his cause. Can there be a better opportunity!!

Four o'clock, April 5, 1816.—The Hon. C. Bradshaw has just returned from Carlton House. He says the regent continues in the same helpless state. By the persuasion of his medical attendants he has relinquished all liquids except brandy-and-water. His royal highness was extremely anxious to make his appearance at the drawing-room, but found his nerves not strong enough for the undertaking. C. B. has just returned from the Duke of Wellington, and Sir C —'s circles; he says the Bourbons are as firmly seated as at any period of the monarchy, but at the same time he confesses that he knows nothing. He has lately been created a lord of the bedchamber.

April 9.—The Hon. Cavendish Bradshaw returns to Paris in a few days. I have some reason to think he has seen the Duke of Orleans. His visit and return are connected with something political. He has seen the prince regent and the ministers.

April 10.—It is now ten o'clock, A. M. I have waited with no little impatience to get a conveyance by the regular stages to Twickenham. All are full, out and in occupied. I have ordered my chaise!

Two o'clock, P. M.—I have this moment returned from Twickenham. On entering the court-yard, I addressed myself to a thin person, above the middle size, dressed in black, without a hat, with, "I wish to see the Baron Montmorency." The reply, "I am the baron."

I then produced the packet. He added, "You are just arrived from Paris?"

"No! I have not had that pleasure."

The baron then invited me into a kind of study. I then told him from whom I received the packet, when he requested leave to wait upon the duke. In less than one minute he returned, and at the same time waved his hand to the door, meaning to express that some one was approaching.

In came the duke! and approached me with a familiar air, void of any thing like conscious superiority. The baron retired. His highness condescended to draw a chair for me, and placed another by the side of it.

"You are lately from Paris?"

I made the same answer as before.

"Mr. M. is quite in the secret in Paris."

"I believe he is."

"I understood that he was to have been over by this," rejoined the duke; "but suppose he cannot be spared."

I told his serene highness that his conjecture was right; that if his highness would so far honour me with his confidence as to intrust me with any communications, he might wish to be safely conveyed to France, I could and would pledge myself to carry the object into effect in a manner highly satisfactory. His highness seemed pleased; he entered into a general conversation on the state of the continent and on France particularly. He said that things could not long remain in a tranquil state; that the people of France would never be satisfied until their independence was secured; that it was no matter whether the object was attained by Russia, England, or Austria. That power which effected so great an

object would be predominant; that the French nation were indifferent as to the choice of a sovereign; said he had received the proclamation published in the name of Maria Louisa; did not believe it to be genuine; knew that Russia, Prussia, and Austria were ready to enter the field; thought that the whole was an arranged plan on the part of the kings and princes in the late contests; spoke of our ministers; said he supposed they would be guided by circumstances in their line of conduct towards France; he said that our ministers had become strengthened by the failure of the tax on income.

This I denied as far as related to them individually, and appealed to various sources to prove that I was right. His highness admitted my conclusions to be just; did not know that the income-tax was a Carlton House question; said a great deal about the total incapacity of France to extricate herself; thought that Austria might effect a great deal, but did not believe that she would make the attempt.

I observed to his highness that Kinnaird must soon put him in possession of some information upon the subject; denied having seen him since the period of his return, except once; dwelt on the conduct of the French ministers; eulogised General Duvernet; called him an excellent officer; had heard that Alexander had asked permission of the King of the Netherlands to send a quantity of naval stores to Antwerp, but knew not of any application to occupy it as a naval station.

The conversation concluded with a request from his serene highness for a card of my address, which I gave him. He then arose and said, that should he have any communications of consequence to make, he would enclose them to me; returned his thanks in a polite and easy manner, and retired.

As I passed through the porch of the outer gate, the Spanish ambassador entered in his curricule.

To draw a faithful portrait of his highness, he seems to be endowed with a person and manner likely to captivate. I mentioned one or two anecdotes of the late Count Beaujolais, to whom the duke was personally known, which amused.

April 16, 1816.—I have not heard from Orleans. Shall I apply to the Duke of Kent for an introductory note? It is a fact that ministers have suggested to him the propriety of being now in France. I hear not of any preparations, but he may be gone for any thing I know to the contrary.

I now recollect what did not occur to me before. When I had the interview the other day, I noticed two large oblong deal cases, strongly packed in the baron's room, addressed to his "Serene Highness the Duc d'Orleans, à Paris."

April 22.—I yesterday waited upon my friend Captain Harvey, the secretary to the Duke of Kent. Not finding him at Kensington Palace, I left my card. This morning, at half-past eight, I went again; and after waiting in an ante-chamber about a quarter of an hour he appeared. I told him my errand was upon the subject of the Duke of Orleans' affairs, and that as his royal highness was the private friend of that prince, I had taken the liberty of requesting an interview to make a communication of some importance.

"You apply very opportunely, for the Duke of Orleans will be here

at twelve o'clock. His royal highness is now disengaged ; I will mention the subject to him, and he will be with you in a trice."

Captain H—— returned almost at the same moment he disappeared, and said,

" His royal highness will see you directly—therefore follow me."

After passing through three entrance-halls, I was ushered into the duke's study. I saluted his royal highness with every demonstration of profound respect ; and he honoured me with an inclination of the head, accompanied with a gracious smile. I introduced the subject by mentioning the delivery of the packet ; the opportunities I had of forwarding confidential communications, and concluded with expressing my belief that I could render the *Morning Post* instrumental in the support of the cause whenever a favourable moment appeared.

The duke seemed to feel the value of all this. His highness began by observing, " that he conceived, when I alluded to the mode of conveying letters, I did not mean the post-office."

" Certainly not."

" No," rejoined the duke ; " you mean through those peculiarly important channels known only to newspaper editors. Of course you have persons continually on the move?"

I replied, " That on Tuesdays and Fridays I would undertake to forward letters or packets."

" Indeed ! so often ! such an arrangement would be admirable."

A general conversation ensued, in which I found his royal highness liberal and ingenuous—spoke of Orleans in warm terms of panegyric ; in the course of which he highly commended his determination not to appear at present in France ; assured me, that as long as the present monarch remained at the head of affairs, Orleans would not interfere by his presence or otherwise ;—knew that a proportion of the regent's ministers had strongly advised the reappearance of Orleans in France—thought, that until the sentiments of Prince R—— were known, nothing could be done—talked of the strong party Orleans had in France ; but as an alloy, added, " So long as the exile at St. Helena lives, success is doubtful,"...did not think that his serene highness had the best information as to the state of things on the continent.

Calculated, as most men here do, upon the impossibility of renewing the war in Europe, the failure of the resources in this country ; said much upon the subject of America ; had no doubt but that we should be again called upon to act with hostility towards the United States ; this was the opinion of ministers.

A desultory conversation then arose, in the course of which his highness alluded to the probability of Jamaica following the example of St. Domingo. Spoke of the impolicy of our administration of affairs in Canada ; the necessity of removing the seat of government ; alluded to the vacillating policy of ministers ; had no doubt but that the independent interest would succeed in South America ; mentioned the Emperor of Russia ; his highness did not wonder at his dislike of England ; he was not well treated by certain persons ; that his disgust was natural ; thought he possessed a warm heart but a weak head ; thought that French intrigue would make him openly hostile to England.

His royal highness then brought Saxony and Prince Leopold upon the carpet ; said that every impediment was at last removed to the marriage ;

hinted at the direct opposition to the wishes of the Princess Charlotte as to the arrangements, having made her take a decided part against the *whole phalanx*; said, she might be led, but would not be driven; spoke of the Prince of Saxe as a very amiable young man, who had made great progress in the language; that as far as he knew to the contrary, the marriage would take place on the 2nd of May; said that the Princess of Wales's return was reported as likely to be soon; this no one could tell, for no one had the key to her irregular conduct; admitted that the rumours of a projected divorce were true, and that the regent was determined to effect it *if possible*! but he did not think it politic—*recriminations* would be rather awkward at the present moment; spoke of the distressing situation the family were placed in by the want of confidence between the sovereign and the people.

Here his royal highness entered into a review of the talent displayed by the contending parties, in which he demonstrated the errors committed by the present administration; eulogised the preponderating ability in the Opposition, and said much in favour of Horner's conciliatory manner of expressing himself, and condemned the warmth of Brougham. As to Castlereagh, he gave him no quarter; was wholly at a loss to account for the protracted return of Canning! After his royal highness had thus expressed himself, Sir R. Wilson was brought forward. When I mentioned the probable duration of the imprisonment, he said that he considered Sir R. W—— long since, as an indiscreet man; a gallant but not a good officer; mentioned the correspondence with Lords Grey and Holland; stated how very miserable Lord G—— had been since the discovery; said his bad information had been one of the causes of Whitbread's fatal exit. Here the conversation ended, with an assurance from his royal highness to make the subject of my application to him the topic of conversation with Orleans that very day. I bowed and retired. Captain Harvey afterwards told me, his royal highness was much gratified "with your easy, pleasing manners;—your candour particularly struck him."

April 23.—The Duke of Orleans had a conversation with the regent yesterday, which lasted two hours. He went to Carlton House immediately after his interview with Kinnaird.

London, April 25.—Yesterday, at an early hour, I went to Kensington Palace to learn from Captain Harvey the conversation which passed between the two royal dukes; anxious enough, as you may suppose. I was, however, disappointed. His highness's secretary was gone to Windsor to the queen, and his servant knew not when he would return.

That I might have nothing to reproach myself with, on my return I despatched a note, begging the captain would let me know what hour I could see him this morning. The reply did not reach me until ten o'clock A.M.

In this communication Captain H—— expressed a desire to see me as soon as possible. I have just returned—it is now noon. The result of this interview enables me to communicate that the Duke of Kent entertains the most favourable opinion of my ability to serve the cause. Harvey was not present at the interview on Monday, nor has he heard his highness utter a syllable upon the subject. They were not long together, as Orleans had an appointment with the regent. He went to C—— House, and remained there two hours. Kent has been greatly occupied

with his own private concerns since; and this morning he set off for Windsor, to meet the prince and the royal family assembled there to celebrate the birth-day of the Princess Mary. Orleans, I believe, was of the party.

I endeavoured to impress upon the mind of H——, who is a very intelligent man, and has been in active service twenty years, having served in Egypt under Abercromby, the means I had of engaging the press to advocate his favourite measure. He admitted this, and had no doubt but that the Duke of Kent thought so likewise. I added every thing which suggested itself to my imagination, without appearing *too* zealous. In short, Captain H—— concluded with recapitulating my instructions. "You want," said he, "to know the conversation which passed, and a letter of introduction to Orleans. On Saturday I pledge myself to put you in possession of both." Here we parted, with mutual expressions of esteem.

Kinnaird is *not* at Brussels, nor has he been there lately. I was yesterday with the Countess of Derby. K—— passed the evening of Monday there. From her ladyship I learnt that he sets off for the Netherlands in a few days; the object of his mission relates to Orleans. Rely on my exertions; I have a heart and a hand in the service. K—— is greatly mortified at the failure of his attempt to circulate his pamphlet at Brussels. K—— sent them to Calais (150 copies), and they were seized, he tells me, in the Diligence.

April 27.—Every thing is going on well at Kensington and Twickenham. I have been again with K——, and shall most probably see Orleans to-morrow or Wednesday. I am now preparing a letter for the latter, by desire of his royal highness.

The Times had the trial and sentence on Wilson and the others, exclusively, and by express.

The Champion (Sunday journal) threatens to give such a portrait of Perry of *The Chronicle*, as shall "make every boy he meets point and laugh at him."

(To be continued.)

THE CANDIOTE:

A FRAGMENT.

BY MAHMOUZ EFFENDI.

"CAPODISTRIA!" exclaimed YANNOALIS the Candiote. "*Capodistria!*"—and here the speaker spat on the deck. "Curses on CORFU for breeding the *pezavenk*! Would that his own father's drugs had poisoned him ere he turned statesman—or that the TZAR when he selected such a servant had kept him in Switzerland, or sent him once for all to Siberia, instead of cumbering Hellas with his presence! We *χλεπτα* wanted no Capodistria at Nauplia, and George Mavromikhalis did good service when by a bullet he rid us of him! And yet after all," continued the Candiote, "what have we gained by his death? But little to *my*

mind. One Frank is as bad as another. *Kerratà!* not a single *kleph-tine* now keeps the seas—not even a *monoxyla* is to be found with an owner bold enough to board these cursed foreign merchantmen which, driving us natives from our own waters, sail by, day after day, unnoticed. A few years ago, indeed, they would have paid high toll enough! Then a palikar was a palikar—now they're all grown faint-hearted, skulking ashore, begging for Bavarian patronage and ribbons, and loving the reed and the inkhorn rather than a long rifle and an ataghan!—*Capodistria!* I never hear that name but I think of KARABUSA, and the chance I there lost of a glorious share of gold and plunder."

"How so, *patrour?*" said a stripling, abruptly, interrupting the speaker.

"'Tis a sad tale to tell, Anastasio, and can't be told now. Patience, my lad, and you may some day hear it; but refill my *tchibouque*. Candiote as I am, and accustomed to fast as well as feast, I can't—even to give Tombazi there a spell—steer such a *saccolava* as this without a pipe in my mouth."

"Both Turk and Greek are agree'd on that point," said Tombazi; "for the helmsman of every craft in company is now blowing a cloud. Look to leeward there."

"No! no! there's no time to mind those fellows! Look to windward, to windward, Tombazi! Now as we open the island we shall soon see how this uncertain weather will favour or foil us. By St. Nicolo, I fear the latter! and but five minutes since I made sure of the contrary! Never mind the pipe, boy!"

Just as the last sentence was uttered, the Candiote felt the *saccolava* give a sudden heel to port—a few moments later a terrific rush of wind swept the surface of the sea; and ultimately as squall rapidly succeeded squall, it was found prudent to put before the wind, and run back under the island of SERPHO for shelter.

* * * * *

A few days had passed on—the late gale was forgotten—and the *saccolava* was safely anchored at Tchesmeh, on the continental side of the *Boghaz* or Strait of SCIO, waiting for the choice cargo of figs and raisins she was to carry to STAMBOUL. Yannoalis and his little crew, all of whom were connected with him by the ties of *blood* (some being near relations and others old companions in arms and desperate deeds), were now seated in the *kafeh-haneh* of the place, one playing at *tric-trac* with an aged Osmanley, and another roasting coffee, while Tombazi was vainly endeavouring to patch up a broken *yonghar* or *tchaganah*—a three-stringed Anatolian guitar that had seen enough service to become but of little use, and now defied all his attempts to mend and refit it. The old man might, perhaps, have built a new *kaik* sooner than repair that *tchaganah* sufficiently to coax music out of it. His perseverance, however, was commendable.

At sea Yannoalis was content with a short cherry-stick *tchibouque*, and with *yavash tootoon*, the "mildest weed." Ashore, *tootoon* was now replaced by the strongest *tambaccoo*, and the more fashionable water-pipe or *narghileh*, the smoke of which he "drank" on the present occasion at Tchesmeh, with all the *gusto* of one perfectly acquainted with the important duty he was performing. The very musquitoes seemed desirous not to interrupt him, and though the "*haneh*" was somewhat crowded, they, in

order the less to disturb him, so it appeared, contented themselves with retiring to the farthest corner, and there (overlooking other attractions) they buzzed about the sallow nose of a Smyrniote merchant, who ever affecting to despise *coffee*, unless made at the "Frank Cassino," seemed now wrapped up in the contemplation of a cup of *chocolate* that Dmitri, his travelling servant and occasional dragoman, was carefully but slowly preparing for him. Any little impatience the merchant manifested might well be attributed to the delay his stomach was thus compelled to undergo rather than to the polite attentions he received from insects. To them he was accustomed. And in sober truth, the merchant was in good-humour enough, for his visit to Tcheshmeh had proved a profitable one; and an hour before the approaching midnight he intended again to be in the saddle, jogging back to the adjacent "city of figs;" and his *cassino*, which, on his wiry, enduring hack, he hoped to reach in a single day's ride.

Suddenly observing that Yannoalis, with part of whose history he was not altogether unacquainted, had his eye on the cake of chocolate upon which Dmitri, the factotum, had just exercised his talents, the merchant turned towards the Candiot, and opened conversation—that is, after a preliminary cough and a slight change of position, so as almost to face Yannoalis.

The merchant was, in his own idea, a very polite man; and he boasted among his sons and daughters that the Pasha of Smyrna never alluded to their *Baba* without adding, "*Ah! Kameel beer adâhm door!*" This might be true, for probably the pasha never thought of alluding to *him* at all, and much less of styling *him* the "pink of politeness."

"Yannoalis," said the merchant, "they tell us at Ismyr that in the most flourishing days of KARABUSA, the good men and true there assembled—to beat the Turks out of Candia—were not over well acquainted with the use of such cakes of chocolate as that upon which you are now gazing. They add, too," continued the Smyrniote, "that they *actually used them as razor-strops!* I have seen it so set down in the book of one Thomas Gordon."

"No matter whether they *did* as you say, or did *not*," answered Yannoalis, after a longer pull at his "hubble-bubble," "the tale, for aught I know, may be true enough; but, certain it is, we got a good edge both to razors and *swords* by *some* means—we could shave well in those days—many a prize did we bring into Karabusa, and not a few into Smyrna itself. Ah! you Smyrniote merchants may well laugh at our ignorance—well might you become 'civilised' and learn the use of chocolate before we did—in '27, for instance, all of you made mighty profits on the banks of the Meles—the razor story may be all *BOSH*, but it is *not* *BOSH* to say—yet why should I talk about what every one admits? Still it is rather hard that you traders continue daily to speak of our past deeds as horribly 'piratical,' but at the same time are troubled with such short memories, that you quite forget who were the *receivers* of what we 'piratically' obtained."

"I am not answerable for *others*," interrupted the merchant. "I have received nothing, the produce of piracy."

"*Directly*, perhaps not," replied Yannoalis, "*indirectly*, much have you received. The firm in which you still are, was, before you joined it,

not unknown to the Cretan Antoniades and the Epitropie of Karabusa. The wealth they *then* gained, you share in *now*."

The merchant was about to rejoin, but the Candiote continued,

"For my own part," said he, "I am ready to own that, but a few years since, the poorest *mistik* suited *me* better than the richest merchant's *magzen*. I care not who hears me say as much, every man present may listen, since no law can touch me *now* for what I did *then*, and I yet wear my *handjar* for those who volunteer in my presence a contrary opinion, without full authority and my permission. Not that I wish to quarrel—not I; yet, let all remember *this*, the English—and they are the best of the Franks—the English commodore, in '28 (STAINES was his name) sent me, with some few others, after the capture of Karabusa, to Egina for *trial*! Well, we were *ACQUITTED*, one and all, and we left the court without any *stains* upon our *character*!"

"As to your *conscience*," added the merchant, "that's perhaps another question."

"Then let your missionaries wash both conscience and character clean, if they can, and when I ask them—"

"And that will be—"

"Never!" answered the Candiote, roughly; "right or wrong, give me a Greek papas or a Turkish mollah before a Frank missionary. Are there no *Franks* to preach to without teasing *me*?"

"Come, come, Yannoalis," said Tombazi, dropping the guitar, which all his efforts had not yet improved, "come, come, I often steer your *saccolera*, and, as you call the old man your favourite *doomenjee*, I may sometimes try to steer *you*; come, come, this may lead to words: if you want to speak, *do* speak and amuse. You promised some of us, a day or two since, a story about yourself and about KARABUSA—ah! that's right; when you thus relinquish your pipe, and hand it over to Tombazi, he knows well enough the cloud has passed away, and that Yannoalis is ready for the *kalo-krassi*. Here, *hadji*, *Sherrab-var-mee*?"

"*Var*," replied the *kafjee*, "there *is* wine," and the wine was brought immediately.

The *kafjee* was of course a Greek.

"Now," said Tombazi, after Yannoalis had taken a draught, and passed on the cool earthen jar in which the wine was contained, "now speak out, like a very *meddah* at Ramazan."

"The story! the story!" exclaimed all around, with that alacrity which is ever displayed in the East, as soon as a narrative is about to be related, no matter what the subject.

"Well, well, what must be must be," said Yannoalis: "yet, before I begin, let me warn you all, you will be much, very much, disappointed. No cargo can be quickly or well discharged when you're short of hands, and I'm not in a humour, not in strength, for story-telling to-night. A bare statement must suffice. I *could* curdle your blood, but to-night I'm in another humour."

THE TALE.

"My life," commenced the Candiote, "has been a rough one, and, to tell the truth, like many Albanians as well as my own countrymen, I can't at times make up my mind whether to call myself Greek or Turk, soldier or sailor—pay, or the nearest priest or chief, has for a time often

decided the question with me. The best bidder or talker has generally had my services, such as they are. I was partly educated for a priest once at Mount Athos, but even there I could never learn why a poor man should not work his way on both sides if he can fill his purse by it. If, unfortunately, he has ever to fight against old comrades, why he can but send his bullet, as I have, wide of the mark, and then there's no great harm done, save the waste of powder and shot. I speak only of rough, wandering fellows, like myself, who stick to *this* sort of fighting, 'tambouria against tambouria,' not of those slaves—for what else are they?—who range in line or column, like a string of plodding camels led by an ass. No, no; give me, ashore, simple skirmishing, with an occasional touch at the sword; for instance, after a hearty pull at the *sherrab* or *raki*, on a saint's day. On saints' days there's plenty of singing, and I don't know how it is that after singing I am always disposed for a little fighting."

"Then it's lucky I did *not* mend the guitar," said Tombazi, "I can sing like a *bulbul*,—a nightingale."

"Not without music, Tombazi, to help you, and no music can be got out of *that* wreck," said the Candiote; "if I fought not till *that* instrument warmed my blood, I should be dreadfully out of practice."

"Never mind the guitar, go on with the story," answered Tombazi, taking a pull at the wine-jar.

"*Peck-ee*, very well," continued Yannoalis, "let us jump to the year '25 of the Frank era. I was then in Candia when Ibrahim Pasha,* the Egyptian, put into Suda to raise a body of Candiote Mussulmans for the invasion of the Morea. I joined him. We reached Modon in February, which is ever the worst month of the year in Greece. Ah! how it knocked over the Philhellenes! In the end of March we prepared to take Neocastron (Navarin); beat the rebels at Kromidi under their Hydriote leader Skourti, and after some hard work we got comfortable possession of Navarin in May. I now got tired of siding with Ibrahim's bleary Arabs, and therefore on finding a friend in an Egyptian brig-of-war bound to Suda, I got on board, and in June, '25, found myself again in Candia, in the very tavern where five or six months before I had consented to proceed to Greece, and whence I had now brought plunder enough for a merry carouse. At the end of August, sick of being ashore, I was about to come up to Tchesmeh or Ismyr, for figs, as I am now, when news reached me that Kalerji, Antoniadès, and Economos had surprised the rock and fort of Karabusa by stratagem. In this place, opposite the north-west coast of Candia, I soon found myself, instead of being on my route to Tchesmeh. Glorious days now burst upon me. We gradually gathered to the number of seven thousand, men, women, and children; formed a government of our own; relied upon our impregnable citadel; and in '26 began what you merchants call 'piracy.' Our first haul was 7000 dollars, from a vessel of Marseilles. The Turks, whom we had turned out of Karabusa, positively *wanted to buy the place back again*. We knew better than that. Their price was high, but we knew where to filch a better, and yet keep possession of Karabusa. We now manned corsairs enough. Time rolled on, and no less than nearly 500 sail fell into the clutches of our free-traders."

This is the same Ibrahim who visited London in the Summer of 1846.

"Were there many of them English?" asked the Smyrniote.

"*Ninety-three*," answered Yannoalis, and he then continued his story.

"By these numerous captures—the Algerine and Maroqueens never had such luck—very many of us acquired a share of plunder that, once transported to Syra or Smyrna, would, through the assistance of Frank receivers, have made us independent for ever. We might then have stood side by side with the Armenian *seraffs*. But getting much we still wanted more. I invariably refused selling to any of the numerous agents visiting Karabusa, having determined to proceed to Smyrna myself in the hope of making a better market. But who can read his fate?"

Tombazi here saw that his kinsman's face was suddenly darkening, and again the wine was lifted to his lips. And the Candiote drank.

"What sort of a place was this Karabusa as to buildings?" said the Smyrniote merchant. "Had it a cassino? We have a famous one in *Ismyr*, and the Greeks there have another."

"A cassino," said Yannoalis, "*every* house was a cassino; cards, dice, coffee, pipes, wine, and ALLAH knows not what! *Mashallah!* we had a merry time of it! *Panayia!*"

"How did you escape the Frank men-of-war, when cruising?"

"By a good look-out, and a better knowledge of currents and winds. And besides, do you think their *Greek* pilots wanted *us* to be caught? Especially when their own pay was but a dollar a day! They wished us well, for we were benefiting the Archipelago and *them* also, since our doings gave many of them employment, inasmuch as the Frank fleets were considerably increased, and having no capable pilots of their own were obliged to run into Milo to engage them."

"Well, but were you ever in action with Frank cruisers?"

"But seldom; the Frank government seemed for a time to think the more that piracy existed, the sooner they could get up an 'intervention.' Franks are ever fond of that game on our waters—we nevertheless had a fight or two; in March, 1827, the Yankee corvette Warren sunk one, and the French gabarre Lamproye, sunk another of our schooners; but one or two vessels were no loss to us, and the expense of adding a dozen sail to our cruisers was indeed but a trifle, since every soul in Karabusa, man, woman, and child was a partner in our cause; received, in the first instance, if poor, money to subscribe to our common fund; and then being equally 'in' for the guilt and the honour, had a portion of our profits according to the sum 'invested.' That's another Frank term. Give me some wine.

"We had more than seventy piratical vessels afloat, belonging to Karabusa and obeying its laws. Some of them *we purchased from the navy of Greece!* The Greek government made no objection, why should they?"

"Well, well, matters went on for two or three years, till January, 1828; when CAPODISTRIA—curses on him!—came out as president of Greece. He soon managed to get nine English and French men-of-war to act together against Karabusa. The Englishman, Sir Thomas Staines, was the commodore. He called on us to deliver up our twelve vessels then in port, all the plundered merchandise in the island, and the persons of twelve individuals, of whom, I, Yannoalis, though then under another name, was

one. These conditions were not to be borne! On the 31st of January, 1828, therefore, the combined fleet attacked us; and Mavrocordato was on board of them. That day ruined my fortunes!

"KARABUSA was a place I could love; I did love it. It was an island. Its winds and currents were as wild as my own life. Old Ocean roared at my feet. An almost impregnable citadel towered above my head. Rocks and reefs, embosomed in surf and foam, peeped up around us to prove to our enemies that nature, as well as art and courage, were opposed to them. And we were stronger still. For never loved I more, never men venerated more, any church or patron, than we then adored the chapel of PANAYIA KLERHTRINA, adorned as it was with our offerings of silver shrines and crystal chandeliers. The plunder of five hundred sail enabled us to give due honour to the church. Our priests, however, at Karabusa seemed not to have profited in what is called honesty, wherever they were educated, more than I did myself at Athos. They were priests and pirates too; and they were none the worse for it, so far as we Karabusans had to deal with them; they prayed hard enough to the Virgin for us. Well, as I said just now, Commodore Staines attacked us with nine sail.

"The English always have luck at sea. One of our vessels, the *Terpsichore*, blew up, the remaining eleven were taken with some small craft, one of which was mine; and my only revenge was to see the English frigate *CAMBRIAN* strike on a reef and become a total wreck! My share of plunder on board the *Terpsichore* was first blown into atoms, and then my small craft, ready for a cruise to Smyrna, where I could have turned her contents into gold—aye, aye, *your* firm would have helped me—sunk soon after being taken possession of! I was thus a ruined man, and moreover a prisoner. Giulio Kassimati, the director of police at Cerigo, was, unfortunately, with the English squadron, and he recognised me as well as Papa Gregorios, who, shaving his beard, had taken refuge afloat, in the disguise of an old woman. We were sent to Egina for trial, and ACQUITTED. My COUNTRY then decided I had done no wrong. *Panayia*! Why should I fear the FRANKS? They still rob us of our trade by intruding in our waters—robbing their traders now and then is but tit for tat."

"Comrade," said Tombazi, "what became of the property left in Karabusa?"

"You must ask the Franks that," replied Yannoalis, "how should I know? When I was on trial, I heard they had taken possession of 1000 pieces of muslin, 200 pieces of cotton cloth, 400 pieces of printed calicoes, 2000 lbs. of coffee, and plenty of cambric, gauze, nankeen, velvet, broad cloth, and satin, shawls, spices, plate, and wine, and arms and ammunition. ALLAH alone knows what became of it all! Perhaps it went down to Malta with our captured craft."

"Karabusa may rise again," said Anastasio.

"No, boy, no!" replied Yannoalis, "these Frank *steamers* are too strong for us. The deeds of '25 and '28 will never be repeated. And yet, after all, they were not worse than NAVARINO."

"Let's talk about *figs*," said the Smyrniote merchant. He ever blinked the question of Navarino. And here the conversation stopped.

L I T E R A T U R E.

MR. JAMES'S HEIDELBERG.*

HEIDELBERG will at once take its place among Mr. James's most spirited and interesting historical romances. Written, in all probability on the spot, the descriptions possess all the vividness of first impressions, while an eye trained to contemplation, and an imagination skilled in retrospective images, has filled the valley of the Neckar and the picturesque old town with its venerable Castle, superb even in ruin, with those forms and fancies of by-gone times which are best suited for such a locality.

Two horsemen coming at a foot-pace over the edge of the hill, where the splendid valley of the Neckar, with its castled town and ancient woods, and giant mountains, first breaks upon the eye, at once introduce us to all the details of this peerless spot. And who, again, are these figures thus brought out in relief in a framework of the middle ages? They were plainly appareled, had but two servants, two grooms, each leading a baggage horse, and a page, small equipage for men of station at that period, but they were young and handsome, and bore the stamp of noble blood.

To rivet our interest still further, they are Englishmen too, and one calls himself Algernon Grey, the other William Lovet. They know little of the town, for they are obliged to ask the way to the Golden Stag, of a warlike and surly baron who rejoices in the name of Oberntraut, and to tease whom the young Englishmen lay a bet the same evening, that unknown, and without introductions whatsoever, they will present themselves at festivities then being held at the Court Palatine.

What is begun as the sport of the moment concludes as a tic for life. Thanks to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who shared the short-lived power of Frederic V., the young Englishmen are well received, and by a licence then practised at the Court Palatine, are each handed over to the guardianship of a fair lady. Unfortunately, Algernon's companion, Agnes Herbert, is the beloved of the wrathful Baron de Oberntraut, and the progress which the Englishman makes in her good graces, entails a fierce mediæval combat, fought without witnesses, and at the evening hour, on the right bank of the Neckar, at a time when there were no houses to be seen between Neunheim on the one hand, and the old religious foundation of Neuburg, now called the Stift, on the other.

The hero of our story does not wish to wound his fierce antagonist, but is obliged to do so in self-defence, and the fall of the German soldier suggests from the author one of those heart-searching reflections which would almost lead one to think that he had travelled in other countries besides Europe.

"However cool and self-possessed a man may be—though he may think himself fully justified in what he has done—though he may have been acting in self-defence—though the act may have been inevitable, yet no one can inflict a real and serious injury upon another without feeling a certain degree of regret, if not remorse, unless his heart be hard as adamant. It is at such moments that the strange link of consanguinity which binds the whole human

* Heidelberg. A Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

race together is first known to us ; it is then that we feel we are brothers, and that we have raised a hand against a brother's life."

Incidents begin now to follow one another with a rapidity which is only rivalled by that of the swollen Neckar itself. Algernon hurries away for succour, when a shrill piercing shriek breaks upon his ear. The elector and his princess had been out with their gay court on a party of pleasure, the river was rising rapidly on their return, their horses' hoofs were splashing in the water, when the jennet rode by Agnes shied at the unexpected sight of horses and page gathered together at the opening of the road, and notwithstanding her efforts to keep its head forward, it reared and struggled till its feet passing the limit of the road, it and its rider were plunged headlong over into the midst of the rushing stream.

Lovet's character comes out in dark relief at this eventful moment. Muttering between his teeth, "Ha! we must find another," he dashed on till he reached a spot where the road was free of water. At the same moment, however, that the heartless exclamation passed his lips Algernon Grey appeared from the woods. Springing into a rude bark, he with a vigorous effort pushed it forth into the stream. The horse, with the instinct of self-preservation, was endeavouring to breast the current, while Agnes clung to it, uttering shriek after shriek, but in spite of its efforts, the poor animal was whirled round by the eddies and carried down to a black-looking rock which it attempted to clamber up, but the attempt was fatal to the jennet, for it was rolled over back into deep water. Agnes loosened her hold, and at this very moment a hand grasped her's warmly, and a voice she knew said, "You are safe! You are safe! God's name be praised!"

But dark perils still awaited the lovers. The frail bark was half full of water, the least touch would have sunk it, and Algernon dared not steer it to the land. Hurried resistless down the stream, they neared rude masses of granite only to be whirled round in the vortex formed by the impeded torrent the moment it was free.

"Oh, what a terrible period was the passage down that stream. At each instant some new danger beset them—now the rocks—now the shallows—now the rapids—now the eddies: no means of approaching the shore: and reasonable doubts, that any effort to do so would not lead to immediate destruction."

The sky became darker and darker every moment, the torrent roared, the wind howled blowing strong against them, the agitated surface of the stream tossed them to and fro, rocks, trees, woods, and mountains, stood out, and then disappeared like phantoms in a dream. Walls and towers became for a brief moment visible, and all was black again. They were near the bridge, but the skiff shot in fury through the vault and escaped the danger; still, however, it hurried on, and all was again silence and darkness. A gleam of the rising moon betrayed the Heiligberg, as with a sudden shock the boat stranded on a bank. There, in the middle of the river, did the young friends await the rising of the moon, and by its light they were ultimately enabled to gain the opposite bank, covered with long sedge and bulrushes.

This vigorously sketched descent of the Neckar by the two lovers in a frail skiff, breathless with interest from its quick succeeding incidents and fearful escapes, is like many others of its kind that have been recently in-

roduced into the domain of picturesque fiction, the glowing offspring of a common parent.

After so earnest a notion of the style of Heidelberg, it is needless to follow our lovers amid the merriment and revelry that reigned at the then gayest and most splendid court in Europe: a merriment which was marred for a moment by Algernon's confinement for the duel with Obertraut, and still more seriously and permanently so, by the troubled aspect of political affairs when all Catholic Germany arose to overthrow the short-lived power of the protestant elector. Algernon, who turns out to be my Lord of Hillingdon, becomes one of the most important of the volunteers who struggled for that cause, which was lost for ever before the walls of Prague, and sealed by the capture of Heidelberg itself. Two such great events afford, besides the incidents belonging to the actors in the story, a wide scope for Mr. James's talents, which he wields with all the success attendant upon power matured by experience. To be tired of such emanations of genius, or to reproach the author with his fertility, is really like being wearied of Spring and insensible to its floral beauties. What are the gifts of imagination or of eloquence, but gems of the mind? as much so as a beautiful flower is a gem of the field, and a star is the gem of the sky; and he who is so richly gifted is more deserving of our grateful thanks and admiration than of that spirit of jealous detraction which so often emanates from a less industrious or less successful fraternity.

ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.*

ANOTHER tourist throws himself on the kindness of the wayworn public, and he is welcome, for if not an erudite traveller versed in Storch, Vsevolozsky, Hassel, or Schnitzler, he is a gentlemanly companion, who skims lightly over the surface of things, is as willing to be pleased as he was readily won over by courtly attentions, and who presents us as a result, with much that is well qualified to dilute the phial of wrath lately poured upon that vast iron despotism which binds in a single chain, the population of a territory far exceeding that of Rome in its most magnificent days, or the more ephemeral yet gigantic empires of Alexander the Great, Taimur, and Ghengiz Khan.

What a colour does temper and disposition throw over the most trivial things? That which is venom to the jaundiced dyspeptic is food for merriment to the gay-hearted and happy. Instead of inquisitive policemen and impertinent clerks, our traveller meets on his arrival in the dread autocracy "a civil and gentleman-like man who merely asked him whether he was travelling for pleasure," which being replied to by the monosyllable "yes," he was wished a good morning and a pleasant tour! How different to M. de Custine's entrance into the same country? But the author admits that the preparations even for this slight examination were "imposing" and "awful;" and it appears further on, that notwithstanding the good morning and pleasant tour, that passports were again examined, and *another* hour's delay was experienced before he was permitted to land. Arrived at St. Petersburg, "that pleasant capital of painted

* *St. Petersburg and Moscow: a Visit to the Court of the Czar.* By Richard Southwell Bourke, Esq. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

snows," its means and accommodations, its daily life, and public buildings, are pleasantly described, and that with sufficiency of detail, without being prolix or tedious. The sketches of society are, however, what will win popularity for our traveller. They are at once, new, racy, and pointed, and make us feel as much at home at a Russian party as the author himself, with the drawback that he could never remember the name of a gentleman or lady to whom he was introduced at the royal palace or a soiree of the Countess O——'s. Nor did our lively author appear to shine on all points at the review given by the emperor, and in which he declares that he bore the uniform of the Kildare Militia bravely through the day, and he hopes supported the renown of that ancient and distinguished corps amidst a determined downpour of rain, and the details of a great battle gone through in knee-deep mud.

The interview with the czar is, however, the great point, before which, churches, palaces, schools, gardens, army, police, and even witty and beautiful ladies fade away as if overshadowed by the expansive wings of the Black Eagle.

"Even," says our author, "among the youthful branches of a family so famous for beauty, the emperor shines pre-eminent, as well by the majesty of his deportment, as by the Jove-like beauty of his countenance. Towering over every one in the room, his well-proportioned figure glided through the crowd; and the extraordinary grace of his manner is only equalled by the superiority of his manly form. A kind word, a cheerful remark, or a glad smile, greeted and delighted every person he addressed; while with rare talent he seemed to unite in one the host, the master, and the companion.

"Never, in any rank of life, have I seen a man so admirably fitted for the position in which he is placed; and when we consider what that position is—the absolute monarch, the wielder of the destinies of a seventh part of the habitable globe—we must think him great indeed on whom such a dignity can suitably rest. His eagle eye, on this night, wandered over the room. He directed every thing even to the smallest minutiae; while never for a moment could I detect a movement or a gesture unworthy the dignity of the emperor."

Is it surprising that the magic of imperial condescension should have at once mesmerised the representative of the Kildare Militia, when it succeeded with the less facile and most democratic of our noble ambassadors and the autocrat of geological science? Yet, notwithstanding so pleasant a time at St. Petersburg, sight-seeing or some military exhibition every day, a party or a ball every night, our traveller is so ungallant to ladies and emperor as to acknowledge that he felt a wondrous relief when taken away from such artificial forms and ceremonies to launch himself upon the great plain that stretches from St. Petersburg to Moscow. At the latter he begins to get some insight into the evils of an autocratic constitution, and his patience is sorely tried by certain delays that occurred at the theatre while waiting for the governor's presence. Upon this subject as upon that of the admitted profligacy and dishonesty to be found among government officers, he admits that it is impossible that a government whose members are all to be considered in the light of underlings, should be endued with a high *morale*. "A kingdom," he says, "cannot be properly governed by men who are, at best, but servants of an emperor."

Moscow, with its kremlin, its churches and monasteries, its exiles on their way to Siberia—an inseparable companion picture—Novogorod and a smoking princess, the fortress of Schlussemburg and the romantic and

sad history of Ivan Antonovitch, the real version of the story of the Princess Trubetzkoï &c. that given by De Custine, a peep at Cronstadt and Reval, with the legend of the body of the Duke of St. Croix, are among the other many varied and amusing subjects that gladden the pages of these charming volumes.

The author does not fully appreciate the relationship of the emperor with his nobility—a despotism of landholders—far more onerous than that of an absolute monarchy. Nor does he see that in a country so circumstanced, all reforms must emanate from the emperor and not from the people, and that the war between the two has been fairly begun by Nicholas, by the abolition of serfdom among the peasants of the crown. We cannot also quite agree with our author, that a traveller should not draw comparisons between his own country and others. We cannot conceive, in regard to some matters, any other modes of observation, but the common error of travellers, and especially English travellers, is comparing the faults and prejudices of his country with the manners and customs of others. The wisdom of comparison lies in the distinction of the good and the correct from the false and the mischievous; not in omitting comparison altogether, for in its present state, civilisation itself is only a comparative and abstract idea.

CAMP AND BARRACK-ROOM.*

MESSRS. CHAPMAN and HALL'S Monthly Series has decidedly received an impulse by the enlargement of its plan and the admission of works of a more general interest. We venture to predict that "*Camp and Barrack-Room*" will be as extensively read as any of its predecessors, although the additional title of "*The British Army as it is*," is one of very extravagant pretensions, when coming from a person who has seen only two years and a few weeks' service, a portion of which was spent among raw recruits at Chatham, a portion on a voyage to Calcutta and back again by Ceylon to the Indus, another portion in camp at Sukkur, and the last in the return home.

The necessity of elevating the character of the soldier by rendering the military service more eligible, and by extirpating many of its still barbarous practices, is of so imperious a nature, that we gladly receive even a narrative of grievances and a grumble prolonged, with the help of a chapter on Zoroaster, through upwards of 300 pages, in hopes that a remedy will spring from awakened sympathies or more universal conviction. There are, however, features in the soldier's life—the worse than Spartan indelicacy in the treatment of women—the degradation of the lash, and the licensed drunkenness, which, so long as they are tolerated, will ever oppose a formidable obstacle to improvements or ameliorations.

Take, for example, our author's account of his arrival at Chatham, which appears not only an initiatory school for drill, but also for all those petty vices, which become so peculiarly characteristic of the man who is by the treatment he receives degraded, instead of being raised, to the rank of a British soldier.

Hard fare, still worse accommodation, and foul and abominable language, welcome the recruit, who is fleeced by his gambling companions,

* "*Camp and Barrack-Room* ; or, *the British Army as it is*." By a late Staff-Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. Chapman and Hall.

and cheated or tyrannised over by the non-commissioned staff. But glad as our intelligent author was when he received permission to accompany a draft ordered to India, he did not find the change much for the better. Bad tea, uncomfortable hammocks, watches, and weariness, were, however, in our hero's case, relieved in virtue of his superior education, by his appointment as writer.

It certainly was a circumstance well calculated to try any man's patience to find that upon arriving after a long sea voyage at Calcutta, he was to be immediately re-embarked for Scinde; but luckily a steamer was appointed for the journey, which was not thus so very long. Arrived at Kurratchee, they stood for the Indus, where two river steamers brought down their cargoes of sick in exchange for the healthy substitutes. This was rather an unpromising beginning. Our author's position was however much bettered by his acting as a provost-sergeant and pay-sergeant, which, after so brief a period of service—if service it could be called at all—was not bad. At Sukkur, where he joined the head-quarters of his regiment, he had to take off his chevrons and return to duty as a private, but this did not last long; he was soon sent to write in the orderly-room, was appointed clerk, and ultimately became a staff-sergeant, no bad example in himself of the peculiar advantages of education and good conduct in the army, which, during two brief years of service, secured him from all the drudgery of a private's duties, and enabled him to obtain so respectable a rank, that he himself acknowledges that on his return he did not wish to quit the service had it not been for some jealous feelings entertained against his adjutant.

The history of the camp at Sukkur is familiar to the public. The 17th were the first to suffer at this fatal spot, then came the 13th, and they were relieved by the 78th Highlanders, whose terrible sufferings and losses have established the reputation of the place as the charnel-house of Indian dominion. This history of suffering from heat and sickness is relieved by painful episodes of a murder and the execution of the assassin, and by a curious account of the mutiny of the 64th sepoy. Our author rails at the drunken habits of the soldiers vigorously and successfully. Such a nuisance as a canteen he justly remarks ought not to exist at all. "Liquor, on a long and harassing campaign," he says, and we perfectly agree with him, "may be, and I am confident is, beneficial when taken with water; but in a station in the East, where it is necessary to keep the system regular and cool, it fires the blood, and renders it doubly susceptible of disease."

There is not much incident in all this, of military exploits none, but of the sufferings, privations, and hardships of a soldier's life on the Indus, an abundant account. We sincerely hope that the publication of these, however discordantly they may jar upon the feelings of the interested, will lead to good results. It is to the ultimate advantage of all parties that the character of the soldier and sailor should be raised, and there can be no more effectual way of accomplishing that, than by education, better treatment, and the encouragement of sobriety.

BURNS' FIRESIDE LIBRARY.*

THE season of mists and mellow fruitfulness warns us as distinctly of a coming fireside as does the falling leaf of which Arnault and Mackay so

* Burns' Fireside Library. 21 volumes. 17, Portman-street.

pitifully inquire "Where goest thou?" but which is still ever going, a moral lesson yearly read to us as eloquently as aught in nature can be. And the fireside—that family paradise below—how can it fail to remind us of the pleasant book, the nursery tale for the young one, the ballad for the stripling, and the novel for the maiden, which that undisturbed time of love so especially necessitates?

Let us fancy a collection for the forthcoming Winter. We said nursery-tales for the juveniles—if so, they must be of the good old kind. Jack the Giant-killer and Cinderella, with the less familiar Peter Klaus and the Robber Bridegroom, and some fifty others, such as have been told immemorially in the nurseries or at the firesides of the people in our own and other countries. Experience proves every day that such nursery literature is best suited to very young minds, modern travesties and caricatures of stories having only the effect of converting children into precocious and ridiculous little men and women.

Then we must have tales! How can we welcome evening in, and stir the fire, and close the shutters, and wheel the sofa round, if we have not a tale to read? We will have tales, and none but such as are first-rate. Peter Schlemihl, for example! So extraordinary is the popularity of this little work, that to name a tale now-a-days is to bring to mind "the shadowless man." The Easterns would call it the "father of tales." Yet Hauff, with his story-telling travellers, one for every halt of the caravan, and his story-telling slaves—the manumitted of the sheikh of Alexandria—his spectre-ships, severed hands, dwarfs, and caliph-storks, is no whit inferior, and rivals indeed in interest the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" themselves. Then there is Musæus, with his clever and witty versions of German popular stories; Prasca Loupouloff, the Russian original of the "Exiles of Siberia;" Quentin Matsys, the renowned painter of the "Misers," and that eventful historical epoch "the Swedes at Prague." Nay, the archæology of story-telling, the *Gesta Romanorum* itself, shall also, under the title of "Evenings with the Old Story-tellers," be made to contribute its quota to our fireside fund of amusement.

And what of a few choice novels?—the far-famed, the beautiful "Undine," for example; the mysterious romance of "The White Lady;" or that most popular of Swiss stories, "Liesli," which has been translated into every European language? Then again, La Motte Fouqué's poetical romance of the chivalrous ages, "The Magic Ring," or Grossis' revival of the quaint forms of the fourteenth century, in his "Marco Visconti," a novel which has been compared with the master-piece of Italian fiction, Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," and of which Mr. Warren's is the only existing translation in our language.

Other sources shall also be made to pour forth their abundance. Moments of leisure present themselves when yet there is not time for a story, and moments of bright and buoyant spirits steal over the heart, to which poetry and song are the fittest offerings. The most popular specimens of our ballad poetry, and "Songs and Ballads from English History," stand pre-eminent in this class of literature, although the "Northern Minstrelsy" also contains much that is nationally and plainly beautiful, with no small historical interest in its Jacobite songs. Germany, too, has its ballads and songs, replete with so much national emphasis and character, that the more ambitious and the more serious

efforts of the drama—Schiller's immortal "Joan of Arc" and "William Tell"—are alone adapted to follow in the wake, as the complement to the poetic feeling, roused by such eminently beautiful and impressive, although light and fanciful, productions.

The desiderata for a fireside library, which we have thus pictured to ourselves, are to be found, with many other little works of pleasing and instructive reading, as "The Lives of Englishmen in Past Days," "The Life of Alfred," "A Popular Account of the Structure, Arrangement, and Decoration of Churches," "A Collection of Fables and Parables, from the German of Lessing, Herder, Gellert," &c., in BURNS' FIRE-SIDE LIBRARY, where they are also profusely illustrated by many of the best artists this country can afford, constituting the said Fireside Library, without question, one of the cheapest, best, and most admirable collections, ever presented to the young or old, alike creditable to the taste and liberality of the publisher, and indicative of the progress made in the production of cheap, useful, and amusing publications.

LOST AND WON.*

As a question of art, it might be open to discussion, if the truthfulness of characters in the novel is not a higher object than the mere interest and sympathy which they excite. That this is the case to a certain extent there is no doubt, for every novel has its worldly personages, and many their disreputable actors, often, however, merely brought in as foils to the good, or as necessary elements of trials and deferred happiness. Other novels again fearlessly take a reprobate for their hero, not to arouse interest, or awaken sympathy in his fortunes, but as a work of art, relying upon the accuracy of detail, the graphic power of description, the insight into human nature under all aspects, the eventful incident and vigorous narrative, to command that interest, of which the hero of the story is himself unworthy. The success which such works have attained fully attest that the genius necessary for their elimination, is of a higher order than that which is requisite for success in the mere domestic novel, and that they take a higher stand as works of art.

It would, however, be deemed a very dangerous experiment to make, for the sake of truthfulness, all the characters of a novel of such a description that we cannot sympathise with them, although we are ready to acknowledge their frequent existence, and their able and successful delineation. The author of "Lost and Won; or, the Love Test," has, however, undertaken this dangerous task. She has written a clever and poetical sketch of English moral and aristocratic life, in which the actors are all uninviting and without allurements. First on the list is a proud and pedantic recluse, Sir Frederic Cleveland; next, a rapt, high-flown, and ecstatic daughter Sydney, and a good-for-nothing son, Compton, then a haughty taciturn first lover, Lionel Aylesford, accepted and then given up for a sentimental tutor, Hartley Woodward, to be again returned to, and once more, and for the last time lost, and the "love test" attained by the climax of an absurd catastrophe. Then there is a foolish rector, with a scheming wife, and two worse than

* *Lost and Won; or, the Love Test.* By the author of "*The Maid's Husband.*" 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

heartless daughters, and a vulgar uneducated peasant girl, who talks the sentimental tutor into matrimony, by disquisitions on paintings, coins, and gems, carried on in an extra Devonshire dialect! It is difficult to imagine any thing more absurd, unless it is the earnestness with which the author works at her task, and plies these uncouth and repulsive materials, to work out a story that shall tell and maybe make a sensation, for the Sydney of Cleveland Hall is meant to rival that beautiful conception of D'Israeli's, *Sidonia*, the impersonation of intellect! While Sir Frederic holds it as a principle that the privileges of birth and riches are to keep himself untainted by contact with a rude world, that persons so accidentally gifted must "either be of the mob, or as one of the aristocracy, keep apart from it," the *Sidonia* of Cleveland Hall, carrying out the same principle, refuses to walk at Deersley Point, a neighbouring little watering-place, because "the little people will stare at us, and think we are one among them; and perhaps talk to us—how disgusting!" This intellectual being, who is described as having a look that fits it

To drive away'
All sadness—but despair!

Quotes Madame de Sévigné to this effect, "*Comme la chose n'est pas d'une fort grande conséquence je reprendrai le fil de ma prose.*" Goëthe, for "there are secrets we must have from each other, but they are not secrets to each other," which is a bit of Germanic mysticism, and La Bruyère and Socrates, Shakspeare and Lablache, with many others, to help on the grandiloquent conversation of feminine super-excellence ever "fed with lofty thought."

The conversion of our *Sidonia* into an English gentlelady is a feat left for the cold calculating intellect of Lionel to accomplish, and notwithstanding our author's assurance, that man is, in his real nature, "a doubting, distrustful, timid, self-deceiving creature," that "it is a fact of every day experience that he seldom feels assurance—excepting in himself," thereby exposing in the usual and inevitable manner the sex of authorship, Lionel succeeds in this conversion by bringing Mr. Woodward and his rustic wife into renewed acquaintance with her who once loved him, and by that means satisfies her that whilst deceiving others, she had herself been deeply deceived: "that she had viewed things through a wrong medium, trusting to her imagination rather than her sense." But this invasion of Woodward's repose to test her own strength, this sacrifice of his feelings to accomplish her own victory, entails a severe retribution. Accident throws our heroine into a river, and Woodward rushes in, but not to her rescue. "One other throe!—And for this life, Sydney was his own. *Convulsively he crushed her in his arms*—this creature he had so loved in disappointment and in wo!" And as he hurries this unfortunate wife to a watery grave, he exclaims, "'Mine!—Mine! Lost and won!—This—this, is the Love Test!'" Readers will agree with us that this is a daring experiment in fiction—a venturousness that is even carried into the construction of the work, the point at which the first volume commences, being digressed from, to be resumed only at the end (page 194) of the second volume.

WANDERINGS OF A PEN AND PENCIL.*

THIS is a truly beautiful work. The wanderings, being confined to nooks and corners of our own dear land, are full of the most agreeable interest. It is difficult to imagine pleasanter or better assorted companions than Mr. F. P. Palmer and A. Crowquill; and heartily do we wish that the patronage of the public would enable them to present us with a richly-illustrated tome of a similar character every quarter. Starting with Bentley Hall, near Wolverhampton, we are shown the Old Star and Garter and King Charles' bed, reminiscences of old, which we quit for the natural scenery of Dudley Caverns and the ruins of the Priory and Castle at the same place. Perhaps too much with the Stuarts, we are next taken to Boscobel House and its interior, with the adjacent convent of the Black Ladies; and Mosely Hall, another refuge of royalty in adversity. Tamworth is inefficiently illustrated. Not so with Pooley Hall and Chapel—a tasteful chapter. Then we have Bosworth field, with a plan of the battle, and Richard's funeral revived! A variety of minor subjects are interspersed; but the village of Cumnor has been rich in subjects—from the “Bear and Ragged Staff” to the church, and from a chained Bible in the latter, to strange carved pew ornaments. Stanton Harcourt affords some good things; Oxford and Lichfield are also made to contribute, although not largely. Dale Church and Hermitage have been more honoured. The Peak in Derbyshire is illustrated by Peveril's Castle; the organ, and a child at the wheel in Peak Cavern. This is utterly unworthy of so remarkable a spot. Eldon Hole is not even noticed. Hardwicke Hall has more justice done to it; and sundry English curiosities in and around Nottingham, including King John's palace, the Berklands, and other quercine illustrations of Sherwood forest, Southwell-gate, inn-yard, and another Charles's chamber, Nottingham Castle-gate, Mortimer's Hole, &c. &c., bring us too quickly almost to the end of this thoroughly English Album, and acceptable present-book.

THE DESPATCHES AND LETTERS OF VICE-ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.†

A SEVENTH volume brings this great national work to a close. The main subject is naturally the Battle of Trafalgar, which is told from James, with additional materials, at a most satisfactory length. But there are also a number of other subjects, among the most curious of which are the discussions connected with the history of Nelson's adopted daughter Horatia; and an interesting account of the Battle of the Nile, from the pen of the gallant Captain Miller. There is also an addendum of two hundred and fifty letters, making the whole collection now amount to the formidable number of three thousand five hundred letters—letters which the editor justly remarks, show the beautiful simplicity and integrity of their author's private character in a far higher degree than all the eulogies ever composed on his merits, reflecting lustre upon even his

* *The Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil.* By F. P. Palmer and A. Crowquill. 4to. Jeremiah How.

† *The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson; with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G.* The Seventh Volume. Henry Colburn.

matchless victories. That the example of the man and his readiness to serve his king and country with his heart's best blood, may not be lost upon his countrymen is our earnest hope, especially at a moment when so much false philosophy is being disseminated in connexion with military and naval glory. It will be a more difficult task to write down the energy and spirit of old England, than it would be even to stir such into activity in a wrong cause. The cause of universal peace is a great one and a holy one, but it cannot be begun by one party alone; still less is that cause furthered by deriding national honour or ridiculing national institutions that have been honoured from time immemorial. There is no peace for the unresisting or the cowardly. But there is both peace and security where great moral and physical resources exist, with the will and the power to wield them in a cause sanctified by its justice. Hence it is that we should grieve for the day when reverence and love for the memory of a Nelson should cease to be a national feeling.

THE WORKS OF FREDERICK SCHILLER.*

MR. BOHN's library proceeds earnestly and well with its great objects. The works of the greatest genius of Germany constitute a most essential part of standard literature, and it is intended that this portion of the series shall be comprised in four volumes. The first volume opens with the "History of the Thirty Years' War," complete, and the "History of the Revolt in the Netherlands," to the end of the third book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE "Ship of Glass; or, the Mysterious Island;" a Romance; by Hargrave Jennings. T. C. Newby.—"The British Consul's Handbook," Effingham Wilson.—"Modern Painters," by a Graduate of Oxford; Vol. I.; third edition, Smith, Elder & Co.—"Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible, being an Interpretation of the Inscriptions and Pictures which remain upon her Tombs and Temples;" illustrated by very numerous engravings and coloured plates; by William Osburn, jun. Samuel Bagster & Sons.—"Hints on Husband-catching; or, a Manual for Marriageable Misses;" by the Hon. —, author of "Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns." T. C. Newby.—"The Union of Christians;" a Poem; by John Tod Brown. Seeley, Burnside, & Co.—"Le Page's French School;" Part I. "L'Echo de Paris." *Eleventh Edition.* Effingham Wilson.—"Rome, Pagan and Papal;" by an English Resident in that City. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.—"The Knight of Gwynne: a Tale of the Time of the Union;" by Charles Lever. Parts I. to IX. Chapman & Hall.—"The Comic History of England;" by Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett. Illustrated by Leech. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Punch Office.—"A New Universal, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, embracing all the terms used in Art, Science, and Literature." Parts I. to X. James Gilbert.—"Gilbert's Modern Atlas of the World for the People." Parts I. to VI. James Gilbert.

* The Works of Frederick Schiller. Historical. Translated from the German, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A. Henry G. Bohn.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NEXT OF KIN.

A MEMOIR.

By MRS. GORE.

CHAP. I.

Is there a spot of earth in this world of steam-carriages and steam-packets, where a man may sit down in peace and quietness to indite his memoirs? I have tried the country, I have tried the town—have fled forth like a raven from my ark, and found no resting-place for my desk—or, within my ark, fallen a prey to those spendthrifts of leisure, morning visitors, who, while squandering their own lives, involve their neighbours in their ruin. For three years past have I been wandering from pillar to post, vainly biding my time to connect, with form and deliberation, the story of my life.

But alas! in this stirring whirring world of locomotion, the free enjoyment of one's faculties, is unattainable. Those who live sufficiently involved in the throng to have learned any thing worth mentioning, can never so isolate themselves as to reduce their discoveries to the concrete form of philosophy; and, albeit, convinced that no rational individual describes in detail the incidents of his fortunes, without affording to mankind a valuable lesson, I foresee that my projects of auto-biography are fated to abortion.

Last Spring I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, resolved that, before the season was over, a portion at least of the fruits of my sweet and bitter experience should be committed to paper, that this century of seemings might bequeath to posterity one plain unvarnished daguerreotyped portrait of its features; and, shivering under the influence of a bitter February, and severe fit of the influenza, which left me phthisicky, morose, and morose, opened with suitable dignity the ream of foolscap with which Houghton had armed me for my first literary campaign.

But, as the fine writers say, "It might not be!" The hunting season was at its acmé. Every fellow worth knowing was at Melton, or quartered on some country house in the neighbourhood of one of the crack packs, and I was consequently marked out as a legitimate victim of the twaddlers left on the *pavé*, of dinner-giving dowagers, and beau-less belles. Whoever had a good story to tell for which no audience was to be found at White's, forced his way into my sanctum. Whoever had set her heart upon a stall at the French play, besieged me with notes of beseechment. Not a moment of time was my own! In February, a crocus is a flower, and the only man in town an idol.

With graceful submission I allowed myself to be worshipped. But in the accomplishment of my new destinies, I was forced to exchange goose-

quills for crowquills, and foolscap for note-paper, to unknit my contemplative brows and lay my leisure on the shelf—no longer privileged to think in set phrases, I spake with my tongue, and certain dinner-parties I could mention owed no small portion of their brilliancy to the explosion of the fireworks previously collected for the enlivenment of my pages. As when, after a municipal banquet has been provided for some royal traveller, who passes through a town without alighting, truffled *patés* are given away to the beggars, and the starving poor regaled with jellies and *bonbons*, I was forced to waste my piquant apothegms and scraps of philosophy upon country gentlemen, dull enough to be distinguished by their density, even in Parliament.

No evil spirit, however, less amenable to the exorcism of bell, book, and candle, than that of human vanity! Among the various species of monomania in fashion, few more engrossing than that of writing one's memoirs. Throughout the season I was haunted by my own wraith, imploring a local habitation and a name in library catalogues, or a "calf's-skin to hang upon its recreant limbs;" and I have consequently acceded to the entreaty, and betaken myself in early Summer to the 'country, in search of literary leisure. Here I am, unknown to kith or kin, to friend or foe, domiciliated in a "compact residence in the county of Devon," situated eight miles from the nearest market-town; hired solely with a view to authorship, though on sporting pretences.

But alas! not a whit the more advanced towards completion are my unlucky memoirs. The hum of the bees over the wild thyme, the song of the grasshopper in the field and nightingale in the thicket, have proved fifty times more enthralling than the chatter of the clubs or warblings of Grisi; and though these last may leave an encraving echo in the depths of one's mind, unfitting it for nobler exercise, no less disqualifying are the melodies of a May morning, when a single step from the dull study to the grassy lawn, enables one to watch the golden garlands of the laburnum and cones of the lilacs gradually brightening the shrubbery, the *cistus* flower expanding in the eye of day, and the blossoms of the fruit-trees fluttering to the ground as the wing of some passing bird startles the quiet orchard into vibration.

How is it possible for a fellow who, for the last twenty years, has studied the smoke-dried face of nature in the London parks and squares,—the gardens of the Tuileries and Villa Borghese, to plod over a desk, while sunshine and shade are tempting him forth?—Amid the delicious loungery of this savage place,—riding, walking, boating,—by daylight, moonlight, or twilight,—the desk and foolscap seem far more out of place than within reach of the postman's bell!

After all, Balzac is right! It is easier to supply genius requisite for writing a book, than the perseverance which conquers time and place for the achievement. But if unable to abstract my attention here, from the attractions of the surrounding scenery, as in London, from the noisy frivolities of fashionable life, I may at least snatch a moment now and then to jot down a few dates and incidents, that will lessen hereafter the labour of my task. The roughest sketch is so much gained over my indolent and desultory habits; and beside some cozy fireside, next Winter, I will lick my cub into shape.

But what a scandal to one's intellect, that, at six-and-thirty, and after

a wear-and-tear of constitution, equivalent to ten years more, one's animal nature should have the best of it? How little did I think, on quitting Harrow some twenty years ago, with a competent knowledge of slang and cricket, and a sprinkling of classics and mathematics, that the lapse of years would find me only a greater boy! For, like all public schoolboys, I was *then* a *man*;—nay, a little *old* man, exhibiting the frightful maturity of the dwarfed forest-trees of the Chinese. Byron was furiously the rage, especially among the Harrovians;—and the military fever engendered among the rising youth of Britain by the Peninsular campaigns, having given place to a genteel misanthropy, not a brat of us but was an utterer of forged rhymes;—the sentimental, in the tone of the Corsair,—the pedantic, in that of the Childe Harold,—the reckless in that of Don Juan. Between the pauses of taw and trapball, we discovered ourselves to be victims to “anguish and remorse;” and no wiser than my neighbours, I sauntered Childe-ishly into life, with pretended listlessness; trusting that foreign travel and fashionable experience might hereafter perfect my idiosyncrasy into something between a Mephistophiles and a Cain. Just as Goethe's Werter had placed pistols in the hands of Young Germany fifty years before, did Byronism dog's-ear our shirt-collars, and pervert our boyish spirits into the dumps!

Yet never had a young fellow less pretext than myself for affecting the vein of Jacques!

Happiness woo'd me in her best array.

From my cradle, I had known neither cross nor care. I was the only son of a rich banker; who, though my mother died so early in my childhood that I scarcely remembered her, had found no time or inclination to marry again, to give me a rival in his affections.

Had I been the eldest son of a duke, my faults of temper and frailties of temperament could not have been more diligently fostered; and I look upon my present excellence of constitution as little short of miraculous. When I recall to mind the zeal of the head nurse and daily apothecary by whom I was physicked,—the spirited efforts of my Shetland pony to break my bones,—and the nursery diet of a capital French cook.

Our beautiful villa at Putney was renowned for its dinners; and most days of the week, and from Saturday till Monday, all the weeks of the year were my father's claret and conversation applauded as *première qualité* by the leading men about town. A bachelor's hall kept open by liberal housekeeping, is pretty sure to be popular; and even among better judges than his noble, ministerial, and even royal guests, the gentlemanly manners and joyous spirits of the proprietor of Hilfield Lodge, accredited the verdict of St. James's-street, that “Tom Ashworth was the best fellow in the world!”

As every one did what they pleased in his house, it was not likely that his only son should be the single exception. Till I went to Harrow, I was despotic as an autocrat, even over my cringing tutors; and though I brought home with me, on leaving school, a canker gnawing at the core, quite painfully enough to justify me in turning down my shirt collars, and disfiguring with halting stanzas the blank pages of my copy-books, it was of a nature which my father's indulgence served rather to stimulate than assuage.

Still flourishing on the fame of Peel and Byron, Harrow vied with Eton

in the insolence of its aristocratic pretensions; and though haunches of venison and leasens of pheasants secured from those in authority indulgence towards the plebeianism of the banker's son, the honourables of my form took care that I should hear enough of scrip and omnium! To them the profusion of my pocket-money and splendours of my study, were at once an object of envy and insult; and when I progressed from Harrow to the private tutor's, who had still to teach me reading, writing, and cyphering, as a preparation for college, there was at least one branch of education which I had acquired to perfection, viz.: that it is a finer thing to be a Percy with three farthings a year, than an Ashworth with thrice three thousands.

"To which of the great powers is your father ambassador?" was one day the impertinent inquiry of Lord Henry Eden, a younger son of the Master of the Horse, when our somewhat showy equipage happened to jostle in the court-yard the jingling postchaise in which he was about to proceed to Eden Castle for the holidays. "I always fancied you belonged to Ashworth and Co? But your body coachman, my dear fellow, is half a dozen stone too heavy for a commoner!"

The last feat by which I signalised myself at Harrow, was the infliction of severe punishment in a stand-up fight on Lord Henry's elder brother, the Earl of Fitzalwyn, for addressing me by the insolent nickname of "Count Till." But, beaten as he was, I was the greater sufferer,—having to carry home with me the Parthian dart of bitter humiliation.

Among the lessons of worldly wisdom a lad acquires at a public school, is a mistrust of his social position. Every latent blot or blemish disgracing his family is sure to be paraded before his eyes; and happy those who have nothing worse to learn of the author of their days, than that he is in the enjoyment of ten thousand a year derived from a commercial calling. •

How well I remember blushing to the roots of my hair when twitted by noble paupers with our vulgar opulence! Regarding Fitzalwyn and his brother as the representatives of their caste, I consequently never saw my father surrounded by his noble guests without suspecting they were either making use of him, or making game; assured that Ashworth the banker was held as cheap by them, as his son by their sons. Our gorgeous hospitalities at Hilfield Lodge mortified me to death; and if, among my father's city contemporaries, our house had come to be designated the House of Lords, I doubted not that among the lords, it was regarded as little better than a *Mont de Piété*!

The consequence was that indulgences which would have delighted any other lad of my age, served only to provoke my disgust. My father's service of plate and hogsheds of claret constituted the fountain head of my Byronic scorn; and satisfied that the degradation of city opulence might have made a Lara of Sancho Panza, received most ungraciously the gift of the showy horse and well-appointed cab, which I feared might attract fatal attention to my deficiencies.

I remember trembling lest my crest and cypher on the plate of a costly dressing-box (which all my prohibitions could not prevent the Bond-street builder from exhibiting in his shop-window), should betray it to be the property of "Count Till!" and on one occasion when a young friend, whom I had obliged in his difficulties, applied for a further loan, had the

meanness to pretend to be out of funds, lest the readiness of the banker's son in such emergencies should pass into a proverb. My pitiful vanity, however, was fitly rewarded; for, knowing me to be "as rich as a Jew," they decided me to be as sordid,—an hereditary screw,—a banker by right divine,—a money-spinner at heart.

Thank Heaven, I loved my father too dearly not to keep careful watch over the betrayal of my contempt. For worlds would I not have uttered a word to vex him. There was no opinion of the fashionable clubs in which I more fully coincided, than that "Ashworth was the best fellow breathing." Nor, indeed, had I the smallest pretext for the avowal of my aversion to his calling; for I was not destined to succeed him as a man of business. Either he disliked the vocation, or had realised a sufficient independence to facilitate my enfranchisement: for whenever my future prospects were discussed in presence of the greatest of his great friends, he never failed to mention, in presenting me to their acquaintance, that I was intended for a diplomatic career. *How* intended, I know not: my proficiency as a linguist or historian scarcely qualifying me for a king's messenger! But my merits were taken upon trust. At ten years old, my health used to be drunk at my father's table as "the young plenipo.;"—at sixteen, as "*Monsieur Pattaché*;" and several of the most Percyified of my Harrow contemporaries being destined for the same occupation, I was thankful for my father's discriminating avoidance in my behalf of the gorgeous ignominies of money-making.

It sometimes struck me as singular that, among the multitude of guests who succeeded each other at Hilfield, all of whom my father called his friends, there came none whom he called relations. In the frankness of boyhood, I one day asked him whether we were the first of our race, that there were neither uncles nor cousins among the many who criticised his claret. His evasive answer, that "he had outlived his family, save very distant relations, and was on bad terms with that of my mother," fully satisfied me: in the first place, because I was of an uninquiring mind; in the second, because as selfish as an oyster. The luxurious habits in which I had been encouraged, rendered every thing indifferent that did not militate against my personal comfort.

Such is usually the case with a young man reared in a house devoid of female society: the selfishness of women leaving little room for the expansion of any other egotism than their own.

CHAP. II.

LET me spare the reader the recital of my college exploits. The world has heard more than enough of late years of the slang of the universities; and Cantabs being usually voted bores in society, I know not why they should pretend to be better company in a book.

All I permit myself to remark *en passant* is, that the dread with which the sneers of Fitzalwyn and his brother inspired me of the imputation of purse-pride, had so far a salutary effect, as to compel me to seek other modes of distinction. I not only negatived the title of Count Till, by scrupulous plainness in my dress, and simplicity in my habits; but achieved honours which, had a passion for luxurious display been uppermost in my mind, would have been out of the question. Though the two Edens took care to let it reach my ears, that by losing a ridi-

culous distinction, I had sunk into a nonentity—that I must be “*aut Tillus, aut nihil*”; I had no longer a raw to be susceptible to their cutting remarks. They were sons of a duke, and *I* of a banker. But knowing myself to be their superior in every other point, so long as I pretended to be nothing *more* than the son of a banker, I was safe.

At first my father appeared a little mortified by my scrupulous insignificance. Though kind and affectionate as ever, I saw that he was disappointed. When he found me select my associates in my own rank of life, rather than in that in which he was accustomed to move, he secretly reproached me, I suspect, with a want of proper pride. Whereas it was an excess of pride that kept me aloof from those who had an advantage over me.

So long, however, as I abstained from the contrary extreme of seeking to predominate in inferior society, he attempted no remonstrance; and before I completed my second year at Cambridge, I noticed a change even in his own habits of life. If still the best fellow in the world, he was no longer the merriest; and, the hospitalities of Hilfield being considerably curtailed, lords were becoming almost as rare there as state-dinners.

I might have been induced to hope that his mind was enlightened like my own to the hollowness of fashionable friendships, but that an old housekeeper, of whom I had been the pet in childhood, whispered, on the eve of my return to college, that, altered as I might find Hilfield, a still more unacceptable domestic change was in contemplation; that her master was paying his addresses to one of our Putney neighbours; a rich and crabbed old maid, of the name of Greenwood, of whom I had heard him speak in terms of such vile disparagement, that I could not laugh loud enough at so preposterous a notion! The servants' hall had evidently mistaken the purport of his services to the wealthy spinster; whom he *was* ambitious of converting, *not* into a wife, but a constituent.

My first impulse was to rush to his study and divert him with this absurd report, but on reaching it I found, for the first time in my life, and to my great surprise, that the door was locked! When my father's voice inquired from within by whom he was disturbed, so much was I startled by the unusual occurrence, that my voice actually faltered as I announced myself.

It was Sunday—the only morning of the week he ever spent at Hilfield—when, after morning service, it was his custom to accompany me in the round of the shrubberies and offices, or occasionally to pay visits to our neighbours, and so regular was the routine of his life that I was almost as much struck by this slight infringement, as to find, when he opened the door, that the room was full of the fumes of burnt papers, and that my father's face was pale—his manner incoherent. Confused in my turn, instead of adverting to the real object of my intrusion, I hurried to one of the book-cases, and began earnestly examining the books as if in search of a particular volume, which, having found, I quitted the room without a syllable.

That day we had a large dinner-party—now a rare occurrence at Hilfield—and, as in more hospitable days, two of the guests were to sleep there and return to town on the morrow with my father. Having to set off for Cambridge at a still earlier hour, I determined to take my leave

of him in the drawing-room when our visitors retired for the night, and, if possible, lead to the subject of the report I had heard, by adverting to his morning's occupation and emotion, which lent some colouring to what I had previously regarded as fabulous. But my father's heart was now as closely locked as the study-door! He evidently did not choose to be questioned. Insisting on escorting his friends to their dressing-rooms, he took a hasty leave of me in their presence, averting his face as he pressed my hand at parting, as if afraid of leaving even his countenance open to my interrogation!

Scarcely less disturbed than himself, I had not courage to increase his emotion by asking an interview in his own room, but made up my mind to write with frankness the moment I arrived at Cambridge for the satisfaction of my misgivings. Scarcely, however, had I quitted home on the morrow, when I repented my reserve and pusillanimity. Even if my father had been trepanned into matrimonial engagements with this odious hag, my eloquence and earnestness might still perhaps avail to dissuade him from the sacrifice of our domestic comfort. Bad enough to have borne the reproach of riches amassed in business, I had not courage to confront the obloquy of an increase of fortune connected with the stigma of such a stepmother.

The day after my arrival at Trinity I hastened to address him on the subject, when lo! just as I was throwing off my first apologetic sentences, my servant burst into the room with an air of consternation, to apprise me that an express had that moment arrived from town with the news of Mr. Ashworth's dangerous illness, and that my father's partner requested my immediate return.

Before he uttered another syllable—before I either saw the messenger or opened the letter of which he was bearer, my presentiment forewarned me that all was over!

I scarcely remember *how* I reached London, or in what terms I was acquainted that my poor father had been found lifeless in his carriage that morning when it stopped at the banking-house door. A coroner's inquest had already brought in a verdict of "apoplexy," on the showing of the family physician that from the attitude in which the body was found, Mr. Ashworth must have died in a fit shortly after leaving Hilfield—an end long predicted from his sedentary habits and indulgences as a *bon-vivant*.

Among the mourning-coachfuls of friends who attended him to his last home, scarcely one but admitted he "had always expected poor Ashworth would go off suddenly some day or other—that he lived too well, and took too little exercise—and that timely bleeding would doubtless have saved his life." It was only his son who saw further than friend or physician! for it was only his son who had watched beside the blackening corpse, and insisted on the early soldering of the coffin lest the suspicions of others should be equally awakened.

The statement of the old housekeeper concerning his deportment on the day I quitted home first excited my misgivings. After spending a solitary evening in the arrangement of papers, he had flung himself, in his clothes, not on his own bed but upon mine, where he was heard moaning heavily throughout the night, and though this circumstance was as easily attributable to illness as despair, the fact that a phial of prussic acid was missing from his medicine-chest, left me as little in doubt as though I had

seen him throw it from the carriage-window after swallowing the contents, that he had committed self-destruction !

How bitterly did I now reproach myself with want of energy in submitting to be so lightly parted with ! Whatever the origin of my poor father's distraction, the affectionate sympathy of his son must have soothed his mind and *might* have counteracted his fatal resolution. I felt as if an accomplice in his terrible purpose ! The shame of having to announce his wretched marriage to me had, perhaps, driven him to despair. But might not the match itself be the miserable consequence of a reverse of fortune ? No matter ! Whatever the origin of the act, the result was the same ! I had lost my only friend, and the Hiltfield to which I returned after the funeral was a desert ! No will being found, I became the heir and representative of him who was gone, and now that he *was* gone, I learned fully to appreciate his affection, his indulgence, and the comfort, the *unspeakable* comfort of having a better self to whom to appeal for counsel and consolation in the emergencies of life !

The insolence of my former disgusts at our position in society grew painfully apparent. While reflecting thus, I had dared despise the condition of so good a father, I felt that I deserved my bereavement. Nay, if my suspicions were well-founded, how could I be certain that among the cares which had perplexed to madness the mind of the victim, was not the discovery of my unfilial contempt ?

On these points I was fated to early and terrible enlightenment ; while my father's partners pressed me with indecent haste to administer to his estate, his solicitor prudently advised me to pause ere I committed myself.

"You fancy, then," said I, "that a will may yet be found ?"

Mr. Trapham shook his head, with a face even more dolorous than became his deep mourning.

"I am inclined on the contrary to fear," said he, "that my late client died not only intestate, but insolvent !"

At any other moment I should have been as ready to deride the imputation as the report of the old housekeeper concerning his marriage. But I was too sorrowful even for contradiction.

"It is necessary, sir, that you should know the truth," said he. "For some time past Mr. Ashworth's affairs have been hopelessly deranged ; at the moment of his death, a crash was hourly expected ; and the match to which he had recently turned his thoughts was, I suspect, rather a pretext to tranquilise the fears of his creditors, than a serious project. The report saved him for a time. But nothing could have prevented, and nothing *will* prevent the catastrophe now imminent. The firm of Ashworth & Co. is on the eve of bankruptcy, and my serious advice is, that you decline administering to the estate."

"Might not such a refusal strike the first blow at the credit of my late father ?" said I, in a voice faltering with consternation.

"Nothing you could do would save it," replied Trapham, "and the attempt might involve you in irretrievable ruin. The partners are acting unhandsomely in pressing you into danger. They are aware, that under a deed of trust you are entitled to twenty thousand pounds, which might keep the banking-house open a few weeks longer."

"Then in God's name let them have it," cried I. "My father's name

has been too closely connected with their detestable house not to pledge me deeply to its sustainment."

"You are equally pledged to prevent your father's son from going bare-foot!" was the cool rejoinder of the lawyer. "The settlement in question was in existence when he entered the firm; so that, in conscience as well as law, these people have no claim upon you. In short, my dear sir, the only thing to be done is to let matters take their course. But for the late sad events, the name of my poor client would have appeared in next week's gazette; nor can I doubt that the agitation of mind arising from such a prospect, produced the congestion of the brain which ended his days."

What a reflection, and what a prospect! What scales fell from my eyes in the course of the ensuing hour! How differently was I now tempted to regard the prodigalities I had loathed only as the insignia of a commercial calling. Hitherto I had despised them as vulgar: I now learned to abhor them as criminal!

Yet even the free indulgence of my feelings on this point was denied me. Under that roof, where the echoes of my father's voice still appeared to linger—within those walls the witnesses of his unceasing indulgence—to weigh his errors in the balance seemed almost parricidal. I expressed, therefore, as strongly as my emotion would allow, my desire to hear as little as possible of the past; empowered Trapham to signify to Ashworth & Co. my intentions; and, having at my disposal a few hundred pounds (the remnant of my poor father's ill-judged liberalities), determined to withdraw at once from the scene of so much anguish and remorse. Thoughtful even in his thoughtlessness, he had contemplated and facilitated the measures likely to become necessary. His private papers were destroyed, the wages of his servants paid, the house in order to be abandoned to the hands of strangers. At every fresh proof of premeditation I shuddered! How terrible must have been the state of his mind while thus providing for my orphanhood—how stern his self-control in denying himself the solace of a parting embrace of the son for whom he was so considerably providing!

"You will yourself become a creditor on the estate," observed Trapham, when next he waited upon me to apprise me that his anticipations were realised, and that the banking-house would not open on the morrow. "The proceeds of the trust-money standing in the name of your trustees having been duly received by your father, it does not appear that he ever re-invested them for your benefit."

"Because my expenses absorbed the income."

"To the amount of nearly eight hundred a year? Scarcely, I think! At all events a parent is bound to maintain his child; and the Court of Chancery would, I doubt not, decree that his estate was liable for the arrears, or perhaps make the trustees themselves accountable for what they were wholly unjustifiable in leaving at his disposal."

"And who *are* the trustees?"

"Your uncle, Sir Ralph Westfern, is the only survivor. On the death of his brother, the dean, who was the other trustee, the appointment of a successor was neglected."

"My *uncle*, Sir Ralph Westfern!" cried I. "*Have* I an uncle surviving?"

"Are you in earnest in this profession of ignorance, my dear Mr. Ashworth?" gravely demanded the solicitor.

"Perfectly so. I was aware that my mother's maiden name was Westfern. But my father was a person who did not choose to be interrogated. When he told me he had survived most of his relations, and was on bad terms with those of my mother, I was satisfied. I asked no further. His affection sufficed me—his liberality sufficed me. I had no occasion to trouble myself about distant relatives."

"But an *uncle*!"

"Till this moment, I had not the remotest surmise of his existence; and he is probably still ignorant of mine."

"Impossible! Sir Ralph is your trustee; your nearest friend; and, till the attainment of your majority three months hence, your natural guardian. I have already written to apprise him of the fatal events in his family."

To have the claims of kindred thus assigned to one who was more than a stranger to me, seemed utterly unaccountable; nor was my wonder lessened when there arrived, the following day, a stiff, quaint letter, addressed to Trapham, but containing a long message to myself, couched in such terms as might have been expected from a proud old county baronet, to a nephew in the enjoyment of ten thousand a year, amassed in trade, of whom he knew, and wished to know, nothing.

I was bitterly mortified: mortified, because I was just beginning to understand the value of human relationships; mortified, because the man of business witnessed this tacit rejection.

"It is I who am in fault, and not Sir Ralph," observed Trapham, discerning the air of petulance with which I threw him back his letter. "Had I explained to him the state of your father's affairs rather than the circumstances of his death, he would have written more graciously."

"You know him then," said I, "that you form inferences from his character?"

"Only from a slight professional intercourse in behalf of my late client. Sir Ralph is a man of reserved habits, proud, morose, and what the world calls close and disagreeable. His animosity to your father knew no bounds. But, considering the peculiar circumstances of his marriage, *that* perhaps was scarcely to be wondered at."

I knew of no "peculiar circumstances!" I scarcely dared inquire into their nature. But it was time I acquired courage to meet my fortunes face to face. From no one, moreover, could I obtain an insight into our family secrets, on less painful terms, than from my father's confidential adviser.

The truth was soon told. But why wrap it up in the ambiguous phrases in which it was enveloped by the blandly-spoken solicitor? My mother was the amiable but frightfully-deformed sister of Sir Ralph Westfern; my father, the clerk of his country attorney, who had founded his after-fortunes on her dowery of fifty thousand pounds. Regarding him as a low-born adventurer, the whole Westfern family threw them off from the moment of her marriage; nor had Sir Ralph and his brother, the dean, consented to become trustees for her child to a sum of money bequeathed by a maiden aunt of my poor mother, save on the express condition that the concession was to involve no personal communication with the Ashworth family. Though his sister died soon after my birth,

time had effected so little towards the removal of his prejudices, that, by his dearest friends, he had never been heard to mention her name.

"Nevertheless," observed Trapham, after acquainting me with these particulars, "the cause of Sir Ralph's aversion being removed, there is no reason he should not be on friendly terms with a nephew, who, in the event of the death of his only son, would be his next of kin."

"And do you suppose me so base," cried I, "as to *wish* to be on a friendly footing with an enemy of my father?"

"Between ourselves, my dear sir," remonstrated the professional man, "I foresee so much difficulty, so much litigation in the winding up of your affairs, that the more friends you secure to yourself the better. Your name is about to be exposed to a disagreeable publicity. I fear you must accustom yourself to find as much blame imputed to the late Mr. Ashworth for the recklessness of his speculations and the prodigality of his habits, as he encountered in his lifetime by having formed one strange alliance for money, and contemplated the formation of another. For your own sake, you will retreat as far as possible from the discussion of these delicate matters. And where could you find a refuge more appropriate or authorised than with the family of your late mother?"

The plea was unanswerable, and inexpressible my dread lest it should be withheld. Yet such is the perversity of human nature when its original sin has been fostered like mine, in the hot-bed of prosperity, that when an invitation really arrived from Sir Ralph to visit him at West-fern Hall, I affected to hesitate; complained that his letter was stiff—his tone haughty, as though it were possible that, because the obstacle which had divided me from my maternal kindred was suddenly removed, we should rush at once into each other's arms, as in the last scene of a melodrama!

One only portion of my uncle's letter pleased me. He proposed that the management of my pecuniary interests should be wholly adjusted between his solicitors and mine. He was evidently a man of feudal habits, accustomed to do the dirty work of life by proxy. The table of the money-changers was to *him* as a carpenter's-bench.

I accepted, however, by Trapham's advice, the temporary home he offered, and scarcely dare avow, even to myself, with how little reluctance I quitted Hilfield! Already I had begun to regard the place with disgust. At once the fruit, origin, and evidence of family disgrace, the gorgeous modern elegance of the place was now as offensive to my principles as it had ever been to my taste. I detested even the distant view of the old cedars adorning the lawn of that hateful old hag at Greenwood House! I shuddered whenever I passed the study door. In place of the yearning and regrets which generally accompany the necessity of parting from a place wherein one's childhood has been passed, it was a comfort to know that the auctioneer appointed by the assignees of the estate of Ashworth and Co., was only waiting for my departure to turn in his horde of Huns for the concoction of his catalogue. Already the sale was advertised in the daily papers. I only trusted that the purchaser might be a man of virtue, and demolish the house brick by brick; or at least convert its Palladian elegance into rustic or Gothic.

So thoroughly had I been absorbed by preparations for this wondrous change in my destinies, the adjustment of the various claims upon me, and the instructions of Trapham and Co.—that, till I found myself in a

corner of the north mail on my road into Westmoreland, to muse through the solitary hours of a lovely night in May, unmolested by the slumbers of my companions, I found no leisure to notice that, from the day of my father's funeral to that of my farewell to Hilfield, not a soul of the many who followed him to the grave had been at the trouble of inquiring after his son ! I was known to be a minor ; and even before the ruin of the house of Ashworth and Co. transpired, it was pretty clear that the French cook would be dismissed and the cellars closed ; so that for some time to come there could be no possible motive for troubling their heads concerning me. Earls, ambassadors, and members of parliament had done quite sufficient honour to the wealthy banker who had such frequent occasions of obliging them, by eating his dinners while living, and allowing their carriages to follow his hearse when dead.

But when his name, instead of gaining a sumptuous sarcophagus, appeared in the gazette, they felt of course somewhat indignant at his having presumed to invite them so often. As he could not but have foreseen his impending ruin, he should have had the decency to withdraw from their acquaintance. Had any one questioned them concerning the fate of "the young plenipo," they would have been as much surprised as if interrogated concerning the name and prospects of their dust-man.

As this conviction gradually dawned on my mind, all the misanthropy I had formerly affected, took possession of my feelings. No further need to dog's-ear my shirt-collars in attestation of my contempt for human nature ! I was in the vein to have flung off a canto of "Don Juan" at a sitting !

It was a relief, therefore, to turn from such humiliating reflections to anticipations of my fate to come ; and, compared to the stony ingratitude of the men of clubs, even my uncle's formalities became palatable. For he *was* my uncle. On *him*, at least, I had a claim. Westfern Hall was the birthplace of her who had given me birth—the home of her childhood as well as the appointed Zoar of her son.

CHAP. III.

It will readily be supposed that I had by this time managed to obtain a few particulars concerning the unknown relatives who seemed likely to be my only friends now that wounded pride kept me aloof from communication with the few college chums to whom I had wantonly accorded the name.

In such a house as Hilfield, peerages and baronetages were not wanting, and I scarcely know whether it afforded me greater pain or pleasure, to discover that the Westferns were of Saxon origin,—highly connected in every century—raised to a baronetcy by Charles I.,—and distinguished by hereditary honours which at once infused good blood into my veins, and entitled Sir Ralph Westfern and his son to look down upon me as a city mushroom.

For, as I have already stated, he had a son—a son three years older than myself—a son whose mother, Lady Margaret Westfern, being a Howard by descent, could not fail to hold himself superior to his city cousin.

By the dates set forth in the volume I consulted, Sir Ralph appeared

to have married somewhat late in life, after the death of the numerous children of his brother the dean, who had also connected himself with the peerage; probably with a view to the perpetuation of the family—or perhaps in consequence of the desertion of his unfortunate sister, who, till her strange marriage, had presided over his establishment; and the birth of Cuthbert Westfern, which took place within the year, probably lessened his sense of arrogance when, three years afterwards, the woman apparently disqualified by her age and deformity for becoming a mother, engrafted a new and dishonouring branch upon the family tree.

Towards this cousin, so nearly of my own age, all my thoughts were now directed. Concerning Cuthbert Westfern, Trapham had no intelligence to impart, nor could my memory assist me. Had he added any remarkable qualities to his advantages of birth and fortune, the flourish of newspaper trumpets must, at four-and-twenty, have rendered his name familiar, either as a scholar or politician, a sportsman or dandy. But neither at Eton or Oxford had I ever heard of him; and I therefore concluded him to be a country-boor, educated within the precincts of Westfern Hall, without an ambition beyond his patrimony.

On *him*, I felt, that my future comfort must depend, far more than on an uncle seventy years of age; and already my mind misgave me that the son of the proud old county baronet would avenge on the meanness of my origin the envy he was likely to entertain of my superior cultivation and refinements. Throughout the greater part of my journey, the form of an imaginary Cuthbert Westfern was before me, as stalwart, coarse, unyielding; a noisy sportsman, an unlettered squire.

It was midnight when I reached the Hall, in the postchaise to which I was forced to have recourse at the post town, some miles off; and with my recent experience of London hours, I naturally expected to find the establishment up, and the family awaiting the expected kinsman. But all was dark and silent as dead of night! But for the intimation of the postboy (far better acquainted than myself with the halls of my ancestors), I should not have known we were arrived, when we drew up beside a black pile of building; which, in the dimness of gloom looked more like a mass of rocks than a human habitation.

It was not till the clang of the hall-bell, set in motion at my suggestion by the postboy, echoed through the death-like stillness, that it occurred to me there could be indiscretion in disturbing a lone country house at that late hour, or that I should have done better to sleep at the inn and make my appearance in the morning. But it was now too late; and I had ample leisure to make my reflections on the subject amid the dewy fragrance of the breathless night, while the servants were rousing themselves to answer our summons.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed away—made longer by my vexatious apprehensions, but no token of movement. At length the postboy, who had obeyed my injunctions to refrain from further intimation of our arrival, began to fancy the dews I found so refreshing might be disadvantageous to his heated horses, and to grumble his discontents. Having left my servant in town, to execute some commissions, I had no one to save me the trouble of imposing silence on him; and the shortest method was to desire him to return to the place from whence he came. "The family was retired for the night, and I did not choose to disturb them. He should bring me back in the morning."

His answer was another sharp ring at the hall bell! As he was already paid, and anticipated in addition a night draught of the Western ale, and a bait for his horses, it did not suit him that either should set forth again unrefreshed; and the consequence was that, after a few minutes' further delay, the creaking of bolts and rattling of chains was heard, and I was admitted by an old man in a cotton nightcap into a dark damp hall, smelling of mildew and matting; who, the moment the post-boy hurried in my luggage, swung to the old oak door again, and fastened back the chains, so as to defeat all project of entertainment.

Without listening to my questions or apologies, the old brute bade me follow him, and conducted me up a back staircase and through several gloomy corridors to a door which he unlocked; when, instead of finding myself, at I stupidly expected, in presence of my uncle, I saw that he had inaugurated me at once into my bedroom, telling me that I must take things as I found them,—that I was not expected till the morrow, and that Sir Ralph would be displeased if the housekeeper were woke up.

Feeling myself thoroughly in the wrong, I begged I might occasion no further disturbance, and, though starving with hunger, thought myself lucky in being able to persuade him to bring up my carpet bag and dressing-box; nor did I venture to suggest that there was not so much as a bottle of water in the room.

Left alone in the vast and cheerless chamber which my single candle rendered only more dreary, I felt so disgusted by the inhospitality of this reception, that, had I not heard the postchaise rattle away before we quitted the hall, I should have sallied forth again, and insisted on being conveyed back to the inn. But the influence of the place was already upon me. To gainsay the authority of Sir Ralph appeared impossible. Since it was his pleasure that a guest arriving after hours should remain without attendance or refreshment till daybreak, there was nothing for it but acquiescence. Such, too, was the influence of previous fatigue, that having thrown myself in my clothes on the sheetless bed, I woke only to find my room illuminated by the morning sun streaming through the unshuttered windows.

But, notwithstanding the broad daylight, the house was still so quiet that I hesitated to ring. No need to predispose my uncle against me by further disturbance! for though the place lost something of its imposing grimness under the influence of Summer sunshine, the cold stateliness of several ancient portraits adorning the walls, which, though of the Spanish school, I fancied must be ancestral,—the cut velvet hangings, the toilet covers of old point, and Venetian mirror with its frame and boxes of tarnished filigree, recalled forcibly to my mind the Grandisonian formalities against which I had to contend.

Nor did the view from my chamber window inspire pleasanter emotions. Behind a fan-like screen of trees, that diverged on either side from the mansion to a considerable distance, lay a formal flower-garden, containing angular parterres, interspersed with time-worn statues, somewhat resembling in hue and symmetry the minor theatre representations of the "monster" moulded by Frankenstein, just then in vogue,—a dingy sun-dial, and a profusion of clipped yew trees, whose dark foliage rendered the pea-green benches interspersed among them yet more unsightly.

It was not likely I should conjecture that, at the extremity of this hideous pleasaunce, and dividing it in a deep and rocky ravine from the wooded acclivity that appeared to form its boundary at about a quarter of a mile distance, ran, or rather leapt, the impetuous Greta, though the moment I opened my window its wrangling voice became audible, like the mutterings of an invisible enemy.

All I saw around me, therefore, was sovereignly displeasing. I, who had so often reviled in my boyish discontents the upstart newness of Hilfield,—the patent perfection of its furniture,—the Royal-academy brilliancy of its pictures,—the Colebrook Dale gorgeousness of its porcelain,—the glare of its gilding,—already began to contemplate with dissatisfaction the dingy, cumbrous, gloomy, unhandy, unsightly nature of the objects around me! Even the old pictures were hateful; unpleasing portraits of personages who seemed in their lifetime to have given and received no pleasure.

“My poor father may have been guilty of an interested marriage in carrying off the daughter of such a house,” was my secret reflection;—“but she, at least, was excusable in preferring a cheerful, happy home like Hilfield, to this desolate place!”

By the time I met my uncle at breakfast, I was so thoroughly out of conceit with the family manor, that half my apprehensions of a reprimand for my indiscretion of the preceding night had subsided. Gladly would I have accepted the slightest hint to return to London, or Cambridge, or any other place under the sun. I was almost prepared to beard the county baronet in his den!

He was alone; and I learned from the servants that “Mr. Westfern was at The Heath.”

Where or what the Heath might be, I was not at the trouble to surmise. It was enough that Cuthbert did not think it necessary to be at home to welcome his humble cousin! and for the first time since my poor father’s death, I congratulated myself as eagerly as Trapham could have desired on the existence of the deed of settlement, which secured me from the anguish of appearing at Westfern Hall in the light of a dependent.

After being ushered across the old hall, with its trophies of family armour, and scarcely less rusty portraits of the warriors by whom those identical coats of mail had been worn, each with his escutcheon at his foot, I naturally expected to find in the Sir Ralph in whom these heroisms were continued, a stern, manly, old country sportsman; rejoicing over his cold sirloin or pasty, to which I was prepared to do ample justice. It was the first time in my life I had been a hundred miles from the metropolis; and all I had as yet seen of the establishment bore painful evidence that the world of civilisation was far behind; there was some hope, therefore, that the refinement of my habits might impose upon my savage kinsman, or, by their effeminacy, provoke him into an offensive attitude! But, how great was my surprise on finding in the sunny and well-furnished breakfast-room into which I was ushered, a grave, graceful, and even courtly old gentleman, who advanced towards me with the most formal politeness, and was waiting my arrival to attack his chocolate and French roll. Having deliberately welcomed me to his house, he listened in cold and scrutinising silence to my hurried, inexplicit, and confused apologies for the disturbance occasioned by my untimely arrival the preceding night;—and whether his reserve proceeded from displeasure he did not

choose to conceal, or from a desire to judge the address and intellects of his city nephew, the result was the same,—of making me feel thoroughly ill at ease.

Having blundered through my unintelligible excuses, I found myself compelled to a silence rivalling his own. A venerable old out-of-livery servant waited upon us throughout a breakfast as slender and delicate as might have served Pope's Belinda, so as to forestall all necessity for communication between the host and guest; nor could a Trappist's meal have been more taciturn. Once or twice, I resolved to break the ice, and the spell upon my spirits, and compel my mother's brother to sociability. But on what possible topic could I take the liberty of questioning the pale, spare, high-bred, high-browed ascetic before me!

At last, I took courage to bolt out the leading question I had prepared the preceding night for the Sir Ralph Westfern of my imagining. I had passed through the last forty miles of my journey in the dark. Was it a picturesque country, or a sporting country? Had I much to regret in losing the sight?

"Of its beauties I am an insufficient judge," was the stiff reply. "*My* eyes are partial. Even your second inquiry I am incompetent to answer. My advanced age, Mr. Ashworth, and your cousin's infirmities, render indifferent to me its eligibilities to a sportsman. I do not even preserve my game."

Such was the Nimrod I had anticipated! He had, however, touched a chord favourable to further discussion.

"I was not aware, sir," said I, in a tone of interrogation, "that the health of Mr. Westfern was infirm?"

He made no answer; and fancying his sense of hearing might be impaired, I repeated my observation, fixing my eyes upon his face, till his own became so sternly riveted upon me in return, that I shrunk under the gravity of their scrutiny. I fancied—it might be fancy—that they were suffused with moisture before he averted his gaze, and his pale face was decidedly tinged with a momentary hectic. But though he returned me no answer, for worlds could I not have found courage to reiterate my inquiry!

A moment afterwards, he rose and preceded me into an adjoining room; which proved to be a fine old library of groined oak, redolent of that peculiar mustiness of old binding more grateful to the senses of a scholar than to a lover of light literature like myself, addicted to the muses of the circulating library than of the Bodleian.

"You will find here, Mr. Ashworth, occupation for your leisure," said he, (and I could fancy Addison in the gallery at Holland House, pointing out its treasures to his dissolute son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, in just such a tone and attitude!) "That leisure, I fear, will prove more considerable than you desire. For, during the temporary absence of my son, I receive no company. That you may not, however, become disgusted at first sight with a seclusion I am interested to make agreeable to you, I have invited hither to-day one of my neighbours, whose habits will, perhaps, render him a more agreeable companion for you than myself."

I attempted an awkward compliment about the non-necessity of any accession to our society; to which he listened with the interrogative look I have already described, which again sufficed to confuse and perplex me.

"Mr. Haggerston will be here by luncheon-time," was all he condescended to reply, "and will drive you to one or two remarkable spots in the neighbourhood. If, in the interim, the contents of this room do not suffice to entertain you, or if you are curious to visit a house which exhibits few beauties, but possesses some degree of historical interest, old Bernard (who waited on you at breakfast, and has been half a century in my establishment), will show you over the place."

Scarcely had he left the library, when I literally groaned under the oppression of all this ceremony! After the slipshod habits of Hilfield, how was it to be borne? Better a thousand times the rude joviality I had anticipated! Nevertheless, I felt it my cue to submit to the ciceroneship of old Bernard, lest his master might fancy me indifferent to the glories of the house of Westfern. But what in the way of objects of art was likely to captivate the eye of one who had so recently seen his household gods desecrated by the shame of an auctioneer's ticketing? As I followed the old man in silence to the foot of the great staircase, I felt that the contents of the tribune at Florence, or gallery at Dresden, would scarcely have tempted me to raise my eyes!

By degrees, however, I became interested; in the first instance, by the genuine though deferential sense of proprietorship evinced by the old servitor in the goods and chattels of his master; in the second, by the care he took to associate me with the honours of the family; and "the portrait of your late grandfather, by Gervas; the portrait of your Aunt Martha, by Gainsborough; the portrait of your grand-uncle the Admiral, by Sir Godfrey Kneller," sounded far more pleasantly in my ears, than if these family pictures had been announced as portraits of Sir Marmaduke and Miss Westfern, and Sir Gregory. After the mean cravings and pitiful aspirings which had so long disturbed my peace of mind, this singular aggrandisement, at a moment when worldly honours had ceased to be important in my eyes, appeared like the mockery of a dream! Still, it was impossible not to feel touched by the discoveries I was making. At length, in a remote bedroom hung with gilt leather, which he was exhibiting with some pride as that of the late Lady Margaret, I ventured to ask, in an unassured voice, whether he remembered my mother.

"Remember her?" was his expressive reply. "It has been my master's pleasure that the name of Mrs. Ashworth should never be mentioned in this house. But though twenty years are over and more, few of us have forgotten Miss Clara."

"Is there any portrait of her at the Hall?" said I, still apprehensive of some unpleasant disclosure.

The old man shook his head. "Even the fondest parents were not likely to have had a picture made of one of her unfortunate appearances," said he. "So long as the old Lady Westfern, your grandmother, lived, she was not suffered to be seen; and afterwards, though she kept house here for Sir Ralph, and so was forced to entertain a deal of company, she never went out. Poor soul! There was a deal of blame laid to her share when, after the excuse of youth was gone, she made so wilful a match! But the folks hereabouts, to whom she was always kind and charitable, made two excuses for her: first, the dull life she led mewed up in the hall; and secondly, the family-flightiness, which explains all that was strange in her choice."

I dared not inquire further. I could not resent the freedom of observations I had drawn upon myself; and as we had now reached the state drawing-room, the old man's thoughts had taken another direction.

"The picture of my late Lady Margaret," said he, pointing to a portrait by Sir William Beechey, disfigured by the short waist and scanty drapery which render so unsightly the effigies of the daughter and lamented grand-daughter of George III., "and the portrait of Mr. Cuthbert."

I was still examining the somewhat harsh features of Lady Margaret Westfern when startled by this announcement; and instantly turning towards the portrait of my cousin, beheld a countenance once seen to be remembered for ever. Such exquisite though mournful beauty of expression had never met my eye in any living face. The likenesses of Raphael d' Urbino approached nearest to its intellectual charm; and there is a portrait of a youth, by Giorgione, in the national gallery of Bruges, which always reminds me of the face. But a still sweeter and milder physiognomy adorned the fine lineaments of Cuthbert Westfern.

"By Sir Thomas Lawrence," added the old man, in a low voice, fancying, perhaps, that my exclamation of "beautiful, *most* beautiful," applied to the *execution* of the picture.

"And is Mr. Westfern indeed so handsome?" cried I, in all the consciousness of my former conceptions concerning my country cousin.

"When he is well, a thousand times handsomer!" replied the old man with a sigh. "To my mind I never saw any human face so much like what is written and painted of the angels! But he is seldom well now," continued Bernard, more gravely. And he led the way out of the room, carefully locking the door after him, as though that chamber contained the only precious object in the house. •

"Hillo, old chap! where are all your folk this morning, and where's Sir Ralph?" cried the hearty voice of a jolly looking country gentleman, whom at that moment we confronted in the hall. "Mr. Ashworth, I presume?" continued he, offering me his hand, as though we had been acquainted for years. "Welcome, sir, into Westmoreland. My 'good neighbour, Sir Ralph,' not being at hand to introduce us, perhaps I ought to announce my name as Haggerston."

It was easy to inform him, that it was already known to me, and that he was expected, but at that moment I wished him a hundred miles off, so grievously had he interrupted my inquiries of Bernard concerning my interesting cousin.

The new-comer, however, required neither welcome nor encouragement. Far more at home than myself, he instantly began to do the honours to me of the house of my ancestors; to inquire whether I was a sportsman, and why I had chosen to visit Westmoreland at such a decided dead season of the year; assured me, that with a man of my uncle's turn of life and sedentary habits, I should be moped to death.

I expressed a hope that my cousin would shortly return home, when we might enjoy together what appeared to be a fine neighbourhood.

"Not he!" was the abrupt reply of my off-hand friend. "Cuthbert has not been a week away. I never knew him return from the Heath under *six*."

As I was beginning to testify my surprise and regret, my uncle made his appearance in the library into which Bernard had conducted us; and though he interrupted our conversation by the formal introduction of each to the other, and the long apologies he attempted to Mr. Haggerston, for

the services he had claimed at his hands, even his high-bred ceremoniousness had little influence over the reckless garrulity of his guest.

"Not a word about it, my dear good sir!" cried he; "I'm always at your orders, you know, and 'twill be a pleasant day's work for me to have a chat with your nephew instead of listening to the grumblings of Agnes. Order the phaeton for two o'clock, and we'll spin over to Huntingdon Castle and back by dinner-time, taking Glyburn Mere by the way."

At the luncheon-table Mr. Haggerston invited my uncle to a glass of sherry, and took the carving of the peachick into his hands, with the same frank officiousness; and so unconcernedly did Sir Ralph give way to his freedoms that I saw they were accustomed, by long neighbourship, to each other's oddities. So much the better! Though men of forward, vulgar nature are hateful amid the press of polished life, nothing short of such utter want of deference and delicacy, could have thawed the frozen atmosphere of Westfern Hall.

"Isn't it a thousand pities so fine an old place should be suffered to go to rack and ruin?" said the outspoken guest, with an upward glance at the battlements, as he took the reins of the bean-fed horses in hand, at the door, while the out-rider hurried on to open the great gates. "By Jove; the old hall would make a capital county Bridewell! But as to *living* in't, I don't wonder it has driven one or other of the last three generations of the Westferns who've attempted it, out of their senses."

A tolerably free-and-easy mode of discussing my family and their hereditaments. Already, however, I had discovered in Bob Haggerston, one of those gall-less animals, whose epidermis is tough as that of a bison, utterly devoid of sensibility, and consequently unwitting of its existence, — people who dash into the discussion of the most delicate topics as a surgeon enjoys the dissection of a beautiful child.

Before we got beyond the domain, he avowed his curiosity to learn whether my uncle was not deucedly surprised to find me such a fine young fellow?—making it sufficiently clear that the personal defects of my poor mother had led the whole neighbourhood to anticipate a monster in her son. A few miles further, and our established intimacy prevented all necessity for concealing that they had expected a shop-boy in the offspring of Tom Ashworth, the Darlington clerk, and a dwarf in that of the unfortunate Clara Westfern.

"Poor Sir Ralph ought to be overjoyed at such a pleasant surprise," said he, "the more so, that the chances are thirty to one in favour of your inheriting the estate."

"Even were my name included in the entail," said I, meeting his coolness with a frankness worthy of it, "no fear of my dishonouring with my Lombard-street arms the old blazon of the Westferns! Judging by my cousin's portrait, Cuthbert is likely to furnish branches that will carry our family tree, green and fertile, through half a dozen centuries to come."

"*Cuthbert!*" reiterated my companion in an unaccountable tone. "Ay, if he could secure a stock for grafting!—But who on earth would marry Cuthbert? Not but what the old baronet has convinced himself that wives are to be bought, even under such circumstances, by a property like *his*."

"Wives are to be bought, I fear, under any circumstances," cried I,

with an air of misanthropy less becoming to my features than at the epoch when I used to Byronize my shirt collars. "But what difficulty is there in obtaining a future Lady Western for my cousin?"

"Did you ever see Cuthbert?" demanded my companion, pulling up his horses to a walk, as though to afford himself better leisure for listening to my answer.

"Never—except in Lawrence's beautiful portrait."

"Ay, a fine specimen of parental doating having it drawn," cried Mr. Haggerston, shrugging his shoulders; "just by way of making strangers ask painful questions during the poor young man's absence from the hall! However, they say he will soon be forced to remain at the Heath for good and all, and then it is to be hoped Sir Ralph will have the good sense to take down the picture. If *not*, you must persuade him."

"My influence is never likely to be such as to justify my interference in his family affairs," said I, trying to speak with indifference, while my heart was beating with curiosity, "but why should Sir Ralph at any moment regret the exhibition of so beautiful a picture and so fine a subject?"

"What! not when he's in a strait-waistcoat? not when he's shut up in a *mad-house*?" cried my delicate and feeling companion.

"Great God! you do not mean to say that my poor cousin is a lunatic?" cried I, with inexpressible horror.

"There or thereabouts. Cuthbert has his lucid intervals, when he is allowed to return to the hall, and take his place among the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; when, to do him justice, not a finer or more charming fellow was ever seen on earth! But ever since he came to man's estate he's been getting worse and worse. While a boy it was thought to be only eccentricity, and Sir Ralph was much blamed for indulging his vagaries, and bringing him up with a tutor at home instead of sending him to Eton to be flogged into his senses. Now that the mischief turns out to be constitutional, and (I'm afraid) incurable, one cannot help admiring the poor old gentleman's tenderness of nature in keeping so afflicting a spectacle under his eyes, so long as a hope remained."

So oppressed were my feelings by this strange and unexpected disclosure, that I replied only by a deep and shuddering sigh. When, *where*, were my affections to find a resting-place?

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SANCTUARY OF VARALLO.

THE SACRO MONTE OF ORTA, AND THE SACRO MONTE OF VARESE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS."

No. II.

In the *Piazza dei Tribunali*, to which we next proceed, are the four chapels, representing the houses of Annas, Caiphas, Herod, and Pilate.

CHAPEL XXIV.

Our Saviour in the House of Annas.

It was designed by Morandi, and finished in 1765. Eighteen of the statues are by Carl Antonio Tandarini; and are painted by Betti, a Florentine artist. The statue of Annas is by Bernese, a Milanese.

CHAPEL XXV.

Jesus in the House of Caiphas.

This chapel was designed by Pellegrino; and painted by Christoforo Rocca, who also painted the statues which were carved by Giovanni d'Enrico. The frescoes on the walls represent the ill-usage received by our Lord before the tribunal; and on the ceiling are three appropriate incidents from the Old Testament: first, the prophet Micah brought before Ahab, and Jehoshaphat receiving a blow for the accusation of false prophecy; second, Sampson in the hands of the Philistines; third, the Israelites adoring the golden calf.

CHAPEL XXVI.

The Repentance of St. Peter.

A single figure of St. Peter, by Giovanni d'Enrico; painting by La Rocca.

CHAPEL XXVII.

Jesus in Pilate's House.

Nineteen beautiful statues by Giovanni d'Enrico; and the walls painted in the best manner by Il Tanzio, his brother; date about 1660. On the left side Tanzio has introduced his own portrait in the garb of a beggar; opposite is an architectural view of the entrance into a town; and the gates, arches, colonnades, and palaces are in wonderful perspective; laterally are figures of false gods, cascades, towns, &c. On the ceiling, the explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream; the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast; the defence and justification of Susanna; the discovery and destruction of Bell and the Dragon.

CHAPEL XXVIII.

Jesus before Herod.

This chapel, designed by Pellegrino, was finished in 1640. Thirty-five first-rate statues, are by Enrico; and five very fine paintings by Tanzio. Melchiorre, another brother, painted the statues: there are five perspectives on the walls; the one on the right represents the meeting of the

Virgin Mary and her son in the crowd; that on the left, cities, groups, games, &c.

CHAPEL XXIX.

Christ reconducted to Pilate.

The elevation of this chapel is by the brothers Grandi, of Milan. There are twenty-three statues by Giovanni d'Enrico; the paintings are by Francesco Gianoli of Campertogno, in the Valsesia, whose picture may be seen in a corner, with his name, and the date 1679 under it. On the ceiling is represented Joseph put into the well by his brethren, and afterwards sold; on the friezes of the walls are the four Sybils, bearing on each of their books a word of prophecy concerning the sufferings of our Lord.

CHAPEL XXX.

'The Flagellation.

Giovanni d'Enrico formed these fine statues; one of the executioners ties the Lord to a column, another binds the rods; the whole is painfully fine. The pictures are by La Rocca; whose portrait is on one side, under the similitude of a poor man.

CHAPEL XXXI.

Jesus crowned with Thorns.

The statue of Christ, with some others, are by Giovanni d'Enrico; the pictures, partly by Crespi, otherwise called the Cerano, from his native place in the Novaresco, and partly by Farfanico. On the left are the pictures of Adam and Eve, deploring in bitter grief their unfortunate transgression. This chapel is much hung with votive offerings.

CHAPEL XXXII.

'Christ conducted to the Judgment Hall of Pilate.

Five statues by Enrico; the pictures by Gianoli.

Scala Santa—much in the style of that at St. John Lateran at Rome; at the time of our visit a number of the devout were ascending it, step by step, upon their knees.

CHAPEL XXXIII.

Christ shown to the People.

From a balcony, supposed to be outside the judgment-hall, Christ is represented at the moment when Pilate exclaims, "*Eccé homo!*" Above forty figures—divided between those in the balcony and those underneath—the statuary is by Enrico; the pictures by Pier Francesco Mazzacchelli, surnamed Morazzone, from his native place, situated in the Duchy of Milan, near Varese; both are admirable.

CHAPEL XXXIV.

Pilate washing his Hands.

The compunction expressed in the cowardly visage of Pilate is wonderfully depicted; there are in all seventeen figures, by Enrico: the paintings by Tanzio, his brother, who has represented the burning and

destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, on the right; on the left, the dream of Pilate's wife; on either side, is a distance, in one of which Barrabas is taken from prison; and on the other, architectural designs.

CHAPEL XXXV.

Jesus sentenced to Death.

Twenty-seven statues, the work of Giovanni d'Enrico; and the paintings by Morazzone are exceedingly fine.

CHAPEL XXXVI.

Jesus bearing the Cross.

Fifty statues by Tabacchetti, besides a number of horses. The paintings are by Morazzone,* finely executed. Abimelech is represented bearing a large branch on his shoulders, and to the right the explorers bringing grapes from the Promised Land, and to the left Abraham and his son Isaac, carrying on his back the wood for his sacrifice.

CHAPEL XXXVII.

Jesus nailed to the Cross.

Extraordinary fine grouping. Painfully but grandly, are here represented the horrors of this scene. Seventy!! statues by Enrico, without counting the horses on which the Centurions are riding; the paintings are by Melchior Gilardin; Rocca painted the statues; this chapel is altogether magnificent, and was finished in 1640. On the walls are painted in fresco, Abraham about to sacrifice his only son; and Jacob receiving the coat of many colours, stained with blood. Another compartment represents the angel driving our first parents from Paradise. The expression of grief on their countenances is very remarkable.

N.B. The cross is represented to be the real one! transported from Jerusalem by Bernadino, the founder.

CHAPEL XXXVIII.

Jesus raised upon the Cross.

Guadenzio Ferrari was both the designer of the statues of this large group and the painter of the walls. There is greater scope in this chapel than in any other; for instead of a temple-shaped building into which you look through a grating, a kind of vestibule is taken off from before the grate, and a door on each side leads through the chapel. The dread-

* Pier Francesco Mazzucchelli, detto il Morazzone, from the village above Varese, where he was born. He studied the elements of painting at Milan, but it is not certain under what master. We only know that when he went from thence to Rome he was already a good colourist, whence it was believed that he had already studied much the works of Titian and Paul Veronese. The manner of Morazzone is bold and grand; whence his merit is not to be judged by any picture of a quiet subject, but by those of grand designs. Such are for example: The Triumphant St. Michael at St. John's at Como, and the Flagellation of Christ, in one of the chapels of the sanctuary at Varese. The Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, a good connoisseur and great lover of the arts, greatly valued many works of Morazzone. The Duke of Savoy also employed him much, knighted him, and loaded him with favours. In 1626 he was engaged to paint the cupola of the cathedral of Piacenza, for a large sum, but he was overtaken by death just as he had prepared all the cartoons.

ful scene is here brought to a conclusion. The Son of Man is raised up for sinners. The Marys are grouped at the foot of the cross, and a party of soldiers are drawing lots for the raiment of Christ. Here, as in the two preceding chapels, the executioners are represented with horrible faces, and many of them with enormous *gottres*, and every species of deformity. The groups, painted in fresco on the walls (those of the women in particular) are most beautiful, and of the highest art, and represent all those present at the murder, reminding the spectator of those by Raphael on the walls of the Vatican. One woman in a turban of the most delicate green, yellow, and lilac, holds a child in her arms, who hides its face from the dreadful sight; others are weeping, and express every attitude of horror and amazement. Our admiration of Gaudenzio was raised to the highest pitch by this chapel, and having gained permission, I spent many days within, copying some of the figures and heads, much to the astonishment of the devout, who, coming to sanctify their rosaries, and peering through the lattice-work, often for a long time did not discover me seated amongst the labyrinth of figures, until I happened to move or breathe.

Ferrari has handed down his own portrait on the left-hand wall, in the dress of a pilgrim, by the side of a brother artist, Pellegrino di Modena, and on the opposite wall that of his daughter, with her head and shoulders enveloped in a white veil. Torrotti, in writing of this chapel, says, that it likewise contains many portraits of persons of the neighbourhood, as well as that of the Emperor Charles V. Unfortunately, much injury has been done to the frescoes in many places in the vestibule, by visitors writing their names, and otherwise chipping and injuring the plaster. They are now, however, railed in; and a society, which exists in the Valsesia for the encouragement of the arts, have taken them under their especial protection; and we found all the people of Varallo more or less alive to the fame of this, their great and celebrated countryman, and most anxious to spread his fame.

CHAPEL XXXIX.

The Deposition from the Cross.

The pictures in this chapel are by Gilardini, and were finished in 1639. The fourteen statues are by Enrico. On the walls are three scenes from the Old Testament—Cain under the Misery of Remorse; Moses descending from Sinai, and finding the people in Idolatry; and Aarou, the High Priest, blessing the People after Sacrifice.

CHAPEL XL.

La Pietà.

Eleven statues by Gio. d'Enrico, and the walls painted by Gaudenzio, or more probably by Lanini, his pupil. This is the greatest favourite of all the chapels, the floor being literally covered with copper coins, thrown in by the pilgrims.

CHAPEL XLI.

Jesus wrapped in the Winding-sheet.

Modern statues substituted for old wooden ones in 1825; and the walls painted by an artist of Varallo, Giacomo Bocciolini.

CHAPEL XLII

St. Francis.

All by Gaudenzio. Injured by time and damp—the oldest of all the chapels.

CHAPEL XLIII.

The Sepulchre of our Lord.

Statues by Gaudenzio. This pretends to be a model of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. We crept into it almost double. The figure was dressed up with flowers and trumpery, in the usual manner. We saw nothing remarkable in it as a work of art.

CHAPEL XLIV.

St. Anna.

Pictures by Gianoli, and statues by Gaudenzio Sceti, of Varallo.

CHAPEL XLV.

An Angel announces to the Virgin her approaching dissolution.

(Artists the same as the last.)

The church which occupies one end of the large square is superabundantly decorated and ornamented. It was commenced in 1614, from a design of Pellegrino's, and is wonderfully rich in precious marbles, and has a magnificent cupola, painted by the brothers Montalti; and there are not fewer than a hundred-and-forty statues placed in circles round the base of the cupola, the principal group below representing the reception of Mary in the heavenly regions, and diminishing, as the cupola narrows, until it ends in a choir of angels and cherubim, as high as the eye can reach. All the inhabitants of the valley of the Sesia contributed to this work. Dionigi Busola and Volpino are the artificers of the statues. There are other works in figures and painting in the church, but nothing very remarkable.

The portico might be a fine work if finished. In passing over the Col di Colma towards Orta, we saw immense blocks of marble already hewn and finished, intended for this work; and considering where they came from, and the place to which they had to be carried, our astonishment was greatly increased at the enormous labour, time, and money, that must be expended ere the whole can be completed.

The following is a list of the names of the artists employed:

Alfieri (Count), Piemontese, painter in 1440.

Arrigone, Guiseppe, Milanese, sculptor.

Aurbery, Giovanni Battista, and Mauro, called the Fiammenghini, a painter in 1630.

Avondo, Giovanni, Valsesiano, painter in 1820.

Bagnola, Giacomo of Valsoda, sculptor, 1660.

Bernesi, Gio. Battista, of Turin, sculptor in 1764.

Betti, Sigismondo, Florentine, painter in 1765.

Boccolini, Giacomo, of Varallo, painter in 1825.

Borsetti, Carlo, of Varallo, painter in 1730.

- Buosola, Dionigi, Milanese, sculptor in 1660.
 Cagnola, Luigi, Milanese, architect, 1824.
 Chignolo, Girolamo, Milanese, painter.
 Crespi, Gio. Battista, of Cerano, painter in 1620.
 Cucchi, Antonio, Milanese, painter in 1750.
 Enrico (d') Melchiorre, painter in 1625.
 Enrico (d') Giovanni (his brother), sculptor in 1630.
 Enrico (d') Antonio, called Tanzio (another brother, all from Alagna, in Valsesia), painter in 1640.
 Farfanico, painter in 1640.
 Ferraris, Gaudenzio, of Valduggia, born in 1484, a painter and sculptor, and one of the five pupils of Raphael.
 Gianoli, Pietro, Valsesiano, painter in 1680.
 Gilardini, Melchiorre, Milanese, painter in 1640.
 Grandi (brothers), Milanese, architects and painters, 1680.
 Grassi, Tarquinio, of Romagnano, painter in 1700.
 Lanini, Bernardino, of Vercelli, painter and scholar of Ferrari's.
 Leva, Francesco, Milanese, painter in 1705.
 Lucini, Milanese, painter.
 Luini, Cesare Giulio, of Varallo, painter and scholar of Ferrari's.
 Marchesi, Luigi, Milanese, sculptor in 1825.
 Martinolio, Cristoforo, called "Rocca," Valsesiano, painter in 1620.
 Mazzucchelli, Pier Francesco, called Morrazzone, Milanese, painter in 1620.
 Montalti, Stefano and Guisepppe, brothers, Milanese, painters in 1660.
 Morondi, Gio. Battista, of Varallo, painter in 1730.
 Orgiazzi, Antonio, of Varallo, painter in 1780.
 Origone, Gio. Battista, Milanese, sculptor.
 Penna, Carlo, Valsesiano, painter.
 Perotti, Proto, Valsesiano, painter.
 Petera, Francesco, of Varallo, sculptor.
 Ravelli, Bartolomeo, of Varallo, sculptor in 1600.
 Secti, Gaudenzio, of Campertogno, sculptor.
 Stella, Fermo, of Caravaggio, sculptor and scholar of Ferrari's.
 Tibaldi, Pellegrino, Bolognese, architect in 1580.
 Volpini, Gio. Battista, Milanese, sculptor in 1640.

Having been detained at Varallo by the illness of one of our party, we made every possible inquiry respecting the works of Gaudenzio Ferrari, and found all, from the upper to the lower classes, anxious to give information respecting him, and so desirous that he should be better known, that we became quite objects of interest there—his memory being idolised. Few foreigners visit Varallo—it is out of any route usually taken, unless to those bound for the Lago Maggiore by the passes of Piedmont. The situation is beautiful, and the valley highly picturesque. The walks on all sides are through chestnut trees. There are two most striking looking bridges over the Sesia, one which connects the town with a sort of suburb, and which forms a fine foreground in the picture, whilst the Sanctuary towers above all. The other is thrown over the torrent a little above the town, and the view up the gorge of the valley is charming. The stream is rapid and full of trout, which may be seen from the bridge in the deep emerald pools below.

The situation of Varallo and its surrounding valleys cannot fail to please. Some of the costumes on a market-day presented as much variety as in Switzerland. We were well fed at the hotel, and were very fortunate in finding a very clever M.D., who showed the greatest kindness and attention to our invalid. He was a very gentlemanlike intelligent man, and had the additional merit of being appointed Custode of the Sacro Monte, and he readily gave permission for the opening of any of the *grilles* that defended the frescoes, and I copied many heads from Gaudenzio during our detention.

About seventy pilgrims dined daily in the house, which boasted but one waiter and a "*Piccolo*," of course run off their legs by every pious visitor. Their sincerity we were not called upon to doubt, but of the good care they took of themselves we were hourly eye-witnesses, having to pass through the public Sala every time of passing out or in, and more eating, drinking, feasting, and flirting, I never had the good fortune to see. As to the shows, drumming, and horsemanship, they were incessant, and the traffic in rosaries seemed endless.

Varallo was not only the scene of the early life and works of Gaudenzio Ferrari, but the inhabitants of the place have always been celebrated for their love of art—they have produced many painters.

In the church of the Capuchins at the foot of the hill leading to the Monte Sacro is one of his finest works; a large screen painted in twenty-two compartments occupies the whole breadth, the centre picture being the Crucifixion. The helmets of the soldiers, and some other parts of the dresses, are in relief, and worked with gold. The figure of St. John is as fine as any thing of Raphael's, and a group of women at the foot of the cross is quite enchanting. On the walls of the church are some early frescoes of Gaudenzio's, but fast fading by time and damp. The cathedral, a picturesque, bold elevation, boasts of a fine picture by the same artist, in three compartments. The old-fashioned folding altar-pieces of wood, called an *Ancona*.

Gaudenzio Ferrari is the real hero of the place, and a visit to his works will richly repay any lover of the art. He is little known out of the Milanese; both his great contemporary Luini and himself are little to be appreciated from the few easel pictures they have left—their strength lies in their unrivalled frescoes, with which they covered whole churches. Large screens, separating the choir from the rest of the building, are often found in this part of Italy, especially in churches built as monasteries or convents—witness the fine one of Luini's in the Capuchin church at Lugano, another by the same artist in St. Maria Maggiore at Milan, and the one of Gaudenzio's, above-mentioned.

After a slight sketch of his life in the next chapter, I shall give a list of such of his works as I have been able to discover, and which are authentically known to be his.

A L E R I E.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

CHAP. VIII.

As arranged by Lady M——, the next day we went to Harking Castle, the family seat in Dorsetshire, and I was not sorry to be again quiet after the noise and bustle of a London season. As Lady M—— had observed, the young ladies were sadly jaded with continual late hours and hot rooms, but they had not been a week in the country before they were improved in appearance and complexion. They certainly were amiable, nice girls; clever, and without pride, and I soon became attached to them. I attended to their music, and they made great progress. I also taught them the art of making flowers in wax, which I had so lately learnt myself. This was all I could do, except mildly remonstrating with them when I saw what did not appear to me to be quite correct in their conduct and deportment. Lady M—— appeared quite satisfied, and treated me with great consideration, and I was in a short time very happy in my new position. For the first month there were no visitors in the house; after that invitations were sent out. Lady M—— had said that she would have a month's quiet to recover herself from the fatigues of the season, and I had no doubt but that she also thought her daughters would be much benefitted, as they really were, by a similar retirement. It was on the Monday that company was expected, and on the Friday Lady M—— desired Augusta, the eldest daughter, to put on a new dress which had just been made by the two lady's-maids, and come down in it that she might see it on. When Augusta made her appearance, and her mother had surveyed the dress, she said,

"I do not quite like it, Augusta, and yet I do not exactly know where it's wrong; but something requires to be altered, it does not hang gracefully."

As she said this I was reading a book, and I naturally looked up, and immediately perceived the alteration which the dress required. I pointed it out, and with a few pins made the dress set well.

"Why this is a new talent, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, one that I had no idea that you possessed; although I admit that no one dresses more elegantly than you do," said Lady M——. "How much I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble."

"I am most happy to be of any service, Lady M——, and you may always command me," replied I. "I have the credit of being a very good milliner."

"I believe you can do any thing," replied Lady M——. "Augusta, go up to Benson and show her the alterations that are required, and tell her to make them directly.—After all," continued Lady M——, to me, "it is bad economy making dresses at home, but I really cannot afford

to pay the extravagant prices charged by Mademoiselle Desbelli. My bills are monstrous, and my poverty, but not my will, consents. Still it does make such a difference in the appearance, being well dressed, that if I could, I never would have a dress made at home; but the saving is astonishing—nearly two-thirds, I assure you.”

“If you will allow me to interfere a little, my lady,” replied I, “I think you can have them as well made at home as by Madame Desbelli. I think I can be useful.”

“You are very kind, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, but it will be taxing you too much.”

“Not at all, Lady M——, if I have your sanction.”

“You shall do just as you please, my dear,” replied Lady M——; “I give you full authority over the whole household, if you wish it; but indeed I think Benson will feel much obliged to you for any slight hint that you may give her, and I am sure that I shall; but the carriage is at the door—do you drive to-day?”

“Not to-day, I thank you, Lady M——,” replied I.

“Well, then, I will take Hortense and Amy with me, and leave Augusta with you.”

After Lady M——’s departure I went up to the room where the maids were at work. I altered the arrangement of Augusta’s dress so as to suit her figure, and cut out the two others for Hortense and Amy. Wishing to please Lady M——, I worked myself at Augusta’s dress, and had it completed before Lady M—— had returned from her drive. It certainly was now a very different affair, and Augusta looked remarkably well in it. She was delighted herself, and hastened down to her mother to show it to her. When I came down to dinner, Lady M—— was profuse in her acknowledgments; the two other dresses, when finished, gave equal satisfaction, and from that time till the period of my quitting Lady M——, all the dresses, not only of the young ladies, but those of Lady M——, were made at home, and my taste and judgment invariably appealed to and most cheerfully given. I felt it my duty to be of all the use that I could be, and perhaps was not a little gratified by the compliments I received upon my exquisite taste. Time passed on; during the shooting season, Augusta, the eldest daughter, received a very good offer, which was accepted; and at the Christmas festivities, Hortense, the second girl, accepted another proposal, which was also very favourable. Lady M—— was delighted at such success.

“Is it not strange, my dear Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, that I have been fagging two seasons, night and day, to get husbands for those girls, and now alone here, in solitude and retirement almost, they have both obtained excellent establishments. I do really declare that I believe it is all owing to you, and the delightful manner in which you have dressed them.”

“I should rather think that it is owing, in the first place, to their having so much improved in personal appearance since they have been down in the country,” replied I; “and further, to the gentlemen having now an opportunity of discovering their truly estimable qualities, which they were not likely to do at Almack’s or other parties during a London season.”

“You may think so,” replied Lady M——, “but it is my conviction that all is owing to their being so tastefully dressed. Why every one

admires the elegance of their costume, and request patterns. Well, now I have only Amy on my hands, and I think that her sister's high connexions will assist in getting her off."

"She is a sweet girl, Amy," replied I, "and were I you, Lady M——, I should be in no hurry to part with her."

"Indeed, but I am," replied Lady M——, "you don't know the expense of girls, and my jointure is not so very large; however, I must not complain. Don't you think Amy looks better in lilac than any other colour?"

"She looks well in almost any colour," replied I.

"Yes, with your taste, I grant," replied Lady M——. "Are you aware that we go to town in a fortnight? We must look after the *trousseaux*. It was arranged last night that both marriages shall take place in February. Amy will, of course, be one of the brides'-maids, and I trust to you, my *déar Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf*, to invent something very *distingué* for her on that occasion. Who knows but that it may get her off? but it's late, so good night."

I could not admire Lady M——'s apparent hurry to get rid of her daughters, but it certainly was the one thing needful which had occupied all her thoughts and attention during the time that I had been with her. That it was natural that she should wish that her children were well established, I granted, but all that she appeared to consider was good connexion and the means of living in good style, every other point as to the character of the husbands being totally overlooked.

A fortnight after Christmas we all went to London, and were, as Lady M—— had observed, very busy with the *trousseaux*, when one day the butler came to say that a young gentleman wished to see me, and was waiting in the breakfast-parlour below. I went down, wondering who it could be, when to my surprise, I found Lionel, the page of Lady R——, dressed in plain clothes, and certainly looking very much like a gentleman. He bowed very respectfully to me when I entered, much more so than he had ever done when he was a page with Lady R——, and said,

"Miss Valerie, I have ventured to call upon you, as I thought when we parted that you did me the honour to feel some little interest about me, and I thought you would like to know what has taken place. I have been in England now four months, and have not been idle during that time."

"I am certainly glad to see you, Lionel, although I am sorry you have left Lady R——, and I hope you have been satisfied with the result of your inquiries."

"It is rather a long story, Miss Valerie, and if you wish to hear it, you will oblige me by sitting down while I narrate it to you."

"I hope it will not be too long, Lionel, as I shall be wanted in an hour or so to go out with Lady M——, but I am ready to hear you," continued I, sitting down, as he requested.

Lionel stood by me, and then commenced—"We arrived at Dover the evening of the day that we left Miss Valerie, and Lady R——; who had been in a state of great agitation during the journey, was so unwell, that she remained there four or five days. As soon as she was better, I thought it was advisable that she should settle my book, and pay me my wages before we left England, and I brought it to her, stating my wish, as the sum was then very large.

"And what do you want money for?" said she, rather angrily.

"I want to place it in safety, my lady," replied I.

"That's as much as to say that it is not safe with me."

"No, my lady," replied I. "But suppose any accident were to happen to you abroad, would your executors ever believe that you owed more than 25*l.*, besides a year's wages to a page like me; they would say it could not be, and would not pay me my money; neither would they believe that you gave me such wages."

"Well," she replied, "there is some truth in that, and it will, perhaps, be better that I do pay you at once, but where will you put the money, Lionel?"

"I will keep the check, my lady, if you please."

"Then I will write it to order and not to bearer," replied she, "and then if you lose it, it will not be paid, for it will require your own signature."

"Thank you, my lady," replied I.

Having examined my accounts and my wages due, she gave me a check for the full amount. The next morning the packet was to sail at nine o'clock. We were in good time, and as soon as Lady R—— was on board she went down into the cabin. Her maid asked me for the bottle of salts which I had purposely left under the sofa-pillow at the Ship Hotel. I told her that I had left it, and as there was plenty of time would run and fetch it. I did so, but contrived not to be back until the steamer had moved away from the pier, and her paddles were in motion. I called out, "Stop, stop," knowing of course that they would not, although they were not twenty yards away. I saw Lady R——'s maid run to the captain and speak to him, but it was of no use, and thus I was left behind without Lady R—— having any suspicion that it was intentional on my part. I waited at the pier till the packet was about two miles off, and then walked away from the crowd of people, who were bothering me with advice how to proceed so that I might join my mistress at Calais. I returned to the hotel for a portion of my clothes which I had not sent on board of the packet, but had left in charge of the boots, and then sat down in the tap to reflect upon what I should do. My first object was to get rid of my sugar-loaf buttons, for I hated livery, Miss Valerie; perhaps it was pride, but I could not help it. I walked out till I came to a slop-seller's, as they call them at seaports, and went in; there was nothing hanging up but seamen's clothes, and on reflection, I thought I could not do better than to dress as a sailor; so I told the man that I wanted a suit of sailor's clothes.

"You want to go to sea, I suppose," said the man, not guessing exactly right, considering that I just refused to embark.

"However, I bargained first for a complete suit, and then sold him my liveries, exchanging my dress in the back parlour. I then returned to the tap, obtained my other clothes, and as soon as the coach started, got outside and arrived in London. I called upon you at this house, and found that you were in the country, and then I resolved that I would go down to Culverwoud Hall."

"And now you must leave off, Lionel, for the present," said I, "for I must go out with Lady M——. Come to-morrow, early, and I shall have leisure to hear the rest of your story."

The following morning Lionel returned and resumed his history.

"Miss Valerie, little things often give you more trouble than greater; and I had more difficulty to find out where Culverwoud Hall was than you may imagine. I asked many at the inn where I put up, but no one could tell me, and at such places I was not likely to find any book which I could refer to. I went to the coach offices and asked what coaches started for Essex, and the reply was, 'Where did I want to go?' and when I said Culverwoud Hall, no one could tell me by which coach I was to go, or which town it was near. At last I did find out from the porter of the Saracen's Head, who had taken in parcels with that address, and who went to the coachman, who said that his coach passed within a mile of Sir Alexander Moystyn's, who lived there. I never knew her ladyship's maiden name before. I took my place by the coach, for I had gone to the banker's in Fleet Street, and received the money for my check, and started the next morning at three o'clock. I was put down at a village called Westgate, at an inn called the Moystyn Arms. I kept to the dress of a sailor, and when the people spoke to me on the coach, kept up the character as well as I could, which is very easy when you have to do with people who know nothing about it. I shivered my timbers, and all that sort of thing, and hitched up my trousers, as they do at the theatres. The coachman told me that the inn was the nearest place I could stop at if I wanted to go to the hall, and taking my bundle, I got down and he drove off. A sailor boy is a sort of curiosity in a country village, Miss Valerie, and I had many questions put to me, but I answered them by putting others. I said that my friends were formerly living at the hall in the old baronet's time, but that I knew little about them, as it was a long while ago; and I asked if there were any of the old servants still living at the place. The woman who kept the inn told me that there was one, Old Roberts, who still lived in the village, and had been *bedridden* for some years. This of course was the person who I wanted, and I inquired what had become of his family. The reply was, that his daughter, who had married Green, was somewhere in London, and his son, who had married Kitty Wilson, of the village, had gone to reside as gamekeeper somewhere near Portsmouth, and had a large family of children."

"'You're right enough,' replied I, laughing, 'we are a large family.'

"'What are you Old Roberts' grandson?' exclaimed the woman. 'Well, we did hear that one of them, Harry, I think, did go to sea.'

"'Well, now, perhaps you'll tell me where I am to find the old gentleman?' replied I.

"'Come with me,' said she, 'he lives hard by, and glad enough he'll be, poor man, to have any one to talk with him a bit, for it's a lonesome life he lives in bed there.'

"I followed the woman, and when about a hundred yards from the inn she stopped at the door of a small house, and called to Mrs. Meshin, to 'go up and tell Old Roberts that one of his grandsons is here.' A snuffy old woman made her appearance, peered at me through her spectacles, and then stumped up a pair of stairs which faced the door. Shortly afterwards I was desired to come up, and did so. I found an old man with silver hair lying in bed, and the said Mrs. Meshin, with her spectacles, smoothing down the bed-clothes, and making the place tidy.

"'What cheer, old boy?' said I, after T. P. Cooke's style.

"'What do you say, I'm hard of hearing, rather?' replied the old man.

"'How do you find yourself, sir?' said I.

“ ‘Oh, pretty well for an old man; and so you’re my grandson, Harry; glad to see you.—You may go, Mrs. Meshin, and shut the door, and do you hear, don’t listen at the key-hole.’ ”

“The stately lady, Mrs. Meshin, growled, and then left the room, slamming the door.

“ ‘She is very cross, grandson,’ said the old man, ‘and I see nobody but her. It’s a sad thing to be bedridden this way, and not to get out in the fresh air, and sadder still to be tended by a cross old woman, who won’t talk when I want her, and who won’t hold her tongue when I want her. I’m glad to see you, boy, I hope you won’t go away directly, as your brother Tom did. I want somebody to talk to me, sadly; and how do you like being at sea?’ ”

“ ‘I like the shore, better, sir.’ ”

“ ‘Ay, so all sailors say, I believe; and yet I would rather go to sea than lie here all day long. It’s all owing to my being out as I used to do, night after night, watching for poachers. I had too little bed then, and now I’ve too much of it. But the sea must be grand. As the Bible says, ‘They who go upon the great waters, they see the wonders of the deep.’ ”

“ ‘I was glad to find that the old man was so perfect in all his mental faculties, and after having listened to, rather than replied to, observations about his son and my supposed brothers and sisters, by which I obtained a pretty accurate knowledge of them, I wished him good-bye, and promised to call and have a long talk in the morning.

“ ‘On my return to the inn, I was able to reply to all the interrogatories which were put to me relative to my supposed relations, thanks to the garrulity of Old Roberts, and put many questions relative to the family residing at the hall, which were freely answered. As the evening advanced, many people came in, and the noise and smoking was so disagreeable to me, that I asked for a bed, and retired. The next morning I repaired to Old Roberts, who appeared delighted to see me.

“ ‘You are a good boy,’ said he, ‘to come to see a poor bedridden old man, who has not a soul that comes near him perhaps in a week. And now tell me what took place during your last voyage.’ ”

“ ‘The last vessel I was on board of,’ replied I, ‘was a packet from Dover to Calais.’ ”

“ ‘Well, that must be pleasant; so many passengers.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, sir; and who do you think I saw on board of the packet the other day—somebody that you know.’ ”

“ ‘Ay, who?’ ”

“ ‘Why Lady R——,’ replied I, ‘and that young gentleman who, I heard say, once lived with her as her servant.’ ”

“ ‘Ay!’ said the old man, ‘indeed! then she has done justice at last. I’m glad on it, Harry, glad on it, for it’s a relief to my mind. I was bound to the secret, and have kept it; but when a man is on the brink of the grave, he does not like to have a secret like that upon his mind, and I’ve more than once talked to my daughter about—’ ”

“ ‘What, Aunt Green?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, your Aunt Green; but she would never listen to me. We both took our oath, and she said it was binding; besides, we were paid for it. Well, well, I thank God, for it’s a great load off my mind.’ ”

" 'Yes, sir,' replied I, 'you need not keep the secret any longer now.'

" 'And how has he grown up?' said the old man; 'is he good-looking?'

" 'Very much so, sir,' replied I, 'and looks very much like a gentleman.'"

I could not help laughing at this part of Lionel's story, although I could not but admit the truth. Lionel observed it, and said,

"You cannot be surprised at my giving myself a good character, Miss Valerie, for, as they say in the kitchen, it's all that a poor servant has to depend upon."

"Go on, replied I.

" 'He was a very fine child while he lived with us; but he was taken away at six years old, and I have never seen him since.'

" 'Some people say that he is very like Lady R——.'

" 'Well, why should he not be? ay, she was once a very beautiful young person.'

" 'Well, grandfather, I have never heard the rights of that story,' said I, 'and now that you are at liberty to tell it, perhaps you will let me have the whole history.'

" 'Well,' said the old man, 'as there is no longer a secret, I do not know but that I may. Your Aunt Green, you know, was nurse to Lady R——, and remained in the family for years afterwards, for old Sir Alexander Moystyn was confined to his room for years with gout and other complaints, and your Aunt Green attended him. It was just as Sir Alexander had recovered from a very bad fit, that Miss Ellen, who was Lady R——'s sister, and years younger than she was, made her runaway match with Colonel Dempster, a very fashionable, gay young man, who had come down here to shoot with the present baronet. Every one was much surprised at this, for all the talk was that the match would be with the eldest sister, Lady R——, and not the youngest. They went off somewhere abroad. Old Sir Alexander was in a terrible huff about it, and was taken ill again; and Lady R——, who was then Miss Barbara, appeared also much distressed at her sister's conduct. Well, a year or more passed away, when, one day, Miss Barbara told your Aunt Green that she wished her to go with her on a journey, and she set off in the evening with four post-horses, and travelled all night till she arrived at Southampton. There she stopped at a lodging, and got out, spoke to the landlady, and calling my daughter out of the chaise, desired her to remain below while she went up-stairs. My daughter was tired of staying so long, for she remained there for five hours, and Miss Barbara did not make her appearance, but they appeared to be very busy in the house, running up and down stairs. At last a grave person, who appeared to be a doctor, came into the parlour, followed by the landlady—in the parlour in which my daughter was sitting.

" 'It's all over, Mrs. Wilson,' said he; 'nothing could save her; but the child will do well, I have no doubt.'

" 'What's to be done, sir?'

" 'Oh,' replied the doctor, 'the lady above-stairs told me that she was her sister, so of course we must look to her for all future arrangements.'

" 'After giving a few directions about the infant, the doctor left the house, and soon after that Miss Barbara came down stairs.

" 'I'm quite worn out, Martha,' said she, 'let us go to the hotel as fast as we can. You sent away the carriage, of course. I would it had remained, for I shall be hardly able to walk so far.'

" 'She took her arm, and as the landlady opened the door, she said, 'I will call to-morrow, and give directions about the infant, and every thing which is necessary.—I never went through such a trying scene,' said Miss Barbara; 'she was an old schoolfellow of mine, who entreated me to come to her in her distress. She died giving birth to her infant, and it was, I presume, with that presentiment, that she sent for me and entreated me, on her death-bed, to protect the unfortunate child, for she has been cast away by her relations in consequence of her misconduct. You never have had the small-pox, Martha, have you?'

" 'No, miss,' she replied, 'you know I never have.'

" 'Well, it was having the small-pox at the same time that she was confined, that has caused her death, and that was the reason why I did not send for you to come up and assist.'

" 'My daughter made no answer, for Miss Barbara was a haughty temper, and she was afraid of her; but she did not forget that the doctor had told the landlady that Miss Barbara had stated the lady to be her sister. My daughter had thought it very odd that Miss Barbara had not told her, during their journey, where she was going and who she was going to see, for Miss Barbara had wrapped herself up in her cloak, and pretended to be asleep during the whole time, only waking up to pay the post-boys; but Miss Barbara was of a very violent temper, and had, since her sister's marriage, been much worse than before; indeed, some said that she was a little mad, and used to walk at moonlights. When they arrived at the hotel, Miss Barbara went to bed, and insisted upon my daughter sleeping in the same room, as she was afraid of being alone in an hotel. My daughter thought over the business as she laid in bed, and at last resolved to ascertain the truth; so she got up early the next morning, and walked to the lodging-house, and when the door was opened by the landlady, pretended to come from her mistress to inquire how the infant was. The reply was that it was doing well; and then a conversation took place, in which my daughter found out that the lady did not die of the small-pox, as Miss Barbara had stated. The landlady asked my daughter if she would not like to come up and look at the corpse. My daughter consented, as it was what she was about to request, and when she went up, sure enough it was poor Mrs. Dempster, Miss Ellen that was, who had run away with the colonel.

" 'An't it a pity, ma'am,' said the landlady, 'her husband died only two months ago, and they say he was so handsome a man; indeed, he must have been, for here's his picture, which the poor lady wore round her neck.'

" 'When your aunt had satisfied herself, and cried a little over the body, for she was very fond of Miss Ellen, she went back to the hotel as fast as she could, and getting a jug of warm water from the kitchen, she went into Miss Barbara's room, and had just time to throw off her bonnet and shawl, when Miss Barbara woke up and asked who was there.

" 'It's me, miss,' replied my daughter, 'I've just gone down for some warm water for you, for its past nine o'clock, and I thought you would like to be up early.'

“ ‘ Yes, I must get up, Martha, for I intend to return home to-day. It’s no use waiting here. I will have breakfast, and then walk to the lodgings and give directions. You may pack up in the meantime, for I suppose you do not wish to go with me.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, no, miss,’ replied your aunt, ‘ I am frightened out of my wits at having been in the house already, now that I know that the lady died of the small-pox.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, Miss Barbara went away after breakfast and remained for two or three hours, when she returned, a servant bringing the baby with her. My daughter had packed up every thing, and in half an hour they were on the road back, the baby with them in my daughter’s arms. Now, you see, if it had not been for the accidental remark of the doctor’s in your aunt’s presence, she would have been completely deceived by Miss Barbara, and never have known whose child it was ; but your aunt kept her own counsel ; indeed, she was afraid to do otherwise. As they went home, Miss Barbara talked a great deal to your aunt, telling her that this Mrs. Bedingfield was a great friend of hers, with whom she had corresponded for years after they had left school ; that her husband had been killed in a duel a short time before, that he was a gambler, and a man of very bad character, nevertheless she had promised Mrs. Bedingfield before she died, that she would take care of the child, and that she would do so. She then said, ‘ Martha, I should like your mother to take charge of it, do you think that she would ? but it must be a secret, for my father would be very angry with me, and besides, there might be unpleasant reports.’ Your aunt replied, ‘ that she thought that her mother would,’ and then Miss Barbara’s proposal that your aunt should get out of the chaise when they stopped to change horses at the last stage, when it was dark, and no one would perceive it, and walk with the infant until she could find some conveyance to my house. This was done, the child was brought to your grandmother, who is now in heaven, and then your aunt made known to us what she had discovered, and whose child it was. I was very angry, and if I had not been laid up at the time with the rheumatism, would have gone right into Sir Alexander’s room, and told him who the infant was, but I was over-ruled by your grandmother and your aunt, who then went away, and walked to the hall. So we agreed that we would say exactly what Miss Barbara said to us when she came over to us on the next day.’ ”

“ Well, then, Lionel, I have to congratulate you on being the son of a gentleman, and the nephew of Lady R——. I wish you joy with all my heart,” said I, extending my hand.

“ Thank you, Miss Valerie. It is true that I am so, but proofs are still to be given, but of that hereafter.”

“ Lionel, you have been standing all this while. I think it would be most uncourteous if I did not request you to take a chair.” Lionel did so, and then proceeded with the old man’s narrative.

“ ‘ About a month after this, Sir Richard R—— came down, and after three weeks was accepted by Miss Barbara. It was a hasty match every one thought, especially as the news of Mrs. Dempster’s death had, as it was reported, been received by letter, and all the family had gone into mourning. Poor old Sir Alexander never held his head up afterwards, and in two months more he was carried to the family vault. Your aunt then came home to us, and as you have heard, married poor Green, who was killed in a poaching business about three

months after his marriage. Then came your poor grandmother's death of a quinsy, and so I was left alone with your Aunt Green, who then took charge of the child, who had been christened by the name of Lionel Bedingfield. There was some talk about the child, and some wonders whose it could be, but after the death of Sir Alexander, and Miss Barbara had gone away with her husband, nothing more was thought or said about it. And now, boy, I've talked enough for to-day, to-morrow I'll tell you the rest of the history."

"Perhaps, Miss Valerie, you think the same of me, and am tired with listening," observed Lionel.

"Not at all; and I have leisure now which I may not have another time; besides, your visits, if so frequent, may cause inquiries, and I shall know what to say."

"Well, then, I'll finish my story this morning, Miss Valerie. The next day old Roberts continued: 'It was about three months after Sir Alexander's death, when her brother, the new baronet, came down to Culverwould Hall, that Miss Barbara made her appearance again as Lady R——. Your grandmother was just buried, and poor Green had not been dead more than a month. Your aunt, who was much afflicted with the loss of her husband, and was of course very grave and serious, began to agree with me that it would be very wicked of us, knowing whose child it was, to keep the secret. Moreover, your aunt had become very fond of the infant, for it in a manner consoled her for the loss of her husband. Lady R—— came to the cottage to see us, and we then both told her that we did not like to keep secret the child's parentage, as it was doing a great injustice, if injustice had not been done already. Lady R—— was very much frightened at what we said, and begged very hard that we would not expose her. She would be ruined, she said, in the opinion of her husband, and also of her own relations. She begged and prayed so hard, and made a solemn promise to us, that she would do justice to the child as soon as ever she could with prudence, that she overcame our scruples, and we agreed to say nothing at present. She also put a bank-note for 50*l.* into my daughter's hands to defray expenses and pay for trouble, and told her that the same amount would be paid every year until the child was taken away. I believe this did more to satisfy our scruples than any thing else. It ought not to have done so, but we were poor, and money is a great temptation. At all events, we were satisfied with Lady R——'s promise, and with her liberality; and from that time till the child was seven years old we received the money, and had charge of the boy. He was then taken away and sent to school, but where we did not know for some time. Lady R—— was still very liberal to us, always stating her intention of acknowledging the child to be her nephew. At last my daughter was summoned to London, and sent to the school for the boy; Lady R—— stating it to be her intention to keep him at her own house, now that her husband was dead. This rejoiced us very much; but we had no idea that it was as a servant that he was to be employed, as your aunt afterwards found out, when she went up to London and called unexpectedly upon Lady R——. However, Lady R—— said that what she was doing was for the best, and was more liberal than usual; and that stopped our tongues. Three years back your aunt left this place to find employment in London, and has resided there ever since as a clear-starcher and getter-up of lace; but she often sends me down money,

quite sufficient to pay for all the few comforts and expenses required by a bedridden old man. There, Harry, now I've told you the whole story; and I am glad that I am able to do so, and that at last she has done justice to the lad, and there is no further a load upon my conscience, which often caused me to lay down my Bible, when I was reading, and sigh.'

"'But,' said I, 'are you sure that she has acknowledged him as her nephew?'

"'Am I sure! Why, did not you say so?'

"'No; I only said that he was with her, travelling in her company.'

"'Well, but—I understood you, that it was all right.'

"'It may be all right,' replied I, 'but how can I tell? I only saw them together. Lady R—— may still keep her secret, for all I can say to the contrary. I don't wonder at its being a load on your mind. I shouldn't be able to sleep at nights; and as for reading my Bible, I should think it wicked to do so, with the recollection always before me, that I had been a party in defrauding a poor boy of his name, and, perhaps, fortune.'

"'Dear me! dear me! I've often thought as much, Harry.'

"'Yes, grandfather, and, as you say, on the brink of the grave. Who knows but what you may be called away this very night.'

"'Yes, yes, who knows, boy,' replied the old man, looking rather terrified; 'but what should I do?'

"'I know what I would do,' replied I. 'I'd make a clean breast of it at once. I'd send for the minister and a magistrate and state the whole story upon affidavit. Then you will feel happy again, and ease your mind, and not before.'

"'Well, boy, I believe you are right, I'll think about it. Leave me now.'

"'Think about your own soul, sir—think of your own danger, and do not mind Lady R——. There can be but a bad reason for doing such an act of injustice. I will come again in an hour, sir, and then you will let me know your decision. Think of what the Bible says about those who defraud the widow and the orphan. Good-by for the present.'

"'No, stop, boy, I've made up my mind. You may go to Mr. Sewell, the clergyman, he often calls to see me, and I can speak to him. I'll tell him.'

"I did not wait for the old man to alter his mind, but hastened as fast as I could to the parsonage-house, which was not four hundred yards distant. I went to the door and asked for Mr. Sewell, who came out to me. I told him that Old Roberts wanted to see him immediately, as he had an important confession to make.

"'Is the old man going, then? I did not hear that he was any way dangerously ill?'

"'No, sir, he is in his usual health, but he has something very heavy on his conscience, and he begs your presence immediately that he may reveal an important secret.'

"'Well, my lad, go back to him and say that I will be there in two hours. You are his grandson, I believe?'

"'I will go and tell him, sir,' replied I, evading the last question.

"I returned to Old Roberts and informed him that the clergyman would be with him in an hour or two, but I found the old man already hesitating and doubting again.

" 'You didn't tell him what it was for, did you? for perhaps—'

" 'Yes I did. I told him you had an important secret to communicate that laid heavy on your conscience.'

" 'I'm sadly puzzled,' said the old man, musing.

" 'Well,' replied I, 'I'm not puzzled, and if you don't confess, I must. I won't have my conscience loaded, poor fellow, that I am, and if you choose to die with the sin upon you of depriving the orphan, I will not.'

" 'I'll tell—tell it all—it's the best way,' replied Old Roberts, after a pause.

" 'There now,' said I, 'the best thing to be done is for me to get paper and pen and write it all down for Mr. Sewell to read when he comes; then you need not have to repeat it all again.'

" 'Yes, that will be best, for I couldn't face the clergyman.'

" 'Then how can you expect to face the Almighty?' replied I.

" 'True—very true; get the paper,' said he.

" I went to the inn and procured writing materials, and then returned and took down his confession of what I have now told you, Miss Valerie. When Mr. Sewell came I had just finished it, and I then told him that I had written it down, and handed it to him to read. Mr. Sewell was much surprised and shocked, and said to Roberts, 'You have done right to make this confession, Roberts, for it may be most important; but you must now swear to it in the presence of a magistrate and me. Of course you have no objection?'

" 'No, sir, I'm ready to swear to the truth of every word.'

" 'Well, then, let me see. Why there's no magistrate near us just now but Sir Thomas Moystyn, and as it concerns his own nephew there cannot be a more proper person. I will go up to the hall immediately and ask him to come with me to-morrow morning.'

" Mr. Sewell did so, and the next day he and Sir Thomas Moystyn came down in a phaeton and went up to Old Roberts. I rather turned away, that my uncle, as he now proves to be, might not, when I was regularly introduced to him, as I hope to be, as his nephew, be recognised as the sailor lad who passed off as the grandson of old Roberts."

" Then you admit that you have been playing a very deceitful game."

" Yes, Miss Valerie. I have a conscience, and I admit that I have been playing what may be called an unworthy game, but when it is considered how much I have at stake, and how long I have been defrauded of my rights by the duplicity of others, I think I may be excused if I have beat them at their own weapons."

" I admit there is great truth in your observations, Lionel, and that is all the answer I shall give."

" I remained outside the door while Old Roberts signed the paper, and the oath was administered. Sir Thomas put many questions afterwards. He inquired the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Green, and then they both went away.

" As soon as they were gone, I went in to Old Roberts, and said,

" 'Well now, sir, do you not feel happier that you have made the confession?'

" 'Yes,' replied he, 'I do, boy; but still I am scared when I think of Lady R—— and your Aunt Green, they'll be so angry.'

" 'I've been thinking that I had better go up to Mrs. Green,' I said, 'and prepare her for it. I can pacify her, I'm sure, when I explain

matters. I must have gone away the day after to-morrow, and I'll go up to London to-morrow.'

"Well, perhaps it will be as well," replied Old Roberts, 'and yet I wish you could stay and talk to me—I've no one to talk to me now.'

"Thinks I, I have made you talk to some purpose, and have no inclination to sit by your bed-side any longer; however, I kept up the appearance to the last, and the next morning set off for London. I arrived three days before I saw you first, which gave me time to change my sailor's dress for the suit I now wear. I have not yet been to Mrs. Green, for I thought I would just see you and ask your advice. And now, Miss Valerie, you have my whole history."

"I once more congratulate you with all my heart," replied I, offering my hand to Lionel. He kissed it respectfully, and as he was in the act one of the maids opened the door, and told me that Lady M—— had been some time waiting to see me. I believed I coloured up, although I had no cause for blushing, and wishing Lionel good-by, I desired him to call on Sunday afternoon and I would remain at home to see him.

It was on Thursday that this interview took place with Lionel, and on the Saturday I received a letter from Lady R——'s solicitor, by which I was shocked by the information of her ladyship having died at Caudebec, a small town on the river Seine; and begging to know whether I could receive him that afternoon, as he was anxious to communicate with me. I answered by the person who brought the letter, that I would receive him at three o'clock, and he made his appearance at the hour appointed. He informed me that Lady R—— had left Havre in a fishing-boat, with the resolution of going up to Paris by that strange conveyance; that having no protection from the weather, she had been wet for a whole day without changing her clothes, and on her arrival at Caudebec had been taken with a fever, which, from the ignorance of the faculty in that sequestered place, had proved fatal. Her maid had just written the intelligence, inclosing the documents from the authorities substantiating the fact.

"You are not, perhaps, aware, miss, that you are left her executrix."

"I am her executrix!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Selwin. "Before she left town she made an alteration in her will, and stated to me that you would be able to find the party most interested in it, and that you had a document in your hands which would explain every thing."

"I have a sealed paper which she enclosed to me, desiring I would not open it unless I heard of her death or had her permission."

"It must be that to which she refers, I presume," replied he; "I have the will in my pocket; it will be as well to read it to you as you are her executrix."

Mr. Selwin then produced the will, by which Lionel Dempster, her nephew, was left her sole heir, and by a codicil she had, for the love she bore me, as she stated in her own handwriting, left me 500*l.* as her executrix, and all her jewels and wearing apparel.

"I congratulate you on your legacy, Miss de Chatenceuf," said he; "and now perhaps you can tell me where I can find this nephew, for I must say it is the first that I ever heard of him."

"I believe that I can point him out, sir," replied I, "but the most important proofs, I suspect, are to be found in the paper which I have not yet read."

"I will then, if you please, no longer trespass on you," said Mr. Selwin, "when you wish me to call again, you will oblige me by sending word or writing by post."

The departure of Mr. Selwin was quite a relief to me. I longed to be alone, that I might be left to my own reflections, and also that I might peruse the document which had been confided to me by poor Lady R—. I could not help feeling much shocked at her death—more so, when I considered her liberality towards me, and the confidence she reposed in one with whom she had but a short acquaintance. It was like her, nevertheless; who but Lady R— would ever have thought of making a young person so unprotected and so unacquainted as I was with business—a foreigner to boot—the executrix of her will; and her death occasioned by such a mad freak—and Lionel now restored to his position and his fortune—altogether it was overwhelming, and after a time I relieved myself with tears. I was still with my handkerchief to my eyes when Lady M— came into the room.

"Crying, Miss Chateneuf," said her ladyship, "it is at the departure of a very dear friend."

There was a sort of sneer on her face as she said this; and I replied—

"Yes, my lady, it is for the departure of a dear friend, for Lady R— is dead."

"Mercy, you don't say so; and what are these gentlemen who have been calling upon you?"

"One is her solicitor, madam," replied I, "and the other is a relative of hers."

"A relation; but what has the solicitor called upon you for? if it is not an intrusive question."

"No, my lady; Lady R— has appointed me her executrix."

"Executrix! well, I now do believe that Lady R— was mad!" exclaimed Lady M—. "I wanted you to come up to my boudoir to consult you about the pink satin dress, but I fear your important avocation will not allow you at present, so I will leave you till you are a little recovered."

"I thank you, my lady," said I, "I will be more myself to-morrow, and will then be at your disposal."

Her ladyship then left the room. I was not pleased at her manner, which was very different from her usual courtesy towards me, but I was not in a state of mind to weigh well all that she said, or how she said it. I hastened to my own room to look for the paper which Lady R— had enclosed to me previous to her departure. I will give the whole contents to my readers.

"MY DEAR VALERIE,

"I will not attempt to account for the extreme predilection which I, an old woman in comparison, immediately imbibed for you before we had been an hour in company. Some feelings are unaccountable and inexplicable, but I felt a sympathy, a mesmeric attraction, if I may use the term, which was uncontrollable at our first meeting, and which increased every day during our residence together. It was not the feeling of a mother towards a child—at least I think not, for it was mingled with a certain degree of awe and presentiment of evil if ever we parted again. I felt as if you were my *fate*, and never has this feeling departed from me. On the contrary, now that we separate it has become stronger than ever. How little do we know of the mysteries of the mind as well as of

the body. We know that we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and that is all. That there are influences and attractions uncontrollable and unexplained I feel certain. Often have I reflected and wondered on this as I have laid in bed and meditated 'even to madness,' but have been unable to remove the veil. (Alas, poor Lady R——, thought I, I doubt it not, you were madder than I thought you were.) Imagine, then, my grief and horror when I found that you had determined to leave me, dear Valerie. It was to me as the sentence of death; but I felt that I could not resist; it was my fate, and who can oppose its decrees? It would indeed have pained your young and generous heart if you knew how I suffered and still suffer from your desertion; but I considered it as a judgment on me—a visitation upon me for the crime of my early years, and which I am now about to confide to you, as the only person in whom I feel confidence, and that justice may be done to one whom I have greatly injured. I would not die without reparation, and that reparation I intrust to you, as from my own pen I can explain that without which, with all my good intentions towards the party, reparation might be difficult. But I must first make you acquainted with the cause of crime, and to do this you must hear the events of my early life.

"My father, Sir Alexander Moystyn, had four children, two sons and two daughters. I was the first born, then my two brothers, and afterwards, at an interval, my sister, so that there was a difference of eight years between me and my sister Ellen. Our mother died in giving birth to Ellen; we grew up; my brothers went to Eton and college. I remained the sole mistress of my father's establishment. Haughty by nature, and my position, the power it gave me, the respect I received—and if you will look at the miniature I enclose with this, I may, without vanity, add, my beauty, made me imperious and tyrannical. I had many advantageous offers, which I rejected, before I was twenty years of age. My power with my father was unbounded; his infirmities kept him for a long time a prisoner in his room, and my word was law to him, as well as to the whole household. My sister Ellen, still a child, I treated with harshness—first, I believe, because she promised to rival me in good looks; and secondly, because my father showed greater affection towards her than I liked. She was meek in temper, and never complained. Time past—I refused many offers of marriage. I did not like to resign my position for the authority of a husband, and I had reached my twenty-fifth year, and my sister, Ellen, was a lovely girl of seventeen, when it was fated that all should be changed. A Colonel Dempster came down with my eldest brother, who was a captain in the same regiment of guards—a more prepossessing person I never beheld, and for the first time I felt that I would with pleasure give up being at the head of my father's establishment to follow the fortunes of another man. If my predilection was so strong, I had no reason to complain of want of attention on his part. He courted me in the most obsequious manner, the style most suited to my haughty disposition, and I at once gave way to the feelings with which he had inspired me. I became fervently in love with him, and valued one of his smiles more than an earthly crown. Two months passed, his original invitation had been for one week, and he still remained. The affair was considered as arranged, not only by myself, but by every body else. My father, satisfied that he was a gentleman by birth, and being able to support himself by his own means in so expensive a regiment, made no inquiries, leaving the matter to take its own course.

But, although two months had passed away, and his attentions to me were unremitting, Colonel Dempster had made no proposal, which I ascribed to his awe of me, and his diffidence as to his success. This rather pleased me than otherwise, but my own feelings now made me wish for the affair to be decided, and I gave him every opportunity that modesty and discretion would permit. I saw little of him during the mornings, as he went out with his gun with the other gentlemen, but in the evenings he was my constant and devoted attendant. I received many congratulations from female acquaintances (friends I had none) upon my having conquered one who was supposed to be invulnerable to the charms of our sex, and made no disclaimer when spoken to on the subject. Every hour I expected the declaration to be made, when, imagine my indignation and astonishment, at being informed one morning when I arose, that Colonel Dempster and my sister Ellen had disappeared, and it was reported that they had been seen in a carriage driving at furious speed. It was but too true. It appeared that Colonel Dempster, who had been informed by my brother of my temper and disposition, and who was aware that without paying court to me, his visit would not be extended, and who had fallen in love with Ellen almost as soon as he saw her, had practised this dissimulation towards me to enable him, without my knowledge, to gain my sister's affections; that his mornings were not spent in shooting with my brother, as was supposed, but in my sister Ellen's company; my brother, to whom he had acknowledged his attachment, conniving with him to deceive me. A letter from the colonel to my father, excusing himself for the step he had taken, and requesting him to pardon his daughter, was brought in the same morning and read by me. 'Very foolish of him,' said my father; 'what is the use of stealing what you may have for asking. He might have had Ellen if he had spoken to me; but I always thought that he was courting you, Barbara.' This letter, proving the truth of the report, was too much for me; I fell down at my father's feet in a violent fit, and was carried to my bed. The next day I was seized with a brain fever, and it was doubtful if ever my reason would return. But it did gradually, and, after a confinement to my room of three months, I recovered both health and reason; partially, I may say, for I doubt not but that the shock I then received has had a lasting effect upon me, and that it has caused me to be the unsettled, restless, wandering thing that I now am, only content when in motion, and using my pen to create an artificial excitement. I believe most people are a little cracked before they begin to write. I will not assert that it is a proof of madness, but it is a proof that a very little more would make them mad. Shakspeare says "the lover, the lunatic, and the poet, are of an imagination all compact." It matters little whether it is prose or poetry; there is often more imagination and more poetry in prose than in rhyme. But to proceed—

"I arose with but one feeling—that of revenge; I say but one feeling, alas! I had forgotten to mention hatred, the parent of that revenge. I felt myself mortified and humiliated, cruelly deceived and mocked. My love for him was now turned to abhorrence, and my sister was an aversion. I felt that I never could forgive her. My father had not replied to the colonel's letter; indeed, the gout in his hand prevented him, or he would probably have done so long before I left my room. Now that I was once more at his side, he said to me,

"Barbara, I think it is high time to forgive and forget. I would

have answered the colonel's letter before, but I could not. Now we must write and ask them to come and pay us a visit.'

"I sat down and wrote the letter, not according to his dictation, which was all kindness, but stating that my father would never forgive him or my sister, and requested all correspondence might cease, as it would be useless.

"'Read what you have said, Barbara.'

"I read the letter as if it was written according to his wishes.

"'That will do, dearest—they'll come back fast enough. I long to have Ellen in my arms again—she was very precious to me that child, for she cost the life of your dear mother. I want to ask her why she ran away. I really believe that it was more from fear of your anger of mine, Barbara.'

"I made no reply, but folded the letter and sealed it. As I always opened the post-bag, I prevented my father from ever receiving the many letters written by my poor sister, imploring his forgiveness, and did all I could to excite his anger against her. At last I found out from her letters that they had gone to the continent. Months passed. My poor father fretted sadly at the silence of Ellen, and the supposed rejection of his kind overtures. His unhappy state of mind had evidently an effect upon his body; he grew weaker and more querulous every day. At last a letter arrived from Ellen, which I now blush to say, gave me inexpressible joy. It announced the death of her husband—a trifling wound on the thumb having terminated in locked-jaw and death.

"'He is dead then,' thought I; 'if I lost him, she has no longer possession of him.'

"Alas! what a demon had taken possession of me! The letter further said, that she was coming over directly, and that she expected to be shortly confined. This letter was addressed to me, and not to my father. The death of her husband did not diminish my hatred against my sister; on the contrary, I felt as if I had her now in my power, and that my revenge upon her was about to be accomplished. After meditating upon what course I should pursue, I determined to write to her. I did so, stating that my father's anger was not to be appeased; that I had tried all I could to soften his wrath, but in vain; that he was growing weaker every day, and I thought her rash conduct had been the cause of it; that I did not think that he could last much longer, and I would make another appeal to him in her favour, which the death of her husband would probably occasion to be more successful.

"In a fortnight I had a reply, in which my poor sister invoked blessings on my head for my supposed kindness, and told me that she was in England, and expected every hour to be confined; that she was ill in body and in spirits, and did not think that she could get over it. She begged me, by the remembrance of our mother who died giving her birth, that I would come to her. Surely I might have forgiven my enemy after all that the poor girl had suffered; but my heart was steeled.

"On consideration I now thought proper to tell my father that Colonel Dempster was dead, and my sister returned to England, adding her request that I would attend her in her confinement, and my willingness so to do. My poor father was much shocked, and begged me in a tremulous voice to set off immediately. I promised so to do, but requested that he would not say a word to any one as to the cause of my absence until he heard from me, as it would occasion much talk

among the servants, and perhaps ill-natured remarks might be made. He promised, and I departed, with a maid who had been my nurse, and upon whose secrecy I thought I could rely. What my intentions were I hardly knew; all I knew was that my revenge was not satiated, and I would leave no opportunity of wreaking it that offered.

"I found my sister in the very pangs of labour, heart-broken at the supposed resentment of my father, and his refusal of his forgiveness. I did not alleviate her misery by telling her the truth, which I might have done. I was indeed a demon, or possessed by one.

"She died giving birth to a boy. I then felt sorrow, until I looked at the child, and saw that it was the image of the colonel—the man who had caused me such misery. Again my passions were roused, and I vowed that the child should never know his father. I made my maid believe that the lady I visited was an old schoolfellow, and never mentioned my sister's name, at least I thought so at the time, but I afterwards found that I had not deceived her. I persuaded her to take the child to her father's, saying that I had promised my friend on her death-bed that I would take care of it, but that it must be a secret, or invidious remarks would be made. I then returned to Culverwould Hall, dropping my nurse and the child on my way, and reported to my father my sister's death, of course concealing that the child was living. Sir Alexander was much affected, and wept bitterly; indeed from that day he rapidly declined.

"I had now satiated my revenge, and was sorry when I had done so. Until then I had been kept up by excitement, now all excitement was over, and I had time for reflection; I was miserable, and in a state of constant warfare with my conscience; but, in vain, the more I reflected the more I was dissatisfied with myself, and would have given worlds that I could recall what I had done.

"At this time Sir Richard R—— came down on a visit. He admired me, proposed, and was accepted, chiefly that I might remove from the hall than for any other cause. I thought that new scenes and change of place would make me forget, but I was sadly mistaken. I went away with my husband, and as soon as I was away I was in a constant fright lest my nurse should betray me to my father, and begged Sir Richard to shorten his intended tour and allow me to return to the hall, as the accounts of my father's health were alarming. My husband consented, and I had not been at the hall more than a fortnight when my father's death relieved me from further anxiety on that score.

"Another fear now possessed me; I saw by my father's will that he had left 5000*l.* to me, and also to my sister, in case of one dying the survivor to have both sums, but the same cause of alarm was in my great aunt's will. My great aunt had left 10,000*l.* to me, and 10,000*l.* to my sister Ellen, to be settled upon us at our marriage, and in case of either dying without issue, the survivor to be legatee. Thus in two instances, by concealing the birth of the child, I was depriving it of its property, and obtaining it for myself. That I was ignorant of the sepoints is certain, and unfortunate it was that it was so, for had I known it, I would not have dared to conceal the birth of the child, lest I should have been accused of having done so for pecuniary considerations, and I well knew, that if betrayed by my nurse, such would be the accusation made against me. I would willingly have, even now, have acknowledged the child as my nephew, but knew not how to do

so, as my husband had possession of the money, and I dared not confess the crime that I had been guilty of. If ever retribution fell upon any one, it fell upon me. My life was one of perfect misery, and when I found that my nurse and her father objected to keeping the secret any longer, I thought I should have gone distracted. I pointed out to them the ruin they would entail upon me, and gave my solemn promise that I would see justice done to the child. This satisfied them. For several years I lived an unhappy life with my husband, until I was at last relieved by his death. You may ask how it was that I did not acknowledge the child at his death; the fact was, that I was afraid. I had put him to school, and he was then twelve or thirteen years old. I removed him to my own house with the intention of so doing, and because my nurse and her father reminded me of my promise; but when he was in my house I could not see my way, or how I could tell the story without acknowledging my guilt; and this pride prevented. I remained thus irresolute, every day putting off the confession, till the boy, from first being allowed to remain in the drawing-room, sank down into the kitchen. Yes, Valerie, Lionel, the page, the *jacquey*, is Lionel Dempster, my nephew. I said that I could not bear to make the avowal, and such is the case. At last I satisfied myself that what I did was for the boy's good. Alas! how easy we satisfy ourselves when it suits our views. I had left him my property, I had educated him, and I said, by being brought up in a humble position, he will be cured of pride, and will make a better man. Bad reasoning, I acknowledge.

"Valerie, I have left you my executrix, for even after my death I would as much as possible avoid exposure. I would not be the tale of the town, even for a fortnight, and it certainly will not help Lionel, when it is known to all the world that he has served as a footman. My solicitor knows not who my nephew is, but is referred to you to produce him. In a small tin box in the closet of my bed-room, you will find all the papers necessary for his identification, and also the names and residence of the parties who have been my accomplices in this deed; also all the intercepted letters of my poor sister's. You must be aware that Lionel is not only entitled to the property I have left him, but also to his father's property, which, in default of heirs, passed away to others. Consult with my solicitor to take such steps as are requisite, without inculpating me more than is necessary, but if required, let all be known to my shame, rather than the lad should not be put in possession of his rights.

"You will, I am afraid, hate my memory after this sad disclosure; but in my extenuation, recall to mind how madly I loved, how cruelly I was deceived. Remember, also, that if not insane, I was little better at the time I was so criminal; and may it prove to you a lesson how difficult it is, when once you have stepped aside to the path of error ever to recover the right track.

"You now know all my sufferings, all my crimes. You now know why I have been, not without truth, considered as a person eccentric to folly, and occasionally on the verge of madness. Forgive me and pity me, for I have indeed been sufficiently punished by an ever torturing conscience:

"BARBARA R——."

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. XLIII.

WITH bitter disappointment at his heart, with the dark shadow which had hung so long over his existence, turning all the rosy hopes of life to the leaden gray of the grave, now returned after a brief period of brighter expectations ; with the cup of joy snatched from his hand at the very moment he was raising it to his lips, Beauchamp leaned back in his carriage, and gave himself up for a few minutes to deep and sorrowful meditation. He remembered well when first the feeling of love was springing up in his heart towards Isabella Slingsby ; that upon mature consideration of his fate he had determined to crush it in the bud, to batter down the fountain of sweet waters, which he feared some malific power would turn to poison, and never attempt to link the fate of that dear girl to his sorrowful one, even by the gentle tie of mutual affection ; and now he almost regretted that he had not kept his resolution. It is true, circumstances had changed ; it is true, there were good hopes that the evil star of his destiny seemed likely to sink, and a brighter one to rise ; but yet a mind long accustomed to disappointment and sorrow, can with difficulty be brought to listen to the voice of hope without having the warning tongue of fear at the same time. All seemed to promise well ; for the removal of that heavy weight which had oppressed his heart, kept down his energies, crushed love and joy, and left him nought in life but solitude and disappointment, and despair. But still his experience of the past taught him to expect so little from the future, that he dared not indulge in one vision of relief, and although he had used the words of hope to Isabella, he could not apply the balm to his own wound.

Ned Hayward sat beside him quietly, and let him think for about ten minutes ; and he did so for two reasons. In the first place, he knew that it was very vain to offer consolation so soon after a bitter mortification had been received ; and, in the next place, he did not wish to rouse his companion from the reverie till they had passed Tarningham-park ; for he judged that the sight of scenes, associated in memory with happy hopes now removed afar, would only add poignancy to disappointment. However, when the park was passed (and the four horses went at a very rapid rate), he commenced the conversation in a way the most likely to lead Beauchamp's mind from the more painful points of his situation, to fix them upon those more favourable.

"Of course, Lenham," he said, with an abruptness that made his companion start, "before you act even in the slightest particular, you will consult some counsel learned in the law. This seems a case in which, with proper management, you have the complete command over your own

fate; but where a few false steps might be very detrimental, so far, at least, as delaying the determination of the affair for some months."

"I know not, my dear Hayward," answered Lord Lenham, "how this may turn out; but circumstances have rendered me, once the most hopeful and light-hearted of human beings, the most desponding. I have a sort of impression upon me, that the result will not be so favourable as you anticipate. I have to oppose long practised cunning and the most unscrupulous use of every means, however base and wrong. I must remember, too, that this business has been long plotting, and, depend upon it, that nothing which a perverted human mind could do to obliterate every trace of this former marriage, has been left undone. Depend upon it the conspiracy has been going on for some time, and that the concealment of this woman's existence has been intentional and systematic. In fact nothing could be more artful, nothing more base, but nothing more evidently pre-arranged than all the steps which they have taken within the last two or three months. Even on the very sale of her goods, which took place in Paris about a month ago, it was announced by public advertisement that they had been the property of the *late* Charlotte Hay, Lady Lenham. I am afraid neither I nor any lawyer, however shrewd, will be found equal to encounter this woman, whose cunning and determination I never knew matched."

"She seems a precious virago indeed," said Ned Hayward; "but never you fear, my dear lord. I don't set up to be a Solomon, but there's a maxim which I established when I was very young, and which I have seen break down very much less frequently than most of his proverbs that will go in your favour, if we but manage properly. It is this: 'Rogues always forget something.' Depend upon it it will hold good in this instance. Indeed we see that it has; for these good folks forgot completely the marriage certificate in the hands of Goody Lamb. Doubtless that certificate will be easily verified, so as to put its authenticity beyond all doubt; then nothing will remain but to prove the existence of your predecessor in the fair lady's affections at a period subsequent to her pretended marriage with yourself."

"That may be difficult to do," said Beauchamp.

"Not in the least," cried Ned Hayward. "He has written to the good old widow within two years, it seems. Of course they will try to shake her testimony, and, though I don't think that can be done, we must be prepared with other witnesses. Now you and I don't in the least doubt the old woman's story, and if that story is true, her husband's cousin, this fair lady's husband, was living, and the clergyman of a place called Blackford, not two years ago. Every body in his parish will know whether this is true or not, and a Scotch minister's life is not usually so full of vicissitudes as to admit the possibility of a difficulty in identifying that Archibald Graham, of Blackford, was the husband of Charlotte Hay."

"You should have been a lawyer, Hayward," said Beauchamp, with a faint smile, "at all events, you prove a very excellent counsellor for my hopes against my fears."

"A lawyer! Heaven forefend!" exclaimed Ned Hayward, laughing; "a soldier is a much better thing, Lenham; ay, and I believe when he knows his profession, more fit to cope with a lawyer than any almost any one else. It is always his business to mark well every point of his

position, to guard well every weak part; and then, having taken all his precautions, he advances straightforward at the enemy's works, looking sharp about him that he be not taken in flank, and he is almost sure to carry the field if his cause be good, his heart strong, and his army true."

Such conversation was not without its effect upon Beauchamp's mind. Hope is the next thing to happiness, and hope returned, becoming every moment more and more vigorous from the cheerful and sanguine character of his companion. At length Ned Hayward looked out at the window, exclaiming,

"Here we are coming to Winterton, I suppose, where we change horses. Devil take those post-boys, if they go at that rate through the crowd they will be over some fellow or another."

"Crowd," said Beauchamp, and he too put his head to the window.

The little solitary inn at Winterton-cum-Snowblast was on the side of the road next to Ned Hayward, but when Lord Lenham, leaning forward, looked out, he saw some forty or fifty people, principally country folks, ostlers, and post-boys, collected round the door of the house. There was a sprinkling of women amongst the various groups into which they had fallen, and in the midst appeared a common post-chaise with the horses out, while a man on horseback was seen riding away at a jolting canter.

"There's something the matter here," said Beauchamp, "I will tell one of the servants to ask."

As he spoke, the chaise dashed on towards the inn-door, and Ned Hayward's prediction of the consequences likely to ensue had nearly been verified, for so eagerly were many persons in the crowd engaged in conversation, that they did not change their position until the last moment, and then a general scattering took place, which in its haste and confusion had well-nigh brought more than one man or woman under the feet of the leaders.

"Horses on," cried the wheel post-boy, as he drove up, speaking to the ostler of the inn, whose natural predilection for post-horses called his attention to the carriage sooner than that of any other person in the crowd.

"We ha'n't got two pair in," he said, in reply, "without that pair which is just off the shay; we ha' been obliged to send off one this minute to the magistrates about all this here business."

"What is the matter, my man?" said Ned Hayward, out of the carriage-window, "what business is it you are talking of?"

"I had better call master, sir," said the ostler, pulling the brim of his old hat with a somewhat renitent look, as if he did not like to answer the question; "he'll be here in a minute."

"This seems something strange," said Beauchamp, "we had better get out and see. Open the door, Harrison."

The servant, who was standing with his hand upon the silver knob of the carriage-door, instantly did as he was ordered, and threw down the steps with a degree of vehemence customary to lackeys and serviceable to coachmakers. Ned Hayward being next to the door got out first, and as he put his right foot to the ground, the landlord of the inn came up, bowing low to the first occupant of a carriage which had two servants behind and a coronet on the panel. The bow would have been much more moderate to a simple yellow post-chaise.

"What is the matter here, landlord? Has any accident happened?"

"Why, yes, my lord," replied the landlord, supposing our friend to be the proprietor of the vehicle, "a terrible accident, too—that is to say not exactly, either—for it is clear enough the thing was done on purpose by some one; who, it is not for me to say till the magistrates come."

"But what is it? what is it?" said Beauchamp, who followed; "you seem to be very mysterious."

"Why, you see, my lord," replied the landlord, who thought he could not be far wrong in honouring both gentlemen with the same title, "it's an awkward business, and one does not like to say much, but the gentleman's got his throat cut that's certain, and whether he did it himself, or whether the lady did it for him seems a question. All I can say is, I saw him sound asleep on the sofa five minutes before she came back. He had a glass of brandy-and-water and two fried eggs just after she went away with attorney Wharton, and seemed quite in his right mind then, only a little tired with sitting up so late last night and getting up so early this morning—but you don't seem well, sir," he continued, seeing Beauchamp turn a look to the countenance of Ned Hayward, with a cheek that had become as pale as death—"had not you better come in and take something?"

"Presently, presently," said Beauchamp, "go on—what were you saying?"

"Nothing, sir, but that the lady seems dreadfully wild, and I can't help thinking she's out of her mind—I always did for that matter."

"Is the gentleman dead?" asked Beauchamp, in a low tone.

"No, sir, not quite dead," said the landlord, "and the surgeon is a sewing up of his throat, but it is no good I'm sure, for the room is all in a slop of blood."

"Do you know his name?" said Beauchamp.

"Why, Captain Moreton, I believe, sir," said the landlord; "I've heard so, I don't know it for certain."

"I will go in and see him," said the young nobleman, and he added, seeing a look of hesitation on the landlord's countenance, "I am his first cousin, sir, my name is Lord Lenham."

The announcement removed all doubt upon the good man's mind, and Beauchamp and Ned Hayward walked forward into the inn guided by the landlord. He conducted them at once up-stairs to the rooms which had been occupied by Captain Moreton and Charlotte Hay. At one of the doors on the landing-place they saw a man standing with his arms folded on his chest, but the landlord led them past to the room in front of the house, first entering quietly himself. It was a ghastly and horrible scene which presented itself when Beauchamp and Ned Hayward could see into the room. The floor, the carpet, the sofa, were literally drenched with gore, and even the white window-curtains were spotted with dark-red drops. On the sofa, with an old white-headed man and a younger one leaning over him, was the tall, powerful frame of Captain Moreton. His face was as pale as death, his eyes sunk in his head, with a livid-blue colour spreading all round them. His temples seemed as if they had been driven in; the features were pinched and sharp; the eyelids closed; and the only sign of life apparent was a slight spasmodic movement of the muscles of the face, when the hand of the surgeon gave him pain in the operation he was busily performing. Two or three other persons

were in the room, amongst whom was the landlord's wife, but they all kept at a distance, and the man himself advanced to the surgeon's side, and whispered a word in his ear.

"Presently, presently," said the old gentleman, "it will be done in a minute," but Captain Moreton opened his eyes and turned them round in the direction of the door. It is probable that he did not see his cousin for they closed again immediately, but nevertheless his lips moved as if he fain would have said something. Beauchamp did not advance till the old surgeon raised his head, and the young man who was assisting him took his hands from the patient's arms. Then, however, Lord Lenham moved forward, and in a low tone asked the medical man the extent of the injury. At the same moment Ned Hayward, judging that his presence there was useless, if not inconvenient, advanced to a door at the further side of the room, saying to a person whom he instantly judged to be the mistress of the house,

"I think we had all better go in here for a minute or two."

"The lady is in there, sir," said the landlady, "we have put somebody in to watch her, for Heaven knows what she may do next."

Nevertheless, Ned Hayward, who thought that perhaps some information valuable to his friend might be obtained, opened the door to go in; but the sight he beheld made him suddenly pause, though it had none of those very striking and horrible objects which were presented by the chamber he was just quitting. Yet there was something still, quiet, and awful about its dark features, which perhaps affected the mind still more. The room was a bed-room with one window and a door, which Captain Hayward easily distinguished as that at which he had seen a man standing on the outside. On the end of the bed sat Charlotte Hay, dressed exactly as he had seen her in the church, and nearer to him appeared a strong dull-looking young man seated in a chair with a constable's staff in his hand. The unhappy woman's position was calm and easy, and she sat perfectly motionless, with her high colour unchanged, her hands resting clasped together on her knee, her head slightly bent forward, and her eye with the peculiar dull glassy film over it, which we have already mentioned more than once, fixed earnestly upon the floor. She seemed in deep thought, but yet not the thought of intelligence, but rather the dreamy, idle, vacant pondering of mental imbecility. There was an undefinable something that to the eye at once distinguished her state from that of deep reflection, and a curl of the lip, not quite a smile, yet resembling one, seemed to mark out the idiot. The shutters of one of the two windows were closed, so that the room was in a sort of half-light, yet on the spot to which the gaze of Charlotte Hay seemed attached the sunshine was streaming gaily, and the contrast between her fate, her prospects, her history, and the warm, pure light of Heaven, was more painful than the harmonising gloom of the dungeon could have been.

When the door was opened by Ned Hayward, though it creaked, as inn-doors will do, upon its hinges, she took not the slightest notice; indeed, she seemed unconscious of every thing, but the constable who had been placed to watch her rose and advanced towards the door to say that no body could have admission there.

"When the justices come, sir," he said, addressing the young officer in a low tone, "they can do as they like, but nobody shall speak with her till then."

As he uttered these words he heard a slight sound and turned his head, but he turned it too late. Charlotte Hay had instantly taken advantage of his eyes being withdrawn. She was already near the window, which was partly open, and as he darted across to lay hold of her she threw it up, and with one leap sprang out. Ned Hayward instantly closed the door that no sound might reach the other room, and ran forward to the young man's side, who stood with his head leaning out and his eyes gazing down below. The house was built on a slight slope, so that the back was a story higher than the front, yet the height from the window to the stable-yard could not be more than twenty feet. But the court was paved with large irregular stones, and there lay the form of Charlotte Hay still, motionless, and silent. No groan reached the ears of those who looked down from above—not even a quiver of the limbs was to be seen. Some of the men in the yard were running up in haste, and the young officer and the constable hurried down. It mattered little, however, whether they went fast or slow, for when they reached the yard they found three men lifting a corpse. Ned Hayward gazed upon that countenance where fierce and untameable passions had nearly obliterated mere beauty of feature, but no trace of passion was there now. All was mournfully calm, and though the eyelids moved once up and down, there was nought in the eyes when they were for an instant displayed but the glassy stare of death. The bonnet, which was still upon her head, was dented in at the top, and a small red stain in the white silk showed where the blood was issuing slowly forth from some hidden wound received in the fall.

They carried her slowly into the house, and placed her on a sofa in what was called the parlour, while Ned Hayward ran up stairs to call down the surgeon. When he opened the door, the elderly man whom we have mentioned was washing his hands at the table, and Beauchamp was seated by the sofa on which his cousin lay, bending down his ear to catch the faint words of the wounded man, who seemed speaking to him eagerly.

The surgeon raised his eyes as the door opened, and perceiving the sign which Ned Hayward made him to come out, dried his hands in haste and went to the door.

"You must come down directly," said the young officer, "the unhappy woman has thrown herself out of the window, and though I believe all human aid is vain, yet it is necessary that some surgeon should see her at once."

The old man nodded his head with a grave look, returned for his instruments which were on the table, and then followed down to the parlour. He paused a moment by the side of the sofa, and gazed upon the face of Charlotte Hay with a thoughtful air, then placed his hand upon the wrist for a few seconds, withdrew it, and said aloud,

"I can be of no use here—life is extinct. I will examine the head, however," and taking off the bonnet and cap he pointed with his finger to a spot on the back of the skull, where the dark brown hair was matted and dabbled, saying, "Look there! I cannot make a new brain!"

Ned Hayward turned away with a slight shudder, for though he had faced death many a time himself, and had seen men fall dead or wounded

by his side, he had never beheld a woman subject to the fate which man is accustomed to brave.

"This is a terrible business altogether, sir," said the surgeon, following the young officer to the window, "do you know any thing of it?"

"Nothing," replied Captain Hayward, "except that I believe the unhappy woman was mad, for her conduct through life was that of a person hardly sane. Do you think Captain Moreton likely to live?"

"Three or four hours, perhaps," replied the surgeon, "certainly not more. She did her work very resolutely and with a strong hand. The hemorrhage cannot be entirely stopped; he has already lost an awful quantity of blood, and he will sink gradually."

"Then you think that there is no doubt of her hand having done the deed?" asked Ned Hayward.

But the surgeon would not exactly commit himself as far as that.

"He did not do it himself," was the reply, "that is quite impossible. The wound is from left to right, and drawn so far round that he could not have inflicted it with his own hand. He must have been lying on the sofa, too, when it was done—probably asleep, for the stroke of the razor was carried beyond the neck of the victim, and cut the horse-hair cover through and through. The gentleman up-stairs with him is his cousin, I believe?"

"I believe so," answered Ned Hayward, "but I am not acquainted with your patient, and therefore cannot say exactly."

The next moment steps were heard coming down, and Beauchamp and the landlord entered the parlour.

"Will you have the goodness to go up to Captain Moreton, sir," said the young nobleman, addressing the surgeon, before he saw what the room contained, "the bleeding from the throat has re-commenced, and nearly suffocates him. Hayward, I must stay till this is over," he continued, as the old gentleman hurried away, but then his eyes fell upon the sofa, and he caught Ned Hayward's arm and grasped it tight without uttering a word. For a moment or two he stood motionless as if turned into stone by the sight before him, and then walking slowly up to the side of the corpse, he gazed long and earnestly upon the face. His feelings must have been strange during that long, silent pause. There before him lay the being who had been the bane of his peace during all the early brighter years of life; the woman who, without ever having obtained the slightest hold of those affections by which the heart when they are misplaced is usually most terribly tortured, had by one infamous and daring act acquired the power of embittering every moment of his existence. The long, dreadful consequences of one youthful error were at end, the dark cloud was wafted away, the heavy chain broken. He was free! but by what horrible events was his liberation accomplished! What a price of blood and guilt had they who had enthralled him paid for their temporary triumph ending in complete defeat! He could not but feel that by the death of that woman sunshine was restored to his path, and yet pain and horror at the means of his restoration to light and happiness quelled every sensation of rejoicing. Mingled as almost all human feelings are, perhaps never did man's heart experience such mixed emotions.

After what seemed a long time to give to any contemplation, he turned towards Captain Hayward, inquiring in a low tone,

"How did this happen, Hayward, and when?"

"A few minutes ago," replied his friend; "the constable who was watching her came to the door to speak with me, and taking advantage of his back being turned she threw herself out of the window. Perhaps, Lenham," he continued, with that good feeling which always in matters of deep interest sprang up through the lighter things of Ned Hayward's character—"perhaps it is better that this is as it is. The act was undoubtedly committed in a state of mind which rendered her irresponsible for her own conduct. Had she survived, her fate might have been more terrible, considering another deed in regard to which it might have been difficult to prove her insanity."

"God's will be done," said Beauchamp, "that unhappy man is in no fit state to die, and yet I fear death is rapidly approaching. All his hatred of myself seems to have given place to the implacable desire of vengeance against this poor tool of his own schemes. He says that there is no doubt that she committed the act; that he was sleeping on the sofa, having sat up late last night and risen early this morning, and suddenly found a hand pressed upon his eyes and a sharp instrument drawn furiously across his throat. He started up crying for help, and beheld the wretched woman with the razor in her hand, laughing, and asking if he would ever betray her secrets again. It is, in truth, a terrible affair; but I fear his deposition must be taken, and if he is to be believed she must have been perfectly sane."

"I wonder if she was ever perfectly sane?" said Ned Hayward, "from all I have heard I should doubt it—but here comes one of the magistrates, I suppose, or the coroner."

It proved to be the former, and the worthy justice first entered the parlour and examined the corpse of Charlotte Hay as it still remained stretched upon the sofa. Country justices will have their jests upon almost all subjects, and though he did it quietly, the gentleman in question could not refrain from saying, after looking at the body for a moment,

"Well, we are not likely to obtain any information from this lady, so we had better see the other person, who is capable of being more communicative. Which is the way, landlord? Have this room cleared and the door locked till the coroner can come, he will take the evidence in this case. I must get, if possible, the deposition of the gentleman whom you say is dying."

Thus saying, with the landlord leading the way, and Beauchamp, Ned Hayward, and one or two others following, he walked slowly up-stairs and entered the room where Captain Moreton lay. The surgeon was bending over him and holding his head up on his left-arm. But the moment the old man heard the bustle of many feet, he waved his right-hand as if to forbid any one to approach. Every body paused for an instant, and in the midst of the silence that ensued an awful and very peculiar sound was heard, something like that made by a horse taking a draught of water, but not so long and regular. It ceased, began again, and ceased; and the surgeon laid Captain Moreton's hand down upon the sofa-cushion and looked round.

The magistrate instantly advanced, saying,

"I must take the gentleman's deposition, Mr. Abbot."

"You come a little too late, sir," said the surgeon, "he will make no more depositions now."

It was, indeed, as he said. Captain Moreton had just expired, and all that remained for the magistrate, who was soon joined by one of his worshipful brethren, was to gain all the information that could be obtained from the persons in the house regarding the deaths of Charlotte Hay and her paramour. Beauchamp and Ned Hayward answered the questions which were addressed to them, but entered into no unnecessary details. The rest of those who were called upon to give evidence or volunteered it, were much more garrulous, and as the two gentlemen remained to hear the whole depositions they were detained for some hours at Winterton.

When all was at length over, and Lord Lenham and Ned Hayward stood before the inn-door, they gazed at each other for a moment or two without speaking. At length Beauchamp's servant came up from the side of the carriage, which, having been ordered some time before, was before the house, and inquired, in a common-place tone,

"Where shall I tell them to drive, my lord?"

There was a momentary look of hesitation in the young nobleman's face, but the next instant he answered in a decided tone,

"To Tarningham-park," and turning to his friend as soon as they were once more in the vehicle, he said with a sigh,

"I will at least carry her the tidings, Hayward, and then—"

He paused, and Ned Hayward asked, in his usual cheerful tone,

"And what then, Lenham?"

"Once more on the way to London," said Beauchamp, adding gravely but firmly, "there must not be a doubt in her mind as to the validity of her marriage. I know how one drop of such bitterness can poison the whole cup of joy; but tell me, Hayward," he continued, in a more cheerful tone, "when is your own marriage to take place? You have told me nothing of it yet, but you must not suppose that my eyes have been shut either yesterday or this morning."

"I did not mention it because I imagined that you had enough to think of, Lenham," answered Ned Hayward, "not from either want of frankness or want of regard, believe me. But to answer your question—the day is not yet fixed. Mrs. Clifford has consented much more readily than I expected, Sir John when he heard of it was over-joyous, and Mary's two guardians, knowing that their power is soon coming to an end, have determined to use it leniently. Heaven only knows when we first became acquainted, about three months ago by the side of Mrs. Clifford's carriage, that therein was my future bride. Had I known that I stood in peril of love, and that with an heiress, too, I believe I should have turned my horse's head and galloped all the way back to London. Nay more, there has not been a day during the last month, till about a fortnight ago, that finding myself in imminent danger, I have not been ready to depart, but circumstances—circumstances, my dear Lenham, those chains of adamant kept me here, till one day, without at all intending it, I told the dear girl I loved her, and she bade me stay, so I had nothing to do but to obey, and now I think in three weeks more, thoughtless Ned Hayward will be the husband of the sweetest and loveliest girl in the world."

"With one exception," said Beauchamp, smiling; "and one of the best husbands in the world will he make her. But one thing more let me say, Hayward; as little as you thought of finding marriage on your onward path when first we met, so little did I think of finding friendship, as little did I hope for or even wish it; and yet there is nought on earth I value more than yours except the love of her I love best. Should the sage lawyers have a doubt as to the validity of my marriage with Isabella, should they even think it better that the ceremony be repeated, with the fair lady's leave we will choose the same day, and stand at the altar like brothers, as we have been to one another for some time

CHAPTER THE LAST.

SWEEEPING OUT THE BALL-ROOM.

BEAUCHAMP and Isabella were left alone, together for a few minutes before dinner, for Sir John Slingsby and the rest of the party were considerate. She lay upon the sofa still weak from the effects of the fainting fit, into which she had fallen, and Beauchamp sat beside her, holding her hand in his. He had told her all that had happened, gently and kindly, not dwelling upon dark and horrible particulars, but showing her simply that the aspect of their fate was altered. He then went on to tell her his plans, informing her that it was his intention that night to set off once more for London, in order to ascertain by the best legal opinions he could obtain, whether their marriage was really valid, and, in case of finding, that there was even a doubt on the subject, to have the ceremony performed again; but Isabella changed all his purposes.

"Beauchamp," she said, for so she still always called him, "I think I know you love me, and will not refuse me a request. It is this: Do not go to London at all; do not make any inquiries about the validity of our marriage. Look upon it as invalid, and let it be renewed. In a few weeks, a very few weeks, Mary is going to give her hand to your friend Captain Hayward. Let us wait till then, and go with them to the altar. There may be some painful circumstances to me, some painful memories. I do not love to be made the subject of conversation and gossip, and in the church the scene of this morning will come terribly back to my mind; but in the meantime you will be with me every day, and that will compensate for a great deal."

So it was arranged, and in six weeks from that time the two cousins were united to the men whom they loved. Difficulties and dangers have their interest in telling; calm and tranquil happiness has too few incidents for record. Ned Hayward and Mary took up their abode with Mrs. Clifford, and the fair bride had never any cause to repent that she had discovered in her husband something deeper, finer, nobler than those who had given him the name of thoughtless Ned Hayward. Certainly there were some changes came over him. He was as cheerful, as sunshiny, as frank and ready as ever; but he was not quite so fond of fishing, shooting, and hunting. He liked a quiet walk or ride with Mary better. He found out for himself a new employment also, and devoted a great part of his time to the regulation of Sir John Slingsby's affairs, easily

gaining his old friend's consent, upon the plea that he wanted occupation. His rapid perception of the bearings of all things submitted to him, his strong good sense and quick resolute decision, soon brought those affairs into a very different condition from that in which he found them; and Sir John Slingsby found, that by proper regulation, with an income diminished by the careless extravagance of many years, he had really more to spend than when his revenue was nominally much larger.

Isabella and Beauchamp were as happy as the reader has already judged they would be. He was looked upon by his acquaintances as a grave and somewhat stern man; but Isabella had reason to know, that in domestic life he was cheerful, gentle, and kind; for it was only in the heartless bustle and senseless chatter of ordinary society that there came over him a shadow from the long consequences of one only error.

We have but few other characters to dispose of. Mr. Wharton's history has already been told. Mr. Bacon did much better in life than might have been expected. Although he was an honest man, he met with a tolerable degree of success, strange to say. Aiding Ned Hayward in the regulation of Sir John Slingsby's affairs, he became in the end a sort of agent or law-steward to the baronet. Beauchamp, who bought the Moreton property in the end, employed him in the same capacity; and two other gentlemen in the country finding that matters throve in his hands, made him their agent also. He never gave them any cause to complain, and derived a very comfortable income from the exercise of this branch of his profession; but, what is far more extraordinary, in no instance did the property of his employers pass from them to him.

Stephen Gimlet in course of time became the head keeper to Sir John Slingsby, was well to do in the world, and gave his boy a very good education. Widow Lamb lived for nearly ten years after the events which have been lately detailed, and she had the happiness of seeing her poor boy William, by kind assistance given when most needed, and judiciously directed when received, rise from the station in which we first found him to be, at six-and-twenty years of age, the landlord of the White Hart at Tarningham; and often on a sununer's evening, when there was not much to do in the place, he would stand at his inn-door, and thinking over all the strange events he had seen in his youth, with a melancholy feeling of the difference between himself and other men, he would whistle the plaintive melodies of which he was so fond in boyhood, as if imagination carried him altogether away into the realms of memory.

There is but one other character, perhaps, that deserves any mention; and, though his career was brief, we may speak of it more at large. Harry Wittingham took possession of his father's large property with title undisputed. A pompous funeral excited half-an-hour's wondering admiration in the people of Tarningham when the old gentleman was committed to the grave; and for some short time hopes were entertained even by wise and experienced persons, that young Wittingham would change his mode of life, become more regular and careful in his conduct, and cast away the vices and follies that had disgraced him. For a fortnight he remained almost entirely at home examining papers, looking into affairs, and showing no small talents for business. A number of small sums, lent out by Mr. Wittingham on interest, were called in rather

sharply, and some considerable purchases of land were made, showing a disposition on the part of the young gentleman to become a county proprietor. His reputed wealth, as is always the case in England, whatever a man's character may be, procured him a good deal of attention. People of high respectability and good fortune, especially where there were two or three unmarried daughters, called and left their cards; but Harry Wittingham's chief visitor and companion was his friend Mr. Granty, and two or three county gentlemen of the same stamp, who wore leather breeches and top-boots, rode handsome horses, and sported a red coat in the hunting season. The establishment kept up by old Mr. Wittingham was greatly increased, even within a month after his death. There were two more grooms in the stables, two more footmen in the hall, but this was no sign of extravagance, for the property could well afford it, or even more; but yet there was a sort of apparent uneasiness of manner, an occasional gloom, an irritability upon very slight occasions, upon which neither prosperity nor the indulgence of long thwarted tastes had any effect; and Mr. Granty himself, in conversation with a friend, thought fit to wonder what the devil Harry Wittingham would have, for he seemed never contented, although he possessed as good a fortune as any man in the county.

At length Harry Wittingham gave a dinner-party, and fixed it, without any knowledge of the coincidence, upon the very same day when Mary Clifford bestowed her hand upon Ned Hayward. When he discovered that such was the case some short time before the party met, he became very much irritated and excited, but pride would not permit him to put the dinner off, and his friends assembled at the hour named. Seven persons appeared punctually as the clock struck the hour, and shortly after descended to the dining-room, where delicacies and even rarities were provided in abundance, with the choicest wines that could be procured from any quarter. The soup was turtle, brought expressly from London; but Harry Wittingham himself did not taste it. He ate a good deal of fish, however, and asked several persons to drink wine, but it appeared as if he determined to keep his head cool, for he merely bowed over his glass and put it down. Mr. Granty, who well knew his old habits, was surprised at his abstemiousness, and thought it hardly fair, for he had himself determined to have a glorious night of it at the expense of Harry Wittingham's cellar, and such conduct in the host seemed likely to chill the drinking propensities of his guests.

"Come, Wittingham," he cried, at length, "let us have a glass of champagne together."

"With all my heart," answered his entertainer, and the champagne was poured out.

"Now, Wittingham, drink fair," said Mr. Granty, laughing; "for hang me, if you have tasted a drop to-day—this way, at one draught."

"With all my heart," answered Harry Wittingham, and raised his glass. He held it to his lips for a moment, and then with a sudden and very apparent effort, drank the wine, but a sort of convulsive spasm instantly spread over his whole face; it was gone in a moment however, and as if to conceal it, he said something sharply to his butler about the wine not being good. "It was corked," he said; and Mr. Granty laughing, cried,

"Try another bottle."

Another bottle was brought, and the glasses filled all round. Harry Wittingham raised his with the rest, but instantly set it down again, and pushed it away from him, murmuring with a haggard look, "I can't!"

As may be easily expected, this very peculiar conduct had its effect upon his guests. The party was a dull one, and broke up early, every one remarking, that Mr. Wittingham tasted not one drop of all the many wines that circulated round his table.

When every one was gone, he rang the bell sharply, and told the servant to go for Mr. Slattery.

"Tell him to come directly, I do not feel well."

In ten minutes more the surgeon was in the house, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, asked a few questions, and then said with a smile,

"A little fever!—a little fever!" I will send you a cooling draught, and all will be quite right to-morrow, I dare say."

"Don't send me a draught," said Harry Wittingham, "I can't drink it."

"Oh, it shall be as good as wine," said Mr. Slattery.

"Good or bad, it does not matter," answered the young gentleman, staring somewhat wildly in his face; "I tell you I can't drink it—I drink not at all—I hate the very thought of drinking."

Another quick, short spasm crossed his countenance as he spoke; and Mr. Slattery, sitting down beside him with a somewhat dubious expression of countenance, hemmed for a moment or two, and then said,

"Why, what can one give you then? But tell me a little more of the symptoms you feel," and he put his hand upon the pulse again. "Have you any headache?"

"No," answered Harry Wittingham, "I have a sort of burning in my throat."

"Great irritation of stomach?" said Mr. Slattery, in a solemn tone. "Have you met with any accident lately? Run a nail into your hand or foot, or any thing of that kind?"

"No," answered Harry Wittingham, "but a damned dog bit me just above the heel six weeks ago, and it is not quite well yet."

"Let me look at the wound," said Mr. Slattery, "it may be producing irritation."

The shoe and stocking were soon removed, and Mr. Slattery perceived four distinct marks of a dog's fangs in the tendon and muscles of Harry Wittingham's leg. At each there was a round lump raised above the skin, and from two of them a small, sharply-defined red line was running up the leg towards the body.

Mr. Slattery bled him largely immediately, and telling him he dared say he would be quite well in two or three days, returned home, and sent off a man on horseback to the county town for a bottle of the Ormskirk medicine. The Ormskirk medicine arrived; but instead of being well in two or three days, in not much more than a week after Harry Wittingham was in his grave.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. V.

Specimens of the British Poets undertaken—The Essay on Poetry—Censure of Bowles—Discussions it provoked—Parties involved in the Contest—Analysis of the “Invariable Principles”—Joke on the Term by the Poet—He revisits Germany and the Schlegels—Engages to become Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—History of that Publication—Campbell’s Editorship—Takes London Lodgings—Commencement of his Editorial Duties—His First Contributions.

THE next literary undertaking of Campbell was the “Specimens of the British Poets,” published in 1819, in seven volumes. Under this engagement Mr. Murray, the publisher, engaged to pay him five hundred pounds, which sum he doubled upon the completion of the undertaking, under one of those generous impulses to which he was no stranger. This, it must be acknowledged, was honourable conduct in one of Mr. Murray’s profession, and forms an appropriate sequel to that of Messrs. Mundell and Son, already recorded.

The “Essay on English Poetry,” which constitutes part of the foregoing work, might be denominated the poet’s master-piece in prose composition, did it not here and there exhibit in the style touches of affectation. Yet it is difficult to say which should have the preference, the opening lectures on poetry, or this essay, for both combine the excellences and peculiarities of the poet’s prose style. The lectures are, perhaps, the best example, referring to the first and second lectures only. They are more profound, and are remarkable for their engaging simplicity. Much learned research is exhibited in both, but the lectures are the more elaborate while the essay is fresher, and displays more of the graces of fancy. There is a genial feeling about the essay, a spirit of kindness and cordiality, wholly untinged with that enviousness of which the poet has been in a solitary and unworthy instance so groundlessly accused.* He was to be blamed for confining his selections to productions which had been passed over by others, probably because he thought the best things had been too frequently taken, and were in consequence become familiar and hacknied. His judgments are given, even when he censures, without asperity, and generally with impartiality, his remarks on Churchill, perhaps excepted, whose merits he has not fully acknowledged.

Campbell began his essay with the Saxon origin of the English language and its displacement, except in the elements, by the introduction of the Norman, through which the germs of romantic poetry were first introduced into the island, and to which the English was indebted for a wealth and compass of expression it could not otherwise have possessed. In this beautiful essay, in citing one of our older pieces of poetry, he misquotes “Blow, blow, thou northern wind,” for “Blow, blow, thou winter’s wind.” Errors as to fact, of the commonest kind, were numerous throughout the seven volumes, relating to biographical incidents, to dates,

* By Lord Brougham.

and books, which the author overlooked, not, indeed, other than any body might correct by reference to the book-shelf and wholly unconnected with criticism or taste, but such as ought not to have been suffered to pass. On the appearance of the second edition, so great was Campbell's horror of revision, that he declined the task—a task very slight, and absolutely necessary. It was placed in the hands of another party for the purpose of revision and superintending the printing, which being done with kindly attention, the poet thanked the corrector for the mode in which he had performed his task. Here was another characteristic example of Campbell's dislike of labour, even during his better days almost insurmountable, as indeed may be inferred from its overcoming the affection every author is supposed to feel for the completeness of his own performances.

In that part of this essay in which its author speaks of the non-establishment of the literary character of England before the close of the sixteenth century, the poet is particularly striking and elegant. His critical remarks on Spencer are sound, and in good taste, while those on Shakspeare are worthy of his reputation. Alluding to Shakspeare, he notices the opinions of his friend Augustus William Schlegel, whose knowledge of the great dramatic poet was so profound. The whole of the Elizabethan age is finely discriminated in its poetical character. Leaving this, the third part of the essay begins with the reign of James I., and the influence of that reign upon poetry. The classical and metaphysical poets are examined after the fine old dramatists, of whom Campbell felt the full merit. He ascribes their extinction to the civil wars. On Milton he expatiates with a full sense of the loftiness of his theme, perhaps it is the happiest part of his essay, lucid, discriminating, full of the feeling of his majestic subject. He censures Dryden's Virgil, and alludes to the fact of that poet having produced so many fine things in his old age, "renewed in his youth like the eagle." He then proceeds to Pope, and in touching upon his different editors, says, "The last of these is the Rev. Mr. Bowles, in speaking of whom I beg leave most distinctly to disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing his merit as a poet, however freely and fully I may dissent from his critical estimate of the genius of Pope. Mr. Bowles, in forming this estimate, lays great stress upon the argument that Pope's images are drawn more from art than nature."

From this passage arose the celebrated discussion which will be noticed presently. Campbell seemed here inclined to wander from his immediate subject into an elaborate defence of Pope, arraigning the justice of Bowles' argument at considerable length in proportion to the entire essay, in the same way as he wandered in his lecture on poetry into an arraignment of Mitford's opinions regarding Sparta. With this justification of Pope he concluded his essay. It would seem as if between Pope and the actual termination of the eighteenth century, there had been few other poets worthy of introduction into his dissertation. As he approached the end of his task, and deviated into a justification of Pope against a living writer, it is possible he somewhat abruptly finished, because he thought in the discussion that might possibly arise out of his remarks, he should have enough on his hands without provoking more. Perhaps, as was his way, he felt tired of his labour, and was glad to terminate it, though he had no valid reason for not rendering his work more complete, by no-

ting the variations in style between Pope and all the poets to the end of the eighteenth century.

The specimens begin with Chaucer and terminate with Anstey, who died in 1805, a period intervening of four hundred and five years. In the specimens, which included each a too brief memoir, of a single poet, Campbell made some further observations upon Bowles for his severity upon the moral character of the bard of Twickenham.

The same year (1819) was in consequence signalled by the publication of a letter from the Rev. Lisle Bowles to Campbell in justification of his opinions on what were called his "invariable principles of poetry," arising out of some remarks in defence of Pope in his "Essay," already noticed. Byron, Campbell, Gilchrist, Roscoe, and the *Quarterly Review*, were all subsequently mixed up in the question, and even Moore.* The discussion was kept open from 1819 to 1822, in consequence of Roscoe having agreed to be editor of a new edition of the works of Pope. This duty had been undertaken for the booksellers by Bowles on a previous occasion, in which he had spoken of Pope in so slighting a manner, and had thus provoked the remarks of Campbell.

This was a singular dispute; Campbell may be said to have began the contest by his dissent from Bowles' theory of criticism. Bowles addressed him a letter in consequence, but the indolence of Campbell prevented his going further into the contest. He got rid of it by a note which he attached to his third lecture, a perfect exemplification of his mode of shifting off a task. He says, referring to Bowles' "invariable principles;" "When the book" (meaning the "Specimens") "in which I dissented from Mr. Bowles' theory of criticism comes to a second edition, I shall have a good deal to say to my reverend friend. I have not misrepresented him as he imagines, but I have no *leisure to write pamphlets about him.*" No writer of his day ever had so much leisure as the poet for such a purpose. He was not idle in the common sense of the term, it is true, he read and studied, but he did nothing; his reading and study produced no fruit beyond his own gratification; he turned his knowledge to no purpose. The "Specimens" did not come to a second edition until twenty years afterwards (1841), when the poet was past all ability for controversial writing. It is true he expected a second edition long before. Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) died in 1819, being aware that I had known the satirist well, Campbell begged me some time afterwards to put together a memoir of the doctor, as he intended to place him in the next edition of his "Specimens," being in his opinion one of the most original poets England had ever produced, and one having the most

* Moore remarks, in his "Life of Byron," "It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles thought it worth while to apply my name in this controversy, that as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged," &c. Every body must remember Lord Byron's lines on Bowles and Campbell, to the tune of "How now, Madame Flirt!"

Bowles.—Why how now, saucy Tom,
If thus you must ramble,
I will publish some
"Remarks on Mr. Campbell."
Campbell.—Why how now, Billy Bowles,
&c. &c. &c.

perfect knowledge of human nature. Campbell thus left others to fight out the battle he had commenced himself, satisfied with overlooking the contest as an unconcerned spectator. Warm at first in behalf of Pope, he felt that to prolong the controversy would involve labour that was irksome to him, and the first burst of his feeling cooled, he could not screw himself to the sticking point again. This affair, which made so much noise in the world, it may be proper to recall in the outline, as many may have forgotten that celebrated discussion.

With the question of the "invariable principles of poetry," as laid down by Bowles, was involved the reputation of Pope. If the notions of Bowles were once admitted and established, their effect would be to degrade that poet from the eminence on which for so long a period he had stood by the general consent of the world. The importance and interest excited by the question were increased by the high reputation of most of those who were engaged in it. Some said that Bowles had the ambition of founding a new poetical creed. This was not exactly the fact; the "principle," or the "principles," as they were denominated of that commentator had been the subject of long and animated discussion in Germany and Italy several years before, as Campbell well knew, and in this country bore a manifest ascendancy with a particular class of critics and poets. The "principles" of Bowles were but the reiteration of opinions which had been elsewhere more emphatically expressed and exhibited in practice. But the "canons" of Bowles were in any case laid down in his criticism on Pope in a manner far too unqualified. His argument was that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than any drawn from art, and that those passions of the human heart which belong to nature in general, are of themselves more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners. With the exceptions and qualifications belonging to all critical opinions, this position might be admitted by the party of which Campbell may be considered to have taken the lead. But Bowles went further, and said, in effect, that the mere presence of such images was to determine the merits of a poet with little or no consideration of the skill and power displayed in working up the materials.

This could not be agreed to by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and he accordingly showed himself an absolute dissenter from so imperfect and unfair a mode of estimating poetical excellence. Campbell was of opinion that this theory entirely destroyed the distinctions between capacities of the loftiest and meanest order, and took from the character of the poet its very essence. No doubt from subjects sublime or beautiful in themselves, genius will produce more beautiful creations than from such as are apparently low, barren, and insignificant, but even to these last it is the attribute of genius to lend some of its splendour, and to invest them with the exquisite associations of poetry. Some natural objects which from the associations connected with them have a less degree of adaptation, poetical skill may render universally interesting, and there are many in art on which nothing but the highest ability can bestow an interest, having received which from the poet's genius they become as fully endowed with the spirit of poetry as any natural objects can be. The sublime in nature possesses associations and interests of its own which are more or less present to all observers in all times and

places, unchangeable and universal. But artificial objects, capable of awakening intense interest, must have more dependance on the contrivances of human aid, and arbitrary and conventional circumstances for their power of excitement. Here, then, appears the province of the true poet, the sphere "within whose circle none durst walk but he." To draw from himself and to create by virtue of his magic power all such associations as most deeply influence and affect the heart of man—to employ all the resources of passion and imagination with the qualities of his own genius—so to shape and clothe his subjects as to make them appear its inseparable relations, and thus to subdue, by the mere exertions of his wit, those sensibilities and sympathies which without such art would have remained indifferent and unmoved—all this was not, according to Campbell, to be accounted a vain and unprofitable labour. Was the enchanter who called up at his own will these beautiful visions, and peopled with his own creations the "mighty void," to be reduced to the level of him whose only merit consisted in the selection of a happier theme? No system of exclusion could be true. Whoever set about to maintain one alone must be convicted of a great deal of incongruous reasoning and inconsistent opinion. Campbell withdrew early from the contest, as already observed, but Bowles continued to support his opinions against fresh controversialists, who could not regard all the mighty names time has spared from Greece and Rome, and all belonging to our country up to a certain period, with rare exceptions, as second-rate poets after the "lake poets" appeared, because they had faith in the "invariable principles" of Bowles, under whose principle the Venus de Medicis could not be natural, because that statue is composed of perfect portions of the female form, too perfect for existing nature, therefore, too, it could not be poetical.

Such seems to have been the sense of the question in the plainest form in which I can put it from recollection, at the time Campbell entered upon the discussion. Long years have passed since, and I might not be excused for the foregoing analysis upon what is now nearly forgotten, except by a few literary men, but as being one in which the part taken by Campbell at the outset was so decided. His junction of the classic and romantic schools of poetry in his own verse, sufficiently proves that he was not exclusive in the matter, and deemed Nature and Art equal resources for poetical use, one excelling the other in advantage according to the skill exhibited in their use.

That repugnance which Campbell continually displayed to revert to any thing he once had in hand, either of his own for the purpose of correction and revision, or of any matter in discussion, as in the present case, was remarkably displayed on his finding a dispute he may be said to have begun continued for two or three years, and yet refraining from interfering further. So far did he carry this peculiar feeling, that he requested any subsequent notices of works to be kept from the magazine, that touched upon the question of the "invariable principles," evidently lest they should revive the contest in his own person, by being supposed, *his* opinions because he was editor of the work in which they would appear.

He never talked of the contest and scarcely ever alluded to it, to my recollection, except once to the historian of Leo X., who happened to be then in town. A joke of the poet's upon the contest, however, I remem-

ber occurred. A man and his wife were quarrelling under the window of Campbell's lodgings in Margaret-street, going from his chair and looking out to discover the cause, he came back saying, "O, it is nothing but the 'invariable principle' of matrimony!"

The contest about the invariable principles of poetry began in 1819, and in the following year Campbell paid a visit to Germany, proceeding as far as Vienna, where he visited for the last time, after an interval of many years, his old friend Frederick Schlegel, who was settled there, having married the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher. They had first met at Göttingen, and since that time had both acquired fresh laurels. Schlegel had resided for the twelve preceding years in the Austrian States, having been, part of the time, Aulic secretary to the Arch-duke Charles. He had published his lectures "On the History of Ancient and Modern Literature" five years before, and was now Councillor of Legation at the Germanic Diet; another proof of the honours paid to intellect by the more civilised nations of the continent, furnishing an honourable contrast to the contempt in which it is held in England in comparison with the ignorance both of wealth and aristocracy. Campbell remained a brief time in the Austrian capital, but long enough to note the changes which time had effected in many things, and to be struck with the different aspect which they bore, and the different impressions they produced on his mind from that which they had done formerly. He returned by way of Bonn, where Frederick William Schlegel resided, and where he had left his son under a tutor.

At this period it was twenty-one years since Campbell had published the "Pleasures of Hope," and he was forty-three. Upon glancing at what he had produced in the intervening term, we find his noble "Odes," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," contributing mainly to his fame in addition. These did not occupy any great portion of his time during an interval so prolonged. "Gertrude of Wyoming" was composed in about a year, but this must not be understood of continued labour. Several of his shorter pieces he had kept by him some time for correction and revision, though in composition they had cost him only one or two sittings each. When he had completed his manuscript copy, it was his custom to have a few copies printed on slips of paper, and these he kept by him to alter and retouch. It was in this mode he must be understood to have had them long under hand. He composed between forty and fifty of his poems while we were in habits of close intimacy. Some of these went to press on the second proofs, some after the first, but then he had altered them frequently in manuscript. His poem entitled "The last Man," he completed in three forenoons, the alterations he made afterwards were neither numerous nor important, so that it was ready for publication in a few days. The "lectures" he delivered, and the "specimens" could have occupied but a small part of the twenty-one years. How then did he employ his time, may naturally be inquired, since he was not an idle man? The reply must be found in his attachment to abstract researches, in reading the classics, in solving difficulties, in translation, in prying into German mysticism, and in exploring the numerous side-paths which branched from the immediate track of study in which he happened to be engaged.

He was deliberating at the moment upon a work in relation to some of the German speculations upon ancient literature. The basis he intended to lay upon the views of the subject afforded by the better know-

ledge of the antiquities and localities of the scenes of ancient enterprise or celebrity which modern times afford. This task he would never have completed from the demand it necessarily implied upon a patience of investigation foreign to his nature. While contemplating such a work, he received an offer, conveyed through the medium of a friend, to undertake the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Upon the acceptance of the duty he deliberated. He had as yet no experience whatever in periodical literature. All he had undertaken had been executed in his own time, in the retirement of his study, unconnected with other individuals. The continual contact with strangers, the necessity of saying "No," where he could wish to give an affirmative answer; the punctuality required in handing over to the printer the last copy for the requisite number on the appointed day, and the annoyance of a heavy correspondence, were matters of serious consideration to one, who was by nature apt to "make mountains of mole-hills." The terms, however, were handsome. Sensitive as the poet was to the slightest annoyance, he felt that it was a duty he owed to himself, notwithstanding he was unacquainted with periodical literature, and had conflicting doubts about the trouble his task would cost him—he felt it was a duty to his circumstances to accept the office.

The *New Monthly Magazine* had been commenced by Mr. Colburn, the publisher, in Conduit-street, Hanover-square. It was modelled very much after the *Gentleman's*, or more correctly, after the *Monthly Magazine*, then successfully published by Sir Richard Phillips, and begun by that bibliopolist many years before. At this time high aristocratic principles were the fashion of the day. High state and church principles alone were those in favour among such as bought books and read most of the circulating library sublimities. Phillips it was averred in the preface to the *New Monthly* had been bred in the school of Jacobinism, as every one was then said to be who dissented from the doctrines, good, bad, or indifferent, of the ruling party in the state, and he was charged with commencing his career as the promulgator of the "Rights of Man." The *New Monthly* of Mr. Colburn, was to put Phillips, the "Rights of Man," and all Jacobinism to the rout, by means of its superiority in Jacobitism. The poison of the *Old Monthly*, thus happily for society, rendered harmless by the "New," at least in perspective, made its appearance on the 1st of February, 1814. The address to the public was worthy of being treasured in a museum for its absurdity, self-laudation, and hard words. A useful register of incidents in town and country, deaths, marriages, and similar matter was appended at the end of the number. The original articles in Phillips' were bold, uncompromising in resistance to the ministry, and many of them ingenious speculations. The *New Monthly* was so far from a match for the antagonist it assailed, that it was spring-water to alcohol in comparison, but then, if it was weak in reason, it was on the side of physical strength, in the behalf of which it did not fail to show its sting, however harmless the venom.

In the foregoing mode the periodical continued with little benefit to the cause it espoused, until 1820, when an improvement began to appear in its double columns, which, towards the end of that year took a decided tendency for the better. Mr. Colburn's sagacity had shown him, perhaps instinctively, that "old things were passing away," and that the

salvation of England from Sir Richard Phillips, had either been wrought out, or become past hope of performance. The political tone became less decided; politics were less frequently touched upon, and literary articles of merit and of a renovated cast made their appearance, though still, "a saint in crape was twice a saint in lawn." Towards the close of the year, the pen of a writer, then ranking well in public esteem, and still continuing to do so, began to be observable in articles of a theatrical and literary nature. It is presumed the success of the change convinced the proprietor that his real interest lay in an entire alteration in the nature of his publication. This once determined upon, no one knew better how to attain his purpose. He was not sparing of expense, or of the means of making his plan extensively known, and of his having secured Campbell for editor. There was soon in consequence within his reach a mass of literary talent such as was never before connected at starting with any similar undertaking in London. The publisher paid well for contributions, and the house of Mr. Colburn led, in its connexion with literary ability at that time, all the others in the metropolis.

Campbell had engaged to commence the first number of the new series of the magazine on the 1st of January, 1821. He was to perform the usual duty of an editor, and to receive a salary of 600*l.* per annum. He was also to contribute articles to the pages of the work himself, such as he might think suitable. He was an utter stranger, as before observed, to the details of his new duties, and had kept no communion with literary men associated for one common purpose. When not employed in literary composition, he had continually followed up dry desultory studies, led by curiosity or the desire of information. Hence he had acquired a vast store of knowledge for which the world gave him little credit, but the subjects were generally abstruse and of small moment in aid of his new labour, which rather required a knowledge of existing things and topics of the passing hour. He had read deeply upon what had caught his attention in languages, metaphysics, and political economy. He knew much of what few could reciprocate with him, and less upon subjects about which numbers were well informed. His habits demanded retirement for every literary duty, even for the perusal of a book. A trifle threw his mind out of its equilibrium, and distracted him from his immediate pursuit. An accident, a phrase, a novelty in incidental conversation would lead him into a new track of study for days together in consequence of its originating some curious research.

The narrator must now be excused when he uses the personal pronoun more frequently than before, as it would not be an easy task to render differently incidents which were the fruit of continual personal intercourse. The poet was not one who secured confidence from, or communicated it to, strangers on a slight acquaintance, not from want of heart or coldness of feeling, but from a retiring sensitiveness that never put itself forward, and had to be overcome before complete confidence could exist. It was easy to perceive, coming to the poet in those days if not as a stranger, still with slight acquaintance, how reserved he was in talking upon the commonest literary subjects where they involved giving his opinion. No more of his peculiarities at first were known to the present writer than any one might gather from a few casual interviews after a common-place introduction. Campbell's manner at this time was easy and affable; he was extremely careful not to be guilty of saying any thing to hurt the

feelings of those with whom he conversed on matters of business; even when he thought meanly of them, bearing towards them a uniform urbanity, though he was often tried in this way by intrusive persons.

Returning from Germany, he had been overturned in a carriage, and hurt his arm. This accident retarded, in some measure, the preparations for the commencement of his new duties. He took lodgings in town, at 62, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, at the close of 1820, retaining his house at Sydenham. At that house in Margaret-street our first interviews took place, for the purpose of making arrangements to commence the new series of almost a new work, for it was destined to be altered in every respect but the name. The poet, before any actual business commenced, showed a sort of apprehension of what was to come. The whole universe might have been supposed upon his shoulders. He looked deeply thoughtful towards the future. It was true that few or no contributions had been provided and the time was short, but his own were ready. There were his charming lecture upon poetry written long before; his "Lines to the Rainbow;" "The Lover to his Mistress—from the Bohemian;" besides these he had procured some "Lines to a Child," from Joanna Baillie. He was in fear, and that increased his confusion; he had thought little about the contributions that would be required—where could they come from? The first week in December had commenced, and he was such a novice as to his approaching task, that he imagined he should find them, and have no more to do than approve or disapprove. Then he began to think how he could submit himself to the trouble of perusing so many manuscripts as would be sent in the course of carrying on such a work! He tried it, that is true, but declared it would be impossible for him to bear the labour; he exhibited very soon his impatience, yet further declaring positively that he could not get through the task almost before he had made the attempt. Those who were acquainted with his habits might have foreseen this, but none who were connected with the publication knew his peculiarities. The present writer had undertaken the small print, a third of the magazine, alone, and was to contribute to the large print such articles as Campbell might approve. The dramatic article was written at first and continued to be so written during the ten years that the poet continued editor, by the present Mr. Sergeant Talfourd with singular steadiness and his acknowledged ability.

As Campbell declared he could not undertake the task of what in fact constituted the whole editorship, a gentleman every way qualified, a member of the Temple, at present holding a public situation, was applied to for the purpose. The poet wished the articles tendered to be read cursorily or described to him in such a way as to put him in full possession of their nature. Every thing in the arrangement, correction, and abridgment of the articles, this last labour relating to reviews in the large print, continually increasing, was to be done by somebody else. He declared he could not undertake so heavy a task—that such a variety of labour confused and bewildered him. Now there was nothing erroneous in this, for the poet was both too sensitive and fastidious to fulfil such a duty effectually; when he tried it, he began by endeavouring to reconcile the expressions and opinions of others to his own mode of thinking about the subjects treated upon. At such a rate the day of the monthly publication would rarely have seen a number ready.

Hardly was the labour commenced before the poet declared he could not

harmonise with the gentleman who had agreed to assist him about the articles, and look after the active part of his own department. The present narrator was then asked whether he would try the experiment with that duty in addition to the care of his own part of the magazine. With no great hope of success he consented, profited by what had occurred, and succeeded not merely in the duties he performed, but in consolidating a friendship, which, for a long term of years in human life, remained unchanged. This primary success of his attempt was mainly owing to the giving due consideration to one or two of the poet's peculiarities upon literary topics, and it must be said taking more of the task than in strictness another ought to have taken out of the division of labour. On the other hand the success of the publication was unprecedented, and success levels all considerations in such cases. The public were pleased with what they obtained. Except the editor's own, the articles were for the most part anonymous, and their way was made by their own merit.

Among the poet's peculiarities, worthy of note was his carelessness about letters or articles which chanced to fall into his hands. Sheridan was not more careless, if indeed he were careless at all, because when he got a letter he feared it was from a dun, and therefore would not open it. Campbell read every note he received. If it required an answer he set about the task unwillingly, and dismissed it with a very brief reply at one time, at another in a mode exceedingly formal; he was continually losing letters which he received, and then fretting about their recovery. He would read a letter and then put it into his coat-pocket, intending to reply to it the next day, or in an hour or two afterwards, and forget all about the matter. Often wholly engrossed by the subject that occupied his attention at the moment, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to divert it to another for ever so short a time. Hence, whatever article came to him he would put it by, as he intended, for future inspection, and think of it no more. He had no method, no arrangement, his own papers lay about him in confusion, and if he wanted for a moment to put them aside, he would jumble them into a heap, or cram them into a drawer or box in utter confusion. Subsequently, when he desired to return to them, he incurred labour and lost time in hunting out what he wanted. A fragment would be missed altogether, or whole leaves would be misplaced. From this habit it happened that when he received letters or papers at his residence, although every thing for the magazine it was requested might be directed to the publishers, he got confused about them, mislaid them, declared he had never received them, till pressed by fresh applications, sometimes tracing them to his own door. This greatly annoyed him. We have commenced a search in his study together, and I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves, unopened, sometimes slipped down behind them. He would close a volume upon one, and restore the book to its place, where, a month or two afterwards, it would come to view by accident, on his wanting to consult the work again. Mrs. Campbell, who used to smile at these things in her good-natured way, said at last, "How should he take care of the papers, when he cannot take care of himself—I am obliged to look after him—he had better not have them in the study at all." She was as good as her word, and kept back all belonging to the publication that happened to go straight to the poet's house, while the bulk, which always came to the publishers, was sent directly to me, and thus something like order was at last established.

As many communications were from writers of merit, and from persons who had a just claim to the conventional courtesies of society, there could in those days be no slovenly avoidance of restoring them, except poetical contributions. Of these it was no labour for the writers to keep copies, being their own property. Of those who had tendered them, we seldom found any but recognised writers of value as contributors. It was not without a smile that Mrs. Campbell would sometimes say, giving me a letter or two, "These are letters belonging to Mr. Colburn's magazine, I took them out of my husband's coat-pocket just now as I saw him crumpling them up and putting them there; you know they would have never been seen again but for me!" Campbell would reply simply, that he put them into his pocket to preserve them. "To lose them, my dear," she would answer, with her usual smile and kindness of manner.

Thus appeared the first number of the publication, on the 1st of January, 1821, under the editorship of the poet. The celebrity of Campbell's name would have produced contributions enough, had a requisite time elapsed; but things were hurried forward, and it became necessary to forage articles for the number. Sir Charles Morgan had been previously applied to by the publisher, and an article from him was ready. Campbell had met Ugo Foscolo a day or two before at Lord Holland's, when the magazine was spoken of as forthcoming, and contributions were promised by several who were present. Foscolo asked Campbell for a subject, but the poet could not tell of what he stood in need. I had known Foscolo for three or four years, having brought him a manuscript Dante of Signor Biagioli from abroad, a friend of his, and shall never forget the first time of seeing the great Italian, or Zantiote, no matter which. He lived at Moulsey, but had lodgings in Blenheim-street. I found him under a barber's hand, his fine grey eyes and capacious forehead, peering over soap suds, that covered a lower visage of the most ordinary description. Campbell begged me to get an article from him by suggesting any thing I could. I found, on calling, that Foscolo had gone to work upon "An Account of the Revolution in Naples;" and as time pressed, did not think it needful to urge any change of subject. Foscolo proposed some account of the less known Italian poets, which he afterwards executed for the publication. One of the most gifted and amiable young writers of that time, a great favourite of Campbell, Henry Roscoe, so prematurely cut off by death, contributed two articles; Talfourd, Horace Smith, Gray, the political economist, young Munden, whose knowledge of Spanish literature was opportune, Mr. Bowring, in a translation of some verses from the German, and several names at that time well known in the literary circles, filled up the number, not indeed a pattern number, it is seldom the case that a first number is ever truly so, even when time has been taken to obtain every appliance for ensuring superior excellence, but such a number as, conjoined with an entire new modelling of the typographical part, and the name of a celebrated and favourite poet as its editor, did not fail to be received by the public with a kindness very far beyond its literary merits.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF A DIPLOMATIST;

COMPRISING CONVERSATIONS WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE WHEN DUKE OF ORLEANS, PRINCE POLIGNAC, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE LATE GEORGE CANNING, HENRY (SINCE LORD) BROUGHAM, AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

No. II.

London, 17th of May, 1816.

Mr. and Mrs. Coutts gave a grand entertainment on Wednesday last, at Hollygrove, Highgate, to his R. H. the Duke of York and the *Duke of Orleans* (Louis Philippe).

On Wednesday too the Hon. Cavendish Bradshaw and Colonel Taylor set off for Paris.

May 21, 1816.—Some arrangement may be made with the *Globe* and *British Press*, perhaps highly advantageous to our interest. I have set on foot an inquiry relative to the *Star*.

Mr. Canning is still a resident at Bourdeaux, and will probably continue so for some time. The ordinary elementary breezes were favourable enough for his passage to England, but a political *north-easter* has lately set in, which renders it prudent for such a statesman not to adventure again to sea without a time-piece well *calculated* for the shifting meridian of London.

Same date.—The respectable fraternity of legs in high life are thrown into a state of extreme consternation by the disappearance of B— B—ll, a friend of the prince regent, with 40,000*l.*, the whole of which he is said to have fraudulently obtained. He absconded on Saturday last.

One o'clock, p. m.—Accurate particulars of the alarming state of the provincial towns are just received by government. . . .

It is necessary to observe, that the parts thus disturbed are great agricultural districts, where the wages vary from sixpence to eightpence a day, a sum quite inadequate to the support of the labouring classes. It is in the absolute distress attending this want of means that these disturbances have originated. I am anxious to learn the character that will be given to them by those persons who can see nothing but prosperity in any part of the kingdom; whether they will describe it, as in the case of the interference of the military in Pall Mall, as a matter of insignificance, or, as in the Opposition to the income tax, to an ignorant impatience of taxation.

Same date.—The prince regent is goaded almost to madness by the favourable conduct of John Bull towards the Princess Charlotte and Co. The queen is also much displeased at his politeness to them. Lord Liverpool waited upon the Princess Charlotte yesterday, in consequence of a message. Her highness stated, that with her limited income it would be impossible to keep up appearances at Carnarvon House, and she therefore hoped the prince regent's ministers would provide her with a more suitable residence, unless they were disposed to increase her allowance. To this Lord L—— replied, that such an arrangement could not at present be made. Mr. Ellis, the proprietor of Claremont, has made a good bargain;

he gave 35,000*l.*, or thereabouts, and he has sold it for 75,000*l.* Very agreeable all this.

May 24, 1816.—The repose of a family residing in a certain great house was strangely disturbed a short time since by an accident, which to John Bull might seem trifling, though it had nearly turned out a very serious matter to the domestics. The valet of the master was alarmed, soon after he had retired to rest, by a sort of groan issuing from an adjoining chamber. Although half asleep, his fears were quickly aroused. He flew to the room, and there saw the prince regent of Great Britain, to his unspeakable horror, in the act of breathing his last. The head was lying over the side of the couch, the face black, and the animal powers gone! What was the situation of the valet? Poor de P—— says, that his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter. Before he recovered presence of mind enough to rear the head upon the pillow, and call for assistance, he felt his body covered with a cold sweat, his nerves were relaxed by increased palsy, and in short he experienced a most severe paroxysm of *dismay*. I should be blameable to pass over the grief and anxiety which pressed on the heart of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and the other attendants, until the faculty pronounced his royal highness out of danger. Had the valet been in the torpid state that description of people usually are when in bed, the great personage must have died, without some miracle at least in his favour. The attack was an apoplectic fit, “the first of a series,” says the learned tribe of Galen.

Two o'clock, p. m.—Sir Charles Banbury has just left the Cocoa Tree. He came in merely to state that the riots in Norfolk and Suffolk have assumed a terrific feature. The Marquis of Ely’s mansion, it is reported, has been destroyed by fire; all the wheat-stacks in the farm-yards, together with the buildings. B—u B——ll’s deficiencies amount to a still greater sum than I mentioned. G——, one of the king’s chaplains, told me an hour ago, that he borrowed the money in the way of acceptances from the Duke of Rutland, Lord Charles and John Manners, &c. The Marquis of W——ter stood the flat for seven thousand! B——ll’s private debts are very considerable. He has even *bilked* his women. Long Wellesley says that he is in Picardy. The prince regent, when simple Prince of Wales, would not wear a coat until he had the approval of Mr. B——. Hence the anxiety of the tradespeople to gain the countenance of this *luminary*. Sir T. Tyrwhitt says, that the investiture of the Prince of C—— with the order of the garter was a highly ridiculous scene. It took place yesterday at C—— House, but in what respect “ridiculous” he did not say.

Poor Leach is like the bird in *Æsop*, all parties are shy of him; and what is worst of all, he is not likely to gain promotion at present. Yarmouth’s claims are to stand over till next year; and even then the chances are likely to be against him; for Lord Eldon, like Sixtus V., says, “We find in ourselves renovated strength, and therefore, with the blessing of God, will continue to dispense good.” In the interim—pretty long—Leach has been employed in giving advice to the regent, and that advice has had a spice of honesty in it, exactly adapted for the meridian of Manchester Square.* An old Whig told him yesterday that he was playing with edge tools.

* Supposed to allude to inquiries made on the continent with a view to the queen’s trial and divorce, and also to the intention impeached to the prince regent of taking another consort.

"Yes, but they will cut both ways."

The degradation of Lord C—ch—e has been more than once mentioned. The remonstrance will not be without a corresponding effect if we may believe what the Duke of York said at Lord Holland's dinner the other day, "We are determined publicly to strip him of all his honours."

Five o'clock.—Nothing new except the failure of some great house, north of the Mansion House. N.B. Not the Bank of England. Its time is not yet come. . . .

May 31.—I stumbled upon his Highness of Orleans (Louis Philippe) on Wednesday, at the corner of the Marquis of Lansdowne's wall. His highness professed himself to be glad to see me. Was anxious to know whether you had left England. I told him of your safe arrival in Paris. Also I acquainted his highness that I had nearly completed the arrangements for his receiving the Belgic papers. Said he should be happy to see me at Twickenham.

"I shall do myself that honour in the course of a few days."

July 3, 1816.—I shall not fail to call on Orleans on Friday or Saturday.

The Duke of Wellington is just returned from Carlton House. He has been to see the Battle of Waterloo, *i. e.* the Panorama in Leicester Square. A mob is following the carriage. He looks thin and thoughtful. Poor Sheridan is at the last gasp.

July 9.—Yesterday I waited upon Orleans at Twickenham, and there had a very long conversation with him. His serene highness did me the honour of saying, that he felt much gratified in seeing me. He had been much indisposed with a cold, which affected his throat extremely, and kept him from having much commerce with the world.

"He knew but little," he said, "of what was going on."

I asked his highness, "the reason why he did not go to the marriage?"

This question elicited a smile.

"Because I was not invited."

"The king has been apprised of this, and said in reply, 'That he did not think it would be agreeable.'"

"Perhaps not," added his highness. There the subject dropped.

The conversation afterwards became general. His highness said a great deal about European politics. The conduct of the French king and the ultra-royalists he slightly touched upon; alluded to the necessity for adopting a conciliatory system instead of certain measures. He had told the king what he considered the most certain way of fixing the monarchy; and if his majesty had acted agreeably to that advice, the family would have been established on the throne.

Spoke of the confederacy between Russia and Prussia; the alarm of Austria; the impossibility of the latter maintaining her station unless supported by France. The designs of Russia were to seize the German states, in which Prussia would join heart and hand; the latter being perfectly satisfied with the accession of Poland. All these things would be soon accomplished unless France interfered; it was the only person which would effectually aid Austria. Taking into the pay of Russia the disbanded French soldiers, was a master-stroke of policy—believed that the convulsion is to take place in August.

"Nothing," he added, "in the way of a counterpoise to the designs of

Prussia appeared, except the dread she entertains that a revolution would take place in her own states as soon as the plans of attack upon Austria were in operation." His highness said much about the hatred pervading all France against the English government, in consequence of its not giving her a free constitution. He thought that a coalition for the preservation of Austria could not be effected. The British ministers, he considered, as wilfully blind to the state of the country.

His royal highness concluded with, "Although it may not be in your lifetime nor mine, but less than half a century the example of the Americans will produce a republican system all over Europe."

Four o'clock, p. m.—Since writing the above, I learn that "chaos is come again;" the administration is in confusion. Wellesley has rejected the overtures to come in. Canning will secede if the marquis does not join. I have just seen a person who overheard a conversation between Grenville and the marquis in the garden of Apsley House.

"It does not signify talking," said, G—— to W——, "the present men will be the ruin of the country!"

July 12.—Lord Liverpool at his last rent-day, began to have an idea of the distressed state of the country. Having received his salaries, appointments, and the full amount of all his emoluments from government, together with the allowance for banquets, &c., &c, he had not the smallest conception that the nation was not in the enjoyment of perfect peace and plenty, till a defalcation of all his rents brought a sad conviction to the contrary. Amongst the defaulters was a Quaker, who, on being reproached very sharply by the steward for his want of punctuality, replied,

"Friend, it is thy lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

A barrister yesterday observing the Lord Chancellor, whom he had to address, engaged with the *Gazette*, said, "I beg your lordship's pardon, I see you are busy with your harvest."

There are two very good lines which give an apposite picture of the late war and the present peace:

Men laugh and riot till the banquet's o'er,
Then comes the reckoning, and men laugh no more.

July 16.—In the last conversation which I had with the Duke of Orleans, he introduced the House of Perigord. When alluding to the mania which at present prevails here for visiting France, he said he had seen a communication of unquestionable veracity, in which it was stated, that the letters of credit for our "birds of passage" exceeded 38,000*l.* sterling per week, which is nearly twenty millions per year!!

The duke seemed highly elated at the apparent security of his own situation when contrasted with that of the royal family of France!

Mellish, the late Governor of the Bank, has been secretly selling stock to an immense amount; he appears to know what he is about, which is more than our ministers do. The defalcation in the revenue upon the last quarter is said to be incalculable; nothing can be recovered in any direction without an extent. Carts, waggons, and other implements in husbandry are put up for sale, but without effect; there are no buyers at any price.

Sheridan literally died of a broken heart, disease of the mind and not the body. His exclusion from parliament was a measure much desired by the ministers; he sold himself when he accepted a place. He had pledged himself to support the Catholic question, but he abandoned the

cause when he quitted his seat. He was, in fact, not excluded, it was a mere pretence to avoid the dismissal.

The *Examiner* mentions that he settled his wife's fortune on her—she had no fortune. The Polesden estate in Surrey he purchased for seventeen or eighteen thousand pounds; the money was drawn out of the treasury of Drury Lane Theatre; but this was never known to the proprietors of that concern.

I had many interviews with him during the last twelve years; he frequently wrote the *leaders* for the *Morning Post*, at the time the *Journeyman Tailor* (as Cobbett calls the leading proprietor of the *Courier*) held that concern. The 200*l.* mentioned by the *Examiner*, was sent to Sheridan, Mac—ra refused to take it, as did De Bain. Hal Vaughan, an idle, eccentric character, well known in the London streets, took the money to Mrs. Sheridan. She refused the boon, and added, "Tell his royal highness that we are not in want of the necessaries of life."

Many years ago at Lord Littleton's seat at Hagley, there was a point of civility mooted between a musician and a dancing-master, which should first go down to dinner, on which Captain A. B. said to the late Earl of Mount Norris, "Do you kick one of them down stairs, and I'll kick the other; but that we may not affront either, let us kick them together."

July 19, 1816.—"The French government are backward in paying their contributions, but they must be paid," said one of the Carlton House junta yesterday at R.'s.

"Yes," replied Lord Thanet, "they mean to pay them; the first will be in gold, the next in silver, and the third in lead."

July 26.—A secret confederacy is actually forming against the Princess of Wales, and the queen is at the head of it. Nothing, however, will be allowed to transpire until the meeting of parliament, by which time the damning proofs will be in readiness. It is the first wish of the prince regent's heart to bring her to trial. The Lord Chancellor's and Liverpool's remonstrances are treated with contempt.

"It is death at Carlton House," said yesterday one of the household, "to mention her name."

July 30.—The town now presents a picture of gloom unparalleled. The rich are terrified and the poor are importunate. The ministers endeavour to put the best face upon things in public, but in private their dismay is indescribable. Surely there does not appear an indication of a change of policy respecting Buonaparte, but from what dropped on Friday from Byrne, the editor of the *M. P.*, I should be inclined to think some such is in contemplation.

"The ministers admit," said he, "that they should have signed a treaty with him."

"If that is the case," replied I, "probably they mean to attempt restoring him."*

"Far more unlikely things have happened," rejoined he with a smile.

I should here mention that B—— has daily personal communication with one or other of the ministers. In a conversation between B——

* In this respect, our ministers of the present day, and probably those of the other powers of Europe, may soon find reason to participate, if the star of Louis Philippe prevail.

and the proprietors of the *Courier*, Stuart declared that they had been guilty of a great error in upsetting Napoleon.

Same date.—The Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Viscount Chabot, sent H—— yesterday from Twickenham for Cheltenham, to make arrangements for the reception of his highness's family, who have been recommended the use of the waters. I had yesterday a conversation with the agent at Grillion's. He told me that packets arrive three times a week from France, addressed to the duke—that they all come through the medium of the Marquis D'Osmond; not one had been brought to Albemarle-street by a stranger.

August 2.—The coolness subsisting between Carlton and Camelford Houses arises from the steps now taking for a legal separation of the regent from his consort. The Princess Charlotte is said to have given orders not to admit any branch of the royal family, except the Duke of Sussex, to her presence.

Never was seen such confusion as exhibited on Monday at the London Tavern. It was the Bishop of London who dragged the Duke of York out of the chair and led him away amid the hisses of the assembly. It was the height of imprudence on the part of the ministers to place the commander-in-chief in so delicate a situation. Lord Lauderdale, who is a private friend of his royal highness, on being asked as to the propriety of the measure, remonstrated in strong language against it.

The administration—their discussions.—Lord Liverpool wishes for a loan to reduce the interest in the funds, and stop the payment of the dividends. Canning opposes all these expedients.

“You must tax the landed capital ten per cent.—not a general income-tax.”

The Duke of Cumberland's name has been lately introduced in the gossiping circles connected with a change in the regent's councils—the whole report is false. The fact is that his royal highness is not intrusted with any of the secrets of Carlton or Buckingham Houses. They say he tells his wife all he knows, and that she is a spy for the King of Prussia. It is hinted that a letter has been seen written by her to that potentate.

Sir R. Wilson at R——'s yesterday. I did not see him. He talked a great deal but said nothing. Mentioned a Mr. Lucas, the Prussian correspondent for the *Courier*, as frequenting R——'s daily. There is also constantly there a person called V. S—— (a spy from the Duke of Kent, and in the pay of the Duke of Orleans).

August 6.—Canning is gone to Ramsgate on a visit to the Marquis of Wellesley. Wellington is expected there on Saturday as an auxiliary! All will not do; so say the Whigs. Wellington's nephew (Long Wellesley), opens Wanstead House to-morrow with a splendid *fête champêtre*.

August 9.—Wellington's nephew was much disappointed at not having the prince to grace the grand christening of his infant son on Wednesday night, at Wanstead House. The invincible chief was there and about 500 fashionables.

I had occasion to call on the Duke of Wellington, yesterday. He was occupied in a curious way—destroying petitions and letters;—the room was enveloped with fragments. As usual, he was kicking up a row with his domestics; that is, — their eyes for very trivial offences. “*Inert sua gratia parvis.*”

A Novel Discovery—made on the demise of the late Duchess of A——! Mr. D——, whom she left her heir, found, among other hoards, 33,000 guineas, and a diamond necklace. What think you of

this being the identical necklace which was stolen from Lady H—— about two years ago, and for which offence several of her ladyship's domestics underwent incarceration. I need not tell you that the parties were sisters.

Canning will not succeed in his mission to Wellesley, the state wheels cannot go on. . . .

August 9.—The Marquis of Wellesley has been in town for a day only. He returned yesterday to Ramsgate—quite inexplicable. Canning represented to the marquis that his brother, the duke's, welfare was deeply connected with the present administration.

"My brother's interests are one thing! I have no objection to follow him, but he is a d—d bad politician."

A Fracâs on 'Change.—An American gentleman and an English gentleman got yesterday into a discussion on politics upon 'Change. In the course of it the latter used some expression unfavourable to the character of Mr. M——; the former retorting, called the other a scoundrel. The reply to this was a blow in the face. A regular battle ensued, in which several floorers were given, and a good deal of blood was lost. Before however the combatants had gone through many rounds the beadles assembled and turned them both out of the place.

August 13th.—Wellington sets off this day for Brussels; it is said that he visits the court of the Netherlands ere his departure for Paris. "The real cause of his abrupt visit to us," say the Opposition, "related to the contributions which our ministers had declared their inability to pay, although they had engaged to do so, provided the French could not. The French declare that the treaty is at an end. Ministers being in such a hopeful dilemma, have no resource but to call parliament together, and this they are determined to do in October. The distresses of the country continue to increase, and the despondence among our wise legislators does not decrease. An outcry is raised against placemen and sinecurists—they are callous."

The *Morning Post* of yesterday, in its leading article, introduces the czar of the north, and designates him "the excellent Emperor of Russia."

Wellesley still holds out. The *sine quâ non*, the withdrawing every soldier from France—also the emancipation of the Catholics. The former was the topic of conversation last evening at the Cocoa Tree.

"Oh," exclaimed General Bolton, "as to the former, the thing will be done without the interference of Wellesley."

I yesterday saw the Earl of Mount Norris (a relative of Sir George Cockburn), who said that C. contradicts all the stories relative to the differences that were said to subsist between him and Napoleon.

"They were always upon the best possible terms, but not so Sir Hudson Lowe and him; the former had placed additional restraint upon his prisoner, and in consequence B. was very indignant."

A gentleman having said in company that John Bull would "never stand the new divorce," a city colonel exclaimed, with some indignation, that "John Bull was no coward—he could stand any thing."

I have reason to believe that there is no truth in a report industriously circulated here, that the Duke of Kent is gone to collect evidence against the Princess of Wales.

Among the novelties about to be issued from the press is a poem entitled, "The Late Session of the House of Commons; or, a great Moral Lesson," an epistle to Lord Castlereagh, to which are added the "Tears

of Victory," in two cantos, and a word to the author of "The Talents run Mad," by an Englishman.

September 13.—The topic of conversation in every circle is upon the proceedings at Palace-yard on Wednesday last, when the electors of Westminster assembled to express their opinions upon the present distressed state of the country. The cause of the distress was unanimously acknowledged to be the immediate weight of taxation; that the burden was aggravated by the consideration of the large sums granted in sinecures and pensions. Little as people are disposed to defend pensions, I must say that there are some which the most fastidious economists should treat with respect.

Three o'clock, p.m.—The pamphlet respecting the Princess of Wales was written by Brougham and revised by Erskine. R—— sends you another to-day, "A Letter addressed to Lord Eldon."

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans and suite have left Cheltenham for Bristol and Bath. Thence they go to the Isle of Wight and return to Twickenham in October, when I will go down and pay my respects.

Lord Sefton brought over the pamphlet (Brougham's) which you have received from R——; the sale is prodigious, it is already to be found in almost every house in the kingdom. Cobbett's reasoning in favour of emigration has produced a wonderful effect, particularly in Ireland. Report states that a pamphlet is coming out in reply to the one written by Brougham—the Divorce. The proceedings are going on! The prince regent is determined!!

Five o'clock.—*News from Exmouth.*—The Rev. Mr. Ellis came in this instant, crying, His brother and other relatives killed! He says the expedition has failed!! You will hear a most disastrous account; the killed and wounded are immense. He thus expressed himself: "The slaughter was quite unexpected!"

September 25.—I have been in hourly expectation of a letter from Henry Baring, the merchant, relative to the proposed measures to avert the destruction of British commerce. Some curious particulars respecting the intended operations in the East and West Indies you will probably receive in my next.

Cecil-square, Margate.—I have some reason to think that I shall have an interview with the Marquis of Wellesley ere I depart for London. You shall know the result if any thing more should arise; I shall be copious in my details.

This place, like all other watering-places, is sombre in the extreme. People have no money and consequently cannot be gay.

Oct. 2.—So the Emperor of Russia is really going to Poland after all. I have not heard a single word of news. There is not a soul in London from whom we can pick up any thing. On Thursday I am obliged to go down to my Hampshire estate, and on my return will probably pass a few days with the countess at Southend.

The embarrassments of the people of landed property are increasing hourly, and very seriously; but this you are as well aware of as I am.

Isle of Wight.—*Same date.*—Speaking of pecuniary embarrassments in high life, it reminds me that no one is more deserving of compassion than the primate of all England, whose family passes the autumnal months in this island. They are said to be under no control in their expenditure; it was only the other day the steward represented the imprac-

ticability of maintaining the establishment, unless not only retrenchment but an immediate supply of cash made its appearance. His grace referred his master to his escritoire, wherein he found a purse.

"Distribute the contents among the most needy claimants."

"Your grace astonishes me. What am I to do with this?"

"What I have I give unto thee. Do the best you can with it!"

Such was the reply.

This dignitary was appointed to the see by the king, in spite of all the interest of Mr. Pitt, who had set his heart upon Dr. Cornwallis, the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. The king's refusal was one of the causes of Pitt's resignation in 1802. Dr. Manners Sutton was Bishop of Norwich. The present bishop said to little Gunter, the confectioner, a short time since—

"When I quit my present place I hope I shall leave it with a better character than my predecessor."

The exaltation of Dr. M. S. produced the same effect as the waters of Lethe, "a total oblivion" of all past favours.

A certain dignitary has, as I am well informed, two daughters.

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed a gentleman who lately dined with his grace.

"Why unfortunate?"

"Had they been sons you might have put them into the church."

"Oh! is that all?" re-echoed the reverend peer, with a gay air; "it is easily settled; as I cannot put them into the church, I must put the church into them."*

Here things wear a most gloomy feature—commerce annihilated, and agriculture in an unpromising state.

London, 29th of October, 1816.—I will not fail to wait upon the Duke of Orleans; perhaps in the course of the week. On Saturday and yesterday I was at R——'s and other places, yet could learn but little. The town is quite deserted: the only persons who possess any information and are accessible, are the Duke of Sussex, and a Mr. Nicholl, a late M. P. The latter told me that a privy-council met on Friday, for the express purpose of settling the time for the recommencement of public business, when it was determined that a further prorogation of parliament should take place until the 4th of February next. This information came from the Duke, who said the measure emanated from the regent, who had made up his mind to pass the Christmas at the pavilion, undisturbed.

Same date.—Crowther, the coachmaker, who built twenty-three carriages for the Black Emperor, the empress, the princes, and princesses of the blood, and the black officers of state, was hourly expected in this country when I left London. He has been away nearly a year. Perhaps, as the ministers of Louis XVIII. have resolved to make a fresh attempt to negotiate for the sovereignty of St. Domingo, this man, who is really very intelligent, might put them into possession of some valuable information. A Swiss —— said yesterday that Petion had abandoned Christophe, in consequence of a remonstrance from the King of France. This Petion, I believe, received some considerable presents from Christophe, in consideration of secret services.

* Meaning, to endow them handsomely.

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. VI.

So much as from occasions we may glean.—*Hamlet*.

“THAT the ordinary ills of humanity have decreased,” says a contemporary French writer,* “is my own opinion, and history sufficiently proves it. But they have diminished in a finite, while sensibility has increased in an infinite ratio. Whilst the expanded mind gave a new sphere to grief, the heart gave by love and family ties a new advantage to fortune. Dear opportunities of suffering which no one assuredly would sacrifice; but how much more uneasy have they rendered life! People no longer suffer from the present only, but from the future, from what may be. The soul, all aching in anticipation, has the sentiment and presentiment of future ill, occasionally of ills that will never happen.”

This proposition, we venture to object, is neither philosophically argued, nor practically true, beyond the first half. That physical ills have decreased in a finite ratio may be readily conceded, without admitting that mental evils have been infinitely augmented. True it is, that the refinement usually produced by a superiority to the vulgar struggles of existence, quickens our sensibility; but surely this exaltation of our faculties, this spiritualising of our nature, opens more avenues to pleasure than to pain. The writer from whom we have quoted admits this truth, subversive as it is of his whole theory, when he says that no one would sacrifice, even the dear opportunities of suffering which are afforded by the affections: and if he would not forfeit their very pains, how rapturous must be their pleasures!

So much for the effects which a greater delicacy of perception produces upon the heart: and who shall deny that its operation upon the head is equally conducive to human happiness? Sensual and gross pleasures, the only resource of the barbarian and the boor, speedily exhaust themselves, and degrade their indulger; while the intellectual delights that open to the civilised and educated man, keep perpetually exalting him, and multiplying themselves, as their range becomes more expansive. The averment that people no longer suffer from the present only, but from the future, implies a fallacy; for there never could have been a time when the sufferings of mankind were limited to the present. “When wild in woods the noble savage ran,” he must have lived in constant anxiety about the next day’s dinner, or the approach of some hostile tribe; and as physical wants and perils are more distressing and fearful than sentimental ones, “the presentiment of future ill,” must be more keenly felt in a barbarous than in a civilised state of society.

The admitted diminution in the ordinary ills of humanity is certainly less reductive of other ills, and consequently less consolatory than might at first sight appear, because all evils are less perceptible in their abstract than their relative effect. Little avails it to tell a Dorsetshire peasant that he possesses certain luxuries unknown to the Roman emperors. Not with Cæsar, not with Heliogabalus will he measure himself, but with Farmer Giles, or Squire Broadlands; and who can wonder that the com-

* Michelet’s “*Le Peuple*,” chapter viii.

parison leaves him discontented? This source of complaint, rather a cause of grumbling, however, than of real unhappiness, must always have existed, for there have always been inequalities in the conditions of men; but it is probably increased by the progress of civilisation, especially in a commercial country, where the unbalanced distribution of wealth, places extreme poverty and inordinate opulence in immediate juxtaposition.

But while we admit that the diminution in the more painful struggles and privations of life is not followed by a commensurate increase of contentment, we are far, very far from conceding that the correspondent enlargement of our sensibilities has given a wider sphere to human grief, or afforded fresh facilities for the malice of fortune. No, no, M. Michélet! be assured that your gloomy speculation is not only untenable, but that a directly opposite conclusion may be drawn from your own premises. You assert that human sensitiveness has been increased by civilisation; we maintain that refinement multiplies our pleasurable in a much greater proportion than our painful emotions; consequently, the general sum of happiness is augmented as a community becomes more polished and informed. Little less than impious seems the supposition that the expansion of the head and heart, and the development of the diviner nature within us, should have, for its unnecessary and cruel consequence, a diminution of our enjoyments. Away with a conclusion as unsupported by the real state of man, as it is unworthy of a benevolent Deity! We cannot stand in the light of reason without feeling its genial and pleasant warmth; nor can the fountain of the heart's affections well forth without affording us refreshment and delight. A man need not be an Optimist, deeming this the best of all possible worlds; nor even an Agathist, considering "all partial evil universal good;" but though the dictionary may not warrant the word, truth will sanction his avowing himself to be a *Meliorist*, happy in the pious conviction that this much-abused world has become better, is becoming better, and will become better, not only in the social and political improvements, and advancing refinement of society, but in the correspondent increase in the general happiness of mankind.

ANECDOTAGE.

When Bantru resided at Madrid, and had discovered that the librarian of the Escorial was a blockhead, he recommended the king to make him inspector of the finances. "Why so?" demanded the monarch. "Because, as he has taken nothing from your majesty's books, I conclude he will be equally honest in regard to the public treasure."

When Pope Alexander VII. asked Allatius, the librarian of the Vatican, why he did not marry? "That I may be able to be made a priest," was his reply. "Then why are you not made a priest?" "That I may be able to marry."

A living poet, reciting to a brother bard, several extracts from an unpublished epic, asked him, when he had concluded—which he considered the best passages of his work? "Those which you have not read," was the caustic reply.

Charles V. having failed in his African expedition, sent a golden chain to Aretin, to purchase his silence. "It's very little for so great a folly," sneered the satirist.

An empty-headed president of Bourdeaux once called upon M. Bautru. "Zounds!" exclaimed the latter to his servant, "why have you admitted that horrid bore? I will not see him. Go and say that I am very ill." "Ask him then," resumed the persevering visitant, "whether I may just step into his room, and feel his pulse." "No!" was the enraged reply, "Tell him I am dying—I am dead." "May I not then go to his chamber to give him the holy water?" "No!" was ejaculated still more loudly, "tell him the devil has carried me off." "Did they not leave their address before they went?" was the last inquiry of the president.

"Your daughter," wrote Mademoiselle de Scudery to the Count du Buffy, "has as much genius as if she saw you every day; and is as discreet withal, as if she had never seen you in all her life."

M. de Marolles said of a censorious neighbour: "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others. I wish that some day he would bite his tongue, for then he would poison himself."

Peter the Great, standing before the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, at the Sorbonne, suddenly exclaimed, "Were you again alive, I would willingly give you one-half of my empire, if you would teach me how to govern the rest."

A woman of acknowledged gallantry being reproached with her disregard of appearances, replied, "What would you have me do? If I may not enjoy the loss of my reputation, I might as well have kept it!"

"I have been talking for some time to D——," said an artist to Northcote, "and I find there is nothing in him." "You have been lucky," was the reply, "for I have always found him full of himself."

AN EMPIRE FOUNDED BY A SPIDER.

As Mahomet and his friend Abubeker sat in a dark corner of one of the caves of Thor, on the third morning after they had betaken themselves to that place of concealment, they saw their enemies approach the mouth of the cavern. "What shall we do?" whispered the trembling Abubeker, "it is vain to attack them, for we are but two." "There is a third with us," said Mahomet, calmly; "God!"

The pursuers, concluding from a spider's web across the opening into the recess, that no one could have recently passed in or out, withdrew, and the hidden fugitives shortly afterwards made their escape, and saved their lives. Mahomet subsequently founded an empire, which in eighty years extended its dominion over more kingdoms and countries than the Romans had subdued in eight hundred. But the spider that wove the cobweb was the real founder of the Mahomedan dynasty, and wrought a more extensive change in the destinies of the world than Alexander or Xerxes.

NECESSITY OF SELF-BALANCE.

If a man be born with any constitutional defect, any deformity, any want of due proportion, whether in mind or body, he generally receives a partial compensation by a more than average development of his powers and faculties in some other direction. The blind are unusually quick of hearing; the deaf are doubly sharp-sighted; dwarfs are often large-minded; the lame of one leg have added-strength in the other; hump-bearers are generally unconscious of their burden, and seem wisely resolved not to take notice of what passes behind their back. Not so with

the deformities superinduced by our own misconduct or mistakes. If we weaken one eye by candle-light reading, its companion, instead of being strengthened, sympathises with the complaint; our left hand, by the constant preference given to the right, loses a portion of its strength and cunning; opera-dancers sacrifice in the power of their arms what they gain in their legs; and pugilists, in proportion as they increase the vigour of their arms, are generally weak in their lower limbs.

So is it with the mental faculties. If they are constantly exercised upon one subject, they will become warped and weakened: for you cannot concentrate the intellectual rays into one focus without dimming their light in other directions, even if you do not extinguish it altogether. No occupation of thought is so absorbing as religion; no class so prone to madness as spiritual enthusiasts. But it is difficult to devote oneself exclusively to any object of contemplation without disturbing the mental balance, without deviating into certain obliquities, or betraying so much deficiency upon other points, as to incur the suspicion of derangement or imbecility. That

Great-wits to madness often are allied,

is more strictly true than is generally imagined. Tasso, Newton, Pascal, Spinoza, were all touched with occasional insanity; Scott, Southey, and other recent instances, attest the melancholy consequences of overworking the brain in one continuous direction.

It has been observed, that mathematicians and the studiers of the exact sciences, who deal with the qualities and proportions of impassive matter, are longer-lived and less subject to mental aberration than metaphysicians and moralists, whose pursuits are not only more abstruse and bewildering, but more exciting, by fixing attention upon the anxieties, and evils, and dark enigmas of human destiny. This was to be expected; for mere head-work must be infinitely less exhausting, less deranging, than when it is combined with heart-work. What is the wear and tear of calculation compared to that of the feelings?

In all cases, however, whether corporeal or mental, where the proper balance has been disturbed by our own indiscretion, it is remarkable that nature makes no efforts to restore it. Solicitous as she manifestly is to repair all innate deviations, all that may be fairly called her own mistakes, she leaves ours to their fate, thinking, perhaps, that they are no more than a fit punishment for our imprudence and perversity. More probably, however, for all her intentions are ever kind, her non-interference is meant as a warning rather than a chastisement. Wise is he who, so receiving it, guards against all distorting and cramping uniformities of pursuit, duly mixing the lights with the shadows of thought and occupation, delighting to alternate

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

and so checquering his thoughts and his pursuits, that he may fulfil the purpose for which he was created, of ever possessing a sane mind in a sound body.

EQUALITY CONTRARY TO NATURE.

"That the sweat and the tedious labour of the husbandman," says Penn, "early and late, cold and hot, wet and dry, should be converted into the pleasure, ease, and pastime, of a small number of men—that the cart,

the plough, the flail, should be, in inordinate severity, laid upon nineteen parts of the land, to feed the appetites of the twentieth, is far from the appointment of the great Governor of the world."

"Inordinate severity" could never have been intended by a benevolent Creator, and its occurrence can only be exceptional; but with due deference to the worthy Quaker, we may best infer the intentions of the world's governor from the world's invariable state, and we should in vain seek a single country, from the creation to the present day, in which the lot of the majority has not been such as is described in the extract. How to secure a more equal distribution of fortune and enjoyment in highly civilised nations, is a problem, at the solution of which philanthropists have been long and vainly working: but Penn seems to have been yearning for an absolute equality, which was assuredly not the divine appointment, for, as men are not born equal either in strength or intelligence, they cannot continue so. The robust will overmaster the weak, the crafty will over-reach the simple, as surely as the snow that falls level to-day will be drifted into heaps to-morrow. Moses sought to establish a community, or at least an approximate equalisation of property, by the institution of a jubilee, every fiftieth year, when all debts were remitted, hired and bond-servants obtained their liberty, and all alienated inheritances reverted to their original proprietors: but this tyrannous law, so utterly inconsistent with the progress of society, soon became a dead letter.

Husbandmen, not even excluding the Dorsetshire peasants, would perhaps rank themselves among the *fortunatæ agricolæ* of the Roman poet, could they obtain a momentary insight into the unhappiness of their superiors. Then would they find that there is a blessing in the curse which condemns man to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow; that hardships which have become habitual, and of which they have little time to think, are more endurable than the *ennui* of which the luxurious have so much leisure to complain; and that no labour is so irksome and grievous as a resourceless idleness. In accordance with Quaker austerity, Penn would probably designate the professors of literature, the arts, and sciences, as the idlers of society; but to attain civilisation you must have such men; and to feed such men, there must be toiling ploughmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water. If we require any intellectual produce, we must raise a superfluity of earth's produce; and if we would cultivate the arts, we must have rich men to patronise them. An unequal distribution of wealth is the inevitable concomitant, if it be not the primary cause, of a high state of civilisation.

H.

TALES FROM THE SPANISH DRAMATISTS.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

No. III.

THE MISTRESS OF GOMEZ ARIAS, BY CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

DONA BEATRIZ, the lovely daughter of the valiant Don Diego, was by no means pleased with the increasing attentions of Don Felix, who, with his arm in a sling, persisted in following her through the streets of Granada. He had caused what she considered her greatest misfortune, the loss of her lover, Gomez Arias ; for the two gallants having fought on her account, Gomez proved victorious, and, thinking that he had killed his adversary, had fled the spot. Felix was, however, only slightly wounded, and Doña Beatriz took occasion to tell him that she believed he feigned death from cowardice, a remark which stung him to madness, and made him vow that he would, if possible, seek Gomez Arias, and avenge himself on his person for the taunts of his mistress.

The troubles of Doña Beatriz were increased by a proposal from her father, that she should marry Don Juan Iñiguez de Haro. The Moors, recently conquered by Queen Isabella, were now rising against that sovereign, with the African Cañeri at their head, and Don Diego, being called to military service, did not like to leave his daughter alone and unprotected. After the fashion of most Spanish fathers, he had very strong notions on the subject of filial obedience, and plainly told her that her only choice was between Don Juan and a convent.

Under this triple calamity of being separated from a man she loved, followed by another she hated, and urged to marry a third whom she did not know, poor Doña Beatriz was perfectly wretched. And had he been a true and loyal cavalier, Don Gomez Arias, who was now at Guadix, would have been perfectly wretched also. Such, however, was not the case, and, to tell the truth, if there was one man in all Spain totally unworthy the regrets of a fair lady, that man was Don Gomez Arias. We do not mean because he was a poor soldier, without a coin in his pocket, nor because he was a notorious gamester—though this was bad enough—but because of the vice which was thus set forth in a conversation with his servant, Gines :—

Gines.—There's one vice more. I cannot mention it.

Gomez.—Pray, why?

Gines.—Because my modesty forbids.

Gomez.—How?

Gines.—Why, it is the greatest infamy.
The deepest of all shame that can befall
A man like you.

Gomez.—I own this hideous fault?

Gines.—You.

Gomez.—Well, what is it?

Gines.—Since you press me—mark.

Gomez.—Say on.

Gines.—You are a man.

Gomez.—No more delay.

Gines.—So wicked, that you—

Gomez.—

Well?

Gines.—

You fall in love—

The last disgrace of honourable men.

Gomez.—Go to, you're mad.

Gines.—So this is madness then!

Gomez.—The greatest, when all nature contradicts you.

Is there a beast so rude, a bird so light,

A tree so rugged, that it does not love?

Is it a marvel if I feel a passion,

That does not spare the tree, the bird, the brute?

Gines.—Nay, good señor, I mean not to deny,

A man should love a woman, deeming that

A part of natural philosophy.

Known without teaching, by the very brutes,

Nay, let him love two in a year; or so,

A handsome one to please his vanity,

An ugly one to tickle his caprice.

So far, so good—but thus to fall in love

With any woman one may chance to see,

To find a love in every spot one visits,

This, señor, is too much philosophy.

Gomez.—Tut, you're a fool,—but yet I'll prove to you,

The heart that changes is heart more perfect

Than one that's constant.

Gines.—

You may find your proof,

But mind that love's familiars* do not know it,

Lest they may seize you, as of doubtful faith.

But come now, for your argument.

Gomez.—

'Tis this:

To have a perfect love, 'tis requisite

The object of that love be perfect too.

Gines.—I grant your *Major*.

Gomez.—

Well, then,—wait awhile,

No woman is so perfect, but she has

Some fault.

Gines.—

I grant your *Minor*.

Gomez.—

Very good.

It follows then you grant me all the rest.

There is not, mark me, such a perfect object,

That it may rightly claim a love entire.

Therefore, you see, loving the taste of one,

Another's wit, the beauty of a third,

The quality and talent of a fourth,

My love is perfect, since I love in each,

The high perfection, which belongs to all.

Gines.—I yield the point—your argument is sound.

Consistently with this view of things, Gomez, who was offended with Doña Beatriz, from an ill-founded jealousy of Don Felix, was amusing himself at Guadix by paying clandestine devotions to Dorotea, daughter of Don Luis, a gentleman in that town.

Dorotea was pleased at the attentions of Gomez, nay, she soon became deeply enamoured of him, and willingly listened to his suit, when the shades of night afforded concealment to their interviews; but when, in the broad daylight, the audacious lover, attended by his servant Gines,

* A metaphor borrowed from the Inquisition.—J. O.

entered her father's residence, during his absence, she was offended by the little regard to her reputation, which Gomez had evinced.

He was excusing himself by one of those elaborate sophisms in which Spanish lovers were wont to indulge, saying that if his interviews were confined to the night, his eyes would grow jealous of his ears, with many elegances of the sort, when the servant Juana cut short all converse by announcing the arrival of Don Luis. Of course there was a convenient ante-room to conceal Gomez and Gines, for it seems that in Spain (if we may trust the dramatists) houses were built for the express purpose of deceiving jealous parents.

The first words uttered by Don Luis were not calculated to raise the spirits of the two women, for he began by stating that there was a strange man in the house, and ordering them to retire. This looked ominous, for they had no doubt but that Gomez had been discovered and was the person intended. They were mistaken. It was Don Felix, who, stung by the reproaches of Doña Beatriz, had come to Guadix to take vengeance on Gomez, and now waited on Don Luis, availing himself of an intimacy which had existed between the old gentleman and his father. He narrated the particulars of his combat with Gomez, by which it appeared that he had been an admirer of Doña Beatriz, on rather an indifferent footing, but had been annoyed at finding himself supplanted by Gomez. He had bribed a servant to gain admission into the house, which he had suddenly quitted upon hearing a noise, just as Gomez was entering. Swords were drawn, and the result need not be repeated. Don Luis at first endeavoured to persuade his young friend to drop the affair, but finding his counsel of no avail, he promised to assist him, and kill Gomez with his own hands, if it should be requisite. Having thus decided on the fate of poor Gomez, Don Luis and Felix left the house to seek him about the town, little suspecting that he was snugly ensconced in the ante-room, where he had heard every syllable.

Dorotea and Juana, who were in the opposite ante-room, had also contrived to hear every word of the discourse, which produced a very different effect on the different listeners; for it revealed to Dorotea the fact that Gomez loved a lady at Granada, while it informed Gomez that he had wrongly suspected Doña Beatriz, and therefore revived his inclination in her favour. Hence there was ample matter for converse when the departure of Don Luis had given opportunity; and Dorotea, highly piqued, after reproaching her lover with his inconstancy, fairly commanded him to quit the house; an order more easily given than executed, for Don Luis had just come back with Don Juan de Haro, and it was necessary for the two couples to slip back into their former places of concealment.

This Don Juan de Haro, our readers may remember, was the husband destined by Don Diego for his daughter Beatriz. Don Juan's relations had got up the match, but Don Juan himself does not seem to have been consulted, therefore he came to Don Luis declaring his resolution to take his own affairs into his own hands, and asking him for the hand of Dorotea, with whom he was deeply enamoured. This was a most advantageous offer, and was accepted with great joy by Don Luis. On the departure of Don Juan he ordered lights to be brought in, and again quitted the house to seek Gomez, leaving word that if Felix returned he was to wait for him.

The offer and the acceptance of Don Juan, like the preceding conver-

sation, had been overheard by the concealed parties, and the "coast" being once more "clear," Gomez had an opportunity of retorting upon Dorotea the reproaches she had made him on account of Beatriz. If she pleaded that it was not her fault, that her father gave her in marriage without consulting her on the subject, he could reply that there was no great harm in falling in love with a lady in Granada when he had not so much as seen Dorotea. The dialogue was cut short by the entrance of Don Luis, who came in so suddenly as to allow no opportunity of concealment.

Now ensued a scene of uproar. Dorotea protested that she did not know Gomez, but that he had surprised her by his entrance. Gomez declared, that understanding that a stranger, with whom he had an "affair," had entered the house, he had come in search of him—meaning, of course, Don Felix. Then came Felix himself, and swords were drawn on both sides, in spite of the protestations of Don Luis, who, zealous as he was in the cause of Felix, did not wish his house to be a scene of combat. Juana, to prevent mischief, knocked out the light, thrusts were given in the dark, and Gines, thinking the affair had gone far enough, dropped to the ground, shouting that he was a dead man. Felix, believing that he had killed his adversary, and that now he had only to save himself, shot out of the house. Lights were brought in and discovered the mistake, and Don Luis set off to bring Felix back again, leaving orders that Gomez was to be detained till his return. In the midst of this bustle, our chapter abruptly terminates.

CHAP. II.

WE now find ourselves relieved from the clang and tumult, which so lately filled the house of Don Luis, at Guadix, and follow Gomez Arias, Dorotea, and Gines, who are riding through a pleasant pathway in the mountains. Dorotea has fled with the gallant Gomez from her father's residence, and the travellers have now come to a verdant spot, that promises to be a convenient resting-place during the heat of the day. The following dialogue will show what an estimable character was the renowned Gomez Arias:—

Gomez.—Here on this flow'ry carpet, which bright hues
Combine to weave, sit down and rest awhile
Until the sun tempers his flaming heat.
We are compell'd the broad highway to quit,
Shunning pursuit, and pass the next few days
In desert spots. (*Dorotea lies down and falls asleep.*)

Gines.— I quake to think of it.

Gomez.— And why?

Gines.— Because I fear.

Gomez.— What?

Gines.— That those heights

Must be the Alpujarra, whence each day
The Moors come down, and scatter death around.

Gomez.— Your fear breeds phantoms; when two days ago
We quitted Guadix, and a humble cot
Gave us its shelter, sure we trod at once
The road that leads straight to Morena's chain.

Gines.— True; but remember, when we left the cot,
Which was a shelter for this angel here;
We travell'd in the night, and who can say
We did not lose the path from ignorance?

Gomez.— Peace! for I hear that Dorotea sleeps.

Gines.—Slumber has vanquish'd her ; but what of that,
After three nights of such fatigue ?

Gomez.—(*approaches her.*) My love !

Gines.—Why should you wake her ? Prithee, let her sleep.

Gomez.—I do not wish to wake her.

Gines.— Silence, then !

Gomez.—I wish to ascertain she is asleep.

Gines.—She snores just like an angel—that's enough.

Gomez.—Well, then, bestir yourself so noiselessly.

That e'en the grass shall fail to feel your step.

Gines.—You're acting rightly in retiring thus,
If 'tis your motive not to break her rest,
But let her sleep.

Gomez.— I am not acting rightly,
But wrongfully—seeing my purpose is
Not merely to avoid awaking her,
But to abandon her. So quick untie
Our horses, let us go.

Gines.— What's that you say ?

Gomez.—I say that this fair form which seems to be
Flora's owl image, raised among the woods.
Deck'd by the skilful pencil of the morn.
With rose and jessamin—form'd of snow and pearl—
I say this beauty is to me a serpent,
Who craftily conceals among her charms
A deadly poison. Nay then, contemplate.
She is a basilisk who with a look
Threatens my life, and if she kills not now,
'Tis that she sees me not. Oh, why did I
So readily believe the lying hopes
Which my desires created ? Those delights,
Which when I look'd on her, Love promised me,
Are gone now I possess her. Love's a merchant
Dealing in jewels that depend alone
Upon opinion, and lose all their worth
When this opinion fails.

Gines.— I'm not surprised
At this peculiar tenor of your mind,
But the occasion of your showing it
Surprises me indeed. What, leave a lady
Alone and sleeping here among the hills ?

Gomez.—Why not ? If from the moment she was mine,
I hated her—so that the trodden viper
Appear'd not to my eyes more poisonous.
If this be not enough to make me cruel,
Where should I go encumber'd with a woman
Who, when I would deny my plighted troth,
Would, by her very presence, prove me false ?
Without her, I deny what'er I please.
My valour is my wealth, my sword's my trade,
The camp's my country. Then, too, I am poor,
And she is lovely ; it would hurt my fame
To live with charms so great. One reason more,
Stronger than all. The beauteous Beatriz
Is clear'd of all suspicion, and is rich,
And is besides my heart's chief creditor.
Untie the horses, we will visit her.

Gines.—Hapless the woman who believes a man,
When that man loves another !

Gomez.— What is this ?

Attack me with your stale morality !
Come quick—what hinders you ?

Gines.— Oh, stay, señor,

This cruelty is—

Gomez.— Would you raise your voice ?

Gines.— No—but I say, it is unworthy, sir,
Unworthy of yourself to do such treason,
Against a woman whom you have decoy'd
From home, and who confides in you alone.
Sure there are methods to get quit of her
Less cruel—leave her not among the hills
Thus lonely—there are convents in Granada,
Place her in one, and do not take her life
If you have ta'en her honour.

Gomez.— Nay, by Heav'n

This steel shall be a key to fit your heart,
And while it oges a thousand mouths, shall shut
The one that keeps my secrets. Come with me,
Or you are dead, stabb'd by my dagger's point.

Gines.— Well, if I have the choice—

Gomez.— Speak softly, man.

Gines.— I'll go—but only look upon this beauty.

Gomez.— She is a beauty, that's her evil lot.
Had she not trusted me, I should have loved her
E'en at this moment—but what is she now ?
There's nothing in the world worth more than beauty,
Nothing worth less than beauty once possess'd.

The false Gomez sets off with Gines, leaving poor Dorotea, who slept unasily, as her dreams often represented her melancholy fate. While she was sleeping, the Moor, Cañeri, who was out with a troop on a marauding expedition, discovered her, and at once became enamoured of her charms. Waking, and finding herself in the presence of this dark-looking stranger, Dorotea shrieked with terror and called for Gomez, but Cañeri assured her that any cavalier wandering in the mountains must have been slain by his men, and, at the same time, made a profession of his love, declaring that he would proclaim her queen of the Alpujarra. This offer Dorotea was not inclined to accept, and the Moor, unused to refusals, had ordered his men to carry her off, when they were alarmed at the approach of a troop of Christians more numerous than themselves, under the command of Don Diego. They fled leaving their prize, whom Don Diego immediately took under his protection.

In the meanwhile Gomez Arias and his man Gines had arrived at Granada, and the first thing done was to pay a visit to Doña Beatriz, in the absence of her father, Diego. While he was there, Don Felix also came to the house, and to preserve her reputation, Beatriz was forced to conceal Gomez and Gines in an ante-room.* Felix, who considered the stain on his honour completely washed out at Guadix, had come to vaunt of his prowess in the house of Don Luis, and Gomez, in his place of retreat, was highly amused to hear an account of his own death. The narrative of Don Felix only served to make him less tolerable in the eyes of Dona Beatriz, and an angry altercation ensued, which was interrupted by the sound, in another part of the house, of Don Diego's voice.

* These perpetual concealments and arrivals of jealous fathers never seem to weary the Spaniards. The reader may fancy this is the end of the first act repeated.—J. O.

Felix had no more authority than Gomez to visit Beatriz, and therefore his first impulse on hearing the unwelcome accents was to dart into the ante-room, where he found his dead rival alive and well, and perfectly in condition to repeat the combat, which would have taken place had not Beatriz implored both parties to have a regard to her reputation, and again to conceal themselves. Felix consented to withdraw by way of the garden-gate into the street, where he promised to wait for Gomez and obtain full satisfaction, while Gomez and Gines retired into their ante-room, which Beatriz had the precaution to lock.

All was therefore quiet, when Don Diego entered the apartment, bringing with him the unfortunate Dorotea, whom he introduced to his daughter, and recommended to her attentions. When the ladies were left alone, Dorotea could not help remarking a cool silence on the part of Beatriz, for which she was unable to account. The fact was, Beatriz found herself in a very embarrassing situation with this new guest, considering that she did not wish to make her a confidant, and had a cavalier hidden in the ante-room. At last, to get rid of her for awhile, she sent her to take a walk in the garden with her servant Celia, and began to converse through the key-hole with Gomez Arias, who was most anxious to quit the house, and meet Don Felix in the street, lest the latter should suspect him of cowardice.

The conversation did not last long, as Don Diego re-entered the apartment with a stranger, and requested Doña Beatriz to retire, who, full of doubts and fears, joined Dorotea in the garden. The stranger was the bereaved Don Luis, who had left Guadix, and being acquainted with Don Diego had come to tell him the loss of his daughter and his honour. While he was describing his misfortune, Beatriz chanced to fall down in the garden, and slightly hurt herself, which caused Don Diego, who heard her shriek, suddenly to quit the apartment, and Dorotea as suddenly to enter it, calling for assistance. To her horror she found herself alone with her indignant father, who, drawing his sword, would have killed her on the spot, had she not, in eluding him, extinguished the light, and left the room in utter darkness.*

The door of the ante-room being locked, Gomez had not the opportunity of putting out his head and listening, as on former occasions, and therefore was not even aware of the presence of Dorotea in the house. However, her loud shrieks that her father was going to kill her could not fail to reach his ear, and concluding that Beatriz was the lady in peril, he restrained himself no longer, but bursting open the door of the ante-room, seized the hand of Dorotea, and contrived to escape with her from the house.

CHAP. III.

NOTHING could exceed the rage of Gomez Arias when he found that, instead of eloping with Doña Beatriz, he had encumbered himself with that Dorotea whom he had so cruelly abandoned in the mountains. She was at first rejoiced to see him, since Cañeri having told her of his probable death, she had never assigned any other cause to her lonely condition; but Gomez, who now substituted brutality for cunning, lost no time in professing his hatred. Being near the Moorish fortress of Bena-

* Another candle knocked out! The fall of Beatriz is likewise a very poor expedient.—J. O.

megí, he resolved on committing a greater act of cruelty than that which he had already perpetrated—namely, to sell her as a slave to Cañeri,* whom he called down from the walls, when the following dialogue ensued :—

Cañeri (on the wall).—From yon high rocks, which from each other hang,
A Christian to this city comes, and brings

Signals of peace.

Gomez.—There is no room to doubt

That you are Cañeri.

Cañeri.—I am. What then?

Gomez.—I want to know—

Cañeri.—What?

Gomez.—If you wish to buy

A slave?

Cañeri.—I do.

Dorotea.—Oh! what's your design?

Gomez.—To sell you, hated one.

Gines.—Sure ev'ry woman

Who's in her lover's pow'r, is sold† already.

Dorotea.—Listen.

Gomez.—Nay, all complaints will be in vain.

Cañeri.—Where is she?

Gomez.—Look, there is a fair one here.

Cañeri.—Doubt you that I will buy her? I will give,
Christian, a world to purchase her. Demand
All the vast treasure which the Moor has hid
In this rude fastness. I will give more gold
Than is engender'd by the sun's pure light
Throughout the heav'ns,—more than the sea conceals,
Or mountain guards, or bold ambition finds.
Yea, all the silver that lies buried low
In the earth's centre, will I give, and make
This Sierra, which now takes its name from snow,‡
A Sierra of pure silver. All the chrystal
That through the green field rushes, till 'tis fix'd
In milk white pearls—Christian, I'll give for her.
All this luxuriant grass upon the side
And summit of the hill, being rough emerald,
Shall for her sake be polish'd emerald;
The rose that's scarcely blown shall be a ruby,
The fullest shall become a diamond,
The diamond a star. To sum up all,
What I possess in jewels, silver, gold,
Christian I'll give for her. Wait till I come
To fetch her—not to treat about the price.§
Heav'ns I am master of the sun to-day. [*Exit from the walls.*]

Gomez.—If you would have her in your pow'r come down.

Sure if her charms inspire you with the wish

To buy her, I desire still more to sell her.

Dorotea.—Ungrateful monster, savage brute, foul terror,

Deceitful viper, tiger, bird of prey,

Lion ferocious, famish'd wolf,—in short,

Thou man—in saying that I call thee all;

* Can this be the origin of Inkle and Yarico?—J. O.

† *Vendida*. One may almost fancy the modern slang word "sold."—J. O.

‡ The *Sierra Nevada*.—J. O.

§ Cañeri's speech is a good sample of ultra-Spanish extravagance.—J. O.

What is't your purpose, that you thus call down
 All heaven to your destruction, and forget
 That for this action yonder sapphire vault
 Is forging countless thunderbolts against thee,
 In pity for my lot? You'll sell me, traitor?
 Sell *me*, free-born—*me*, who was ever free,
 Till love enslaved me! To this monster, too?
 Was e'er so vile a deed by heathens wrought?
 Your lady—for I will not say your wife,
 Your lady—that's enough, though you may hate her—
 You yield a prisoner to another's arms.
 May heav'n take vengeance on you—may the sun
 Refuse his light, the subtle air its breath,
 The sky its waters and the earth its spring.
 Oh may you live to feel the headsman's axe
 Sever your traitor's neck,—bathed in your blood.
 What do I say? My lord, my life, my husband,
 I *am* your slave—but yet no runaway.
 What reason have you to get quit of me,
 Seeing I'm faithful, and no fugitive?
 If I have chanced to vex or anger you,
 Punish me,—do not sell me,—let me die,
 And you live happy. From his glorious zenith
 May the sun scatter favour down on you,
 May ev'ry breeze refresh you—may the water
 Reflect your image in its chrystal clear,
 And earth be one fair garden, love, for *you*.^{*}
 This savage Cañeri, when I was sleeping
 That evening on the verdant resting-place
 Among these hills, saw me, and when I woke
 Became enamour'd of me. Love and hate
 Both make me wretched, for the stars decree
 That he shall love me whom I most abhor,
 And he shall hate me who has gain'd my heart.
 Yet this is madness, and no fitting speech.
 I only say, if pity will not save me,
 Let me have aid from jealousy, which oft,
 I've heard, is roused even by hateful things.
 But why should I employ this base ally?
 If love will not inspire with jealousy,
 Let honour do so. I have heard sometimes
 A promise from your lips to be my husband.
 Do not so lose the fear of evil deeds
 That they may overtake thee ere the word
 Escapes thy lips. The weight falls on us both,
 Your crime was speaking, and believing mine.
 Señor Gomez Arias†
 Pity take on me;
 Leave me not a pris'ner
 In Benamegi.
 Perchance, because you fear your plighted word,
 And wish not to fulfil it, you would fly;
 But, oh, I promise you, with all the faith

* This transition of feeling, exhibited by the detailed revocation of the preceding curse, is very beautiful.—J. O.

†

Señor Gomez Arias
 Duelete de mí;
 No me dejes presa
 En Benamegi

This is evidently intended as a sort of *refrain*, and therefore I have so treated it.—J. O.

A heart that knows falsehood from truth can give,
 That I will never seek you. Nay, I'll go
 From hence into a convent, and by heav'n,
 I will not ask that Heav'n another boon
 Than happiness for you, so long as grief
 At being absent from you lets me live.
 If this is not enough, but still you fear
 My presence in Granada will arouse
 The jealousy of Beatriz, conduct me
 E'en to her house, the house from which I fled,
 And I will say to satisfy her doubts,
 I fled for nought but to escape my father;
 That by mistake you rescued *me* for *her*.
 And that there's nothing more between us two.
 If 'tis your will I still should be a slave,
 I'll wait on Beatriz ;—let her command me,
 Who gain'd your love ; lo, this is the last point
 To which a woman, who, is wrong'd in love,
 Can bring her pride. If all these groans and tears
 Are not enough to move thee, as I *am*,
 Think what I *was*. Think that my sire is noble ;
 That when you found me, I was loved by him,
 Waited upon by crowds of high and low,
 The idol of all Gnadix—that at first
 I heard you—that I afterwards believed,
 That I have lost my country and my honour,
 And that my wretched father, when he learns
 Such mournful news of me, will seek revenge
 In his own death, if not by killing me.
 Indeed—but no, my voice is failing now,
 The pulses of my heart no more are equal,
 Seeing that from yon rugged Babylon,
 Where, like the hanging gardens stands the earth,
 Over the mountain's brow comes Cañeri,
 Unless 'tis some black cloud, which seeing here*
 The ocean of my tears, descends to it,
 That it may cause a deluge, and o'erflow
 The guilty world. Nay, look, my love, my lord,
 My heav'n, my joy, bethink yourself again,
 Repentance will be virtue and no crime.
 If not, the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars,
 Will give no light, will never shine on you.
 Neither will men, nor birds, nor beasts, nor fishes,†
 Assist you by their labour or discourse.
 No mountain, rock, nor tree, nor wild-grown plant,
 Will give you shelter—be of use to you,
 Neither will water, fire, nor earth, nor air,
 Feed you, nor give you breath; but all attentive
 To this base action will against you turn,
 Since without pity you have heard so much.

Señor Gomez Arias
 Pity take on me,
 Leave me not a pris'ner
 In Benamegi.

* This is a true Spanish vice. After a speech, which is really a most magnificent flow of varied emotion, Dorotea, as a climax to her grief, makes this stupid and far-fetched comparison of man to a black cloud.—J. O.

† Yes, so it is, gentle reader, "fishes."

Hombres, aves, fieras, peces.

J. O.

Cañeri (attended by Moors, comes to Gomez.)

My passion Christian, will not stay for price.
Hence, to prevent much talking, I have brought
More than you'll think of asking. Take these jewels.
The diamonds and the rubies here excel
The stars and flow'rs. You're mine, my Christian fair,
A second time.

Dorotea.— Alas, unhappy me!

Gines (aside).—No doubt he will repent of his design.

Gomez.—Here I deliver her,—and to increase
My crime I take your price. Yet tis but fair
If all that other women have ta'en from me,
Since I was born, by this one is return'd.
'Tis a reprisal only, and no crime.
The slave is yours.

Cañeri.— Come with me, lovely Christian,
Be crown'd the queen of all these rugged hills.

Dorotea.—Was woman ere so wretched?

Cañeri.— All in vain
Are these complaints: two of ye bear her hence.

Dorotea.—Nay, let me give him one embrace at parting.

Cañeri.—No, as you now are mine, I shall be jealous;
Take her by force—may Allah guard you, Christian.

Dorotea.—Ye stars that rule this act—ye orbs that see it;
Ye heav'ns that sanction—mountains that behold it;
Ye birds that sing of it—ye trees that witness
And hear my sad complaint, assist me now.

Men will grant no mercy,
Therefore pity me
Now they bear me pris'ner
To Benamegí.

In spite of the entreaties of Dorotea, she was carried to the fortress by the Moors; upon which the reproaches of Gines became so wearisome, that Gomez told Cañeri to take him as a slave also, asking no other price than the trouble of carrying him away.

But the day of retribution was at hand. Dorotea contrived to write to her father from Benamegí, informing him of the treachery of Gomez, and he lost no time in communicating its contents to Queen Isabella, who had come down to Granada for the purpose of reducing the disobedient Moors to subjection.

When she attacked the fortress of Benamegí, she received an unexpected aid from within, for the Christian slaves, whom Cañeri had confined, were many in number, and determined to assist the besiegers. Dorotea placed herself at their head, and at last succeeded in opening the gates, and admitting her countrymen.

Queen Isabella ordered the immediate death of Cañeri, but his rage was so great at being vanquished, that he fell a corpse at her feet. She then ordered Gomez Arias to be brought into her presence, and desired him to acknowledge Dorotea as his wife on the spot. With this desire he complied, hoping that no other punishment awaited him, but the queen next ordered him to be beheaded, and directed that his head should be set up on the very place where he had sold Dorotea to Cañeri. Beatriz had repelled Gomez Arias with disdain, when he had come to lay at her feet the price he had received for Dorotea, and now resolved to marry Don Juan de Haro, being warned against disobedience to her father, by the sufferings of

THE MISTRESS OF GOMEZ ARIAS.

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2 A

THE STORY OF THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

A GERMAN ARTIST'S TALE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, Esq.

"WEIGEL was an intimate acquaintance of mine,—a good painter, and had commenced his career promisingly. Calculating on a fortune not yet made, and a reputation that still had to take root, although it put forth strongly, he married a handsome girl of poor and obscure parentage, and found himself involved in all the cares of a young family almost before he was three-and-twenty. Fortune seemed to abandon him almost from the very day of his wedding, and from hard experience he soon found that he had begun the world too soon. But he was ambitious to an excess, and frequently used to say to his acquaintance that he could willingly lay down his life, only to become an artist that the world would never forget. Nay, I have often heard him say he was in the nightly habit of invoking the aid, in prayers, of either good spirits or bad (he cared not which), whichever, if such existed, would come first to assist him in the attainment of a painter's success and immortality. 'What matters,' said he, 'even if a man *could* give away his immortality in the uncertain hereafter, for a certain immortality here, though he should go so far as to do it? 'Twould be but an exchange of equivalents; or perhaps a gain on the side of earth which is real, positive, known; rather than on the chance of the future beyond death, which to our philosophy is unreal, not positive, and unknown. It may be darkness and nothingness,—I do not say it is, but it may be: and to barter away our title to it may be nothing more than parting with the shadow of a shadow—even the shade—for such this future may be, and nothing more,—cast forwards by the light of real life, and called in our ignorance another world. For my part,' he said, 'if there were good spirits, they would assist me, if bad they would accept my offers. Now I have often tempted both, but never seen either, and hence conclude them to be only the idle work of idle imaginations,—the future to be a blank, the present only a reality, in which the power to create an immortality is given us and which, if not exercised, we return to a state after life and being, as perfect in its nonentity to us, as is that in which we were, if we really were at all, before life and being commenced. Talk as you will, we really *know* no more of the life after, than of the life prior to, this. Of the latter nobody professes either dogmas or doctrine; for men never saw profit or advantage to be derived from the establishment of a spiritual world anterior to earth-life: while of the former, the religious of the world give us but assertion and opinion, not knowledge: for I hold nothing to be knowledge which is beyond the definition of philosophy. *Probability* it may be, but it is not knowledge.'

"Thus he used to think and talk, and every day getting poorer and poorer as the demands of his family increased, and his own unwearied exertions failed to meet with reward:—a state of things, I fear, which went far to induce his peculiar belief. I have often seen him in a fearful burst of passionate excitement when his wife and family and himself were in want of the most ordinary necessities, cast some fine unsold picture into the fire, and swear most solemnly and deeply,

that if there were a devil, and if he himself had a soul worth the devil's purchase, he would sell it him in bonds of fire and blood, if the price would but redeem their present misery, and find all that he most loved on earth in even as much food for their wants as God could find for the wild wolf and the raven, without toil, without the chance of an immortality to risk, and without heart or intellect to feel privation as he felt it, even should it come upon them. He would then turn suddenly to me and exclaim, 'Now, Zeitter, if these idle tales were true, why does this Evil One not come? Why not take me at my word? for he must know that in this I am no liar.'

"At that time he occupied two small rooms on the upper story of a large old house in Heidelberg, the door of the outer one of which opened upon a common staircase and passage, in which he usually paced up and down with a large pipe in his mouth during several hours in the gloom of an evening, for the sake of fresher air and exercise, and perhaps also to dissipate, if possible, his miserable reflections. He also used to do the same at any time of the night when he could not sleep. He would rise in the dark from the side of his sleeping wife and children, fill his huge meerschau pipe, light a tinder to fire his tobacco, and then stalk backwards and forwards in the blind passage with steps as noiseless as a ghost, and exactly as confident, calm, and unapprehensive as though in the summer sunshine of a public road. I do not say there was any thing to be frightened at, but my imagination would never allow me exactly to fancy his particular taste in that respect."

At this part of his story Zeitter charged his audience to mark particularly that he was not giving them opinions nor speculations.

"I am speaking of facts and results," said he, "of things I have seen and heard, and therefore known; make of them what you can or will."

"One morning I walked into his chambers just to chat about the news of the day—for there had been a terrible storm in the night, and a church-spire rent from top to bottom by the lightning—when I found him intently engaged upon a new picture, a fact which somewhat surprised me by the waywardness of temper it displayed, as he had thrown down his pencils in vexation but the afternoon before, and vowed never to touch them again, but buy a spade, and go and earn his bread like Cain, by the sweat of his brow."

"'Ah, Weigel,' said I, 'how is this? At it once more, as I knew you would be before another sun went round.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I took good advice last night.'

"I told him I was glad to hear it, for the arts would have had reason to deplore his wild resolution of yesterday, if he had adhered to it. I then asked him what friend had had the good fortune so to influence him?

"'Why,' he replied, 'you know how it thundered between twelve and three o'clock? I could not sleep, so I got up, lit my pipe, and took my old walk in the passage. Crash came the thunder-claps on the roof, and the lightning flew about me like the blazes of a burning house. It might have withered me to ashes for what I cared, since I neither hoped here nor feared hereafter. I had nearly smoked my pipe out, when a man met me in the passage, and as is usual with the people here, just inquired how I was coming on. I told him my resolve, and added that I intended to keep it. He said as you say, that it would be a pity to see such a

poetical soul as mine reduced to the necessity of spending time in common labour that any peasant hind might do as well or better, just for the sake of finding food and shelter for myself and family. I answered that that soul as constituted had been my curse, and swore the devil might have it if it were of any use to him, providing I could but keep the bodies of those, who were dependent on me from starvation worse than that of the beasts. He begged me not to speak rashly, but advised me to take heart and try once more. Go to your easel to-morrow, said he, you will find a subject ready in your own room. I will make a bargain with you, you shall work upon it as long as you fancy you can improve it; if you finish it any time within one exact year—even a moment within—I will buy it of you at a price that shall make your fortune, on condition that if you do not, at the expiration of that time, you take leave of your family and walk away into the forest with me when I call for you. Done! said I, a bargain! And can you believe it, Zeitter, I fancied that I heard that word a bargain, a bargain, a bargain, repeated by twenty different echoes? We shook hands and parted. I filled my pipe again, and walked about till the storm was over.

"I then," continued Zeitter, "asked Weigel who the man was. He said that he could not tell, as he never troubled himself to look particularly either where he came from or whither he went. 'And the subject that you were to find in your own room?' said I, 'glancing upon his new, clear canvas—'is this it?'" "That is it," answered he, "for though when I sat down I did not think what I was going to be about, yet half-unconsciously I began to draw that portrait. But the most odd thing about it is, that as I advanced with it, thinking I was sketching from fancy only, I happened to cast my eyes into the dark corner beside my easel, and there I saw the identical face looking through the gloom at me!"

"Exactly so," remarked Stretcher,—"and you saw it as well, no doubt?"

"Not so," answered Zeitter,—"but as I looked on my friend, I concluded that misery had made him mad."

"Pretty shrewd guess, that. Well, go on, old fellow. What sort of a picture was it?"

"There was nothing but a rude outline then, but afterwards, as it seemed to grow towards perfection under his hands, it struck the spectator at first view as the highest conceivable manly beauty of an ethereal nature—a picture of a being whose very outward form was spiritual, yet heightened by a still deeper expression of remoter spirituality that made the heart quail as though standing before the presence of a very angel. But as you continued to gaze, that feeling grew imperceptibly into one of fear, you knew not how or why; and then again, and at last, into a sense of utter dread and horror; for the beauty seemed to become spiritually sinful, and what appeared to be an angel to the sight sunk into the soul like the blighting presence of a demon. Never," continued Zeitter, "shall I get that picture from before my eyes; for against it even Raffaele and Correggio were tame. After three months' incessant labour, I thought it was finished, for so it seemed to all eyes save Weigel's: but, on and on, he still worked as incessantly as before, for he said that the longer he went on, the more did his visionary model increase in beauty, and expression, and finish:—the labour of a lifetime was before him—not of a year only; and even then he should drop into his grave and leave it still an 'un-

finished picture.' After six months' toil, he fell sick from anxiety and incessant application, but still persisted in his labour. He said that the work grew under his hands, for the farther he proceeded, the more he had to do : a year seemed now but as a day, and yet he had but six months left. Only six months to do all in, or to lose all. The consciousness of this pressed heavily upon him, and incited him to labour even when he almost required to be supported on a seat before his easel. At the end of three hundred and sixty days he was worn to a shadow, while the picture was wrought up to such a wonderful pitch of perfection that it seemed the living palpable reality, and he, the workman, only such a dim animated shade as human art and earthly colours might produce. Together they looked like spirit creating matter ;—the invisible making the visible,—the supernatural and visionary giving form, and bulk, and substance to sensitive material. But what struck me as most singular was, that during the whole of this time he had never even once again alluded to the strange speculations which previously (as I described at the setting-out,) appeared to occupy so great a portion of his thoughts. He did so, at length, in the following manner :—

" 'Look what I have done, Zeitter, my friend. Behold this picture. Will it make a man immortal ? But it is well you cannot see the original. I *know* now that no man in this world may truly see him and live. That accursed, glorious, and yet hideous shadow ! It has blasted me with poring upon. Night and day ; day and night, alike. Dream and reality, light and darkness ; all have been alike to me : still the same unchangeably, until my eyes know no other object than that everlasting one. His look has become a part of my existence, and if I do not haste, make haste,—I have but five days and some odd hours left,—I feel that he will swallow me up, body and soul ! But I will be diligent ; I will escape him yet ; five days are a long time ; and if I am in the hands of the Evil One—if, I say, all I have doubted be true, I'll finish in five days, five hours, and a half, and cheat the devil of his prize at last.'

" I endeavoured to persuade him that the picture was more than finished already,—that in pure plain truth the world possessed not such another ; and that he had better so consider it himself, and lay his pallet down for the close of labour. But he could not be convinced that it was finished. 'Besides,' said he, 'he has not yet come to purchase it, the time is not yet up. One moment within the year, exactly, and he will be here. I know he will, for I feel him, as it were, even now creeping through my blood and along my bones,' and he shivered in agony as the pencils fell from his hands, and his whole form sunk almost as senseless as a corpse back in his antique chair.

" In spite of even the daily conclusions of my own senses, that nothing more within the reach of the most consummate art could possibly be done to heighten the picture,—what actually *was* done day after day contradicted me, and showed again and again, that Weigel was right :—it was yet unfinished, because a higher perfection seemed still attainable, though attainable only because the eye constantly distinguished that he *did* attain it.

" Five days and five hours more were gone. The conclusion was at hand. Curious and anxious to know what it would be, I was alone by his side from the commencement of the last half hour until all was over. I know not how to describe it, for my own excitement was such, that the

circumstances, impressions, and feelings of that time seemed to whirl through my brain confusedly and indistinct, like objects mingled together on the circumference of a revolving wheel. I knew a climax of some sort was at hand, and one all the more impressive and fearful, because though so close, it was inscrutable, though involving beyond doubt the fate of a man of a most gifted and rare genius. Weigel hung his watch upon the easel above his picture, while his eye, with painful regularity, and an expression of intensity, that seemed to dilate the pupil much beyond its ordinary size, while it partially closed the lids and drew down the brows closely and rigidly,—passed from the moving hands to the dark corner where his supernatural model was, and then to the picture:—only to return while touch was added to touch to the shadow again, to the picture, and then to the dial. His mouth was slightly opened in an indescribable expression of agony and fear, and whenever his pencil was not actually in contact with the palette or the painting, I observed it tremble in his grasp like a shivering reed.

“ ‘Five minutes more!’ at length he gasped; ‘and the head grows more and more glorious, till this picture looks but a school-boy’s sketch! Three minutes!—I shall never have done, never! One minute!—Ah!—not one—not half an one! Zeitter, Zeitter!—my friend!’ he shrieked; ‘ah!—ah!—ah!—*the year is out*, and it is not done!’

“The palette and pencils fell from his hands to the floor, and his head sunk heavily upon his breast, as though bowed even in death before the idol of his art. I flew to seize and support him, for he was apparently insensible. At that moment his wife and a strange man, whom I had never seen before, entered the room. The former wept and cried like a woman frantic; but the latter looked coldly on, and placing his finger on Weigel’s breast merely said solemnly, ‘He is better now.’ At that voice and touch the artist raised himself up, as though suddenly re-animated, and looked seriously, but confidently and calmly, in the face of the stranger. Not a word passed between them; but the latter turned towards Weigel’s wife, and told her that at a certain bank in the city, which he named, she would find payment for that picture to the amount of three thousand pounds.

“ ‘It will at least,’ said he, ‘save you and your family from want for life; and that is all your husband cares for.’

“ ‘All!—all!’ said Weigel; ‘and now for the forest!’

“So saying, he arose with the alacrity of a youth whose health and spirits the world has never broken; put on his cap, filled his pipe, as though nothing had happened, and kissed his wife and children, after having extorted a promise from them to be happy *until he came back again*.

“ ‘I will see that they fulfil it!’ murmured the stranger. ‘Come!—the moon is up, and we must be there *by* midnight.’

“ ‘May I not accompany you, Weigel?’ I exclaimed.

“ ‘No!—not as you value your life;—and take heed, Zeitter, take heed also, that you never come to me.’

“Nevertheless, I felt impelled to go along with them, and followed until we entered the shadows of the forest. Two black horses, or creatures that bore their resemblance, stood in the road.

“ ‘Mount!’ cried the stranger, as he vaulted on to the back of one,

and Weigel on the other ; ‘ DARKNESS is mine, and RUIN thine ! Away, away !’

“ They swept the forest like a Winter’s blast ; bowing the trees as they passed, sweeping leaves away like a hurricane, and gathering a tempest of black hurrying clouds from the skies along the horizon towards which they fled. The moon sunk like an opaque scarlet fire, and the hair of my head stood up as I returned home in darkness. Need I say that Weigel never came back again ?”

Here Herr Zeitter paused.

“ And the picture,—did they take that too ?” asked Sapio Green.

“ The picture,” replied Zeitter, “ was sent for the next day by a strange old baron, who inhabited a castle hard by, and who said he had purchased it by commission. However that might be, his name was on the check for payment, and the bank discharged it out of his deposits. I anticipate your next question, but he was *not* the stranger ; nor was any one like him known in that quarter of the country. Up to this day, however, it is believed that a figure like Weigel may be seen on moonlight nights still working away with his shadowy pencils upon the ‘ Unfinished Picture,’ as it hangs in distinguished state in a room appropriated (with reference to works of art) to it alone.”

MY COTTAGE ON THE GREEN.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

How sweet it is when years have flown
In wild adventure’s reckless chase,
To call some blissful spot *our own*,
To find, at last, some resting-place ;
The world for me hath not a care ;
I leave each gay and brilliant scene,
Content with one kind heart to share,
My own dear cottage on the green.

II.

The memories of the past still keep
Embalmed the scenes of alien skies,
And in the dreams that haunt my sleep,
Bright forms of other lands arise ;
But one bright smile on Rosa’s brow,
The sun that lights my rustic scene,
Can make me deem a palace now,
My own dear cottage on the green !

III.

The world for me had many a lure
To tempt me in its gay career,
But wealth nor fame could ne’er secure
The peace of mind that waits me here ;
From worldly cares I dwell aloof,
My days at peace, my nights serene,
Contented with my humble roof,
My own dear cottage on the green.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAP. XIV.

WHEN I awoke to consciousness I found myself, like Lord Marmion, "stretched on the broad of my back," and gazing into the blue depths of ether with an intensity of purpose that would have done honour to Copernicus, or any other member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But I could discover nothing there that enlightened me as to my position, so I turned my head, and beheld beside me a man, dressed in a smock frock, who was busily engaged in rubbing the dirt off and restoring the shape to my soiled and crumpled gossamer, which, somehow or other, he had contrived to pick up. The man's back was towards me when I first saw him, but, at the slight exclamation of pain wrung from me as I tried to lift myself up, he turned round and presented a countenance which, if it had not been garnished with a large pair of red whiskers, I should at once have declared belonged to Monsieur Paradis. The office of humanity in which he was engaged was, moreover, against this supposition, for the man who had so ruthlessly lifted his hand against the head of his benefactor could scarcely be suspected of entertaining sentiments of tenderness towards his unconscious hat.

"Eh bin, mossiou," said he, in the uncouth dialect which characterises the lower order of Parisian peasants; "eh bin, mossiou, c'ment ça va avec les p'tits os? Sacredi! y a eu tout-à-l'heure une fameuse culbute! Rien de cassé, est-ce pas?"

I understood the poor fellow's meaning; he was asking me what was the matter.

"Mon homme," said I, condescendingly, for my intercourse with the great had not spoilt me, "j'ai tombé de mon cheval; il a courir avec moi dans la fausse bataille. Vous savoir où il être?"

"J' n'en savons rien," replied the rustic, "j' l'ai vû partir comm' un trait; j' pari' dix liards qu'i s'est r'tourné à Paris."

It was as I suspected; the ungovernable brute, unlike the anecdotes we so often read of "that noble animal the horse," had, without doubt, gone back to his stable, and "left me alone in my glory." I much question, however, if he had been there if I should have ventured to mount him again, not from any fear of a repetition of his conduct, for when the blood of a Green is up he is not easily daunted, but from the extreme difficulty I should have experienced in the attempt to get on his back, for I felt as stiff in all my joints as the hinges of the principal gate of the Bastille, and could no more have raised my leg to the altitude of the stirrup, than I could have vaulted over the body of the quadruped I sought to bestride.

While I cogitated on the matter in a somewhat pensive and constrained attitude, the peasant, who had been giving the finishing touch with his elbow to my unfortunate hat, drew closer, and putting it carefully on my head, held out his hand to assist me to rise.

"V' là vot' chapeau, mossiou," said he, "faut tâcher d' vous t'nir d'bout!"

I accepted his proffered aid, and, though the effort made me wince, I managed to get on my legs. I certainly was in a very sad plight, and if the mother who bore me had happened to pass by at that moment, I question if she would have known her son. At any rate, the tailor who made my clothes would have had some difficulty in recognising his own handiwork. The marvellous acuteness of Moses and Son would even have been puzzled to determine whether the upper garment which I wore was a "jacket *au naturel*," or a "light yachting *par-dessus*," for the skirts were clean gone, and its colour was a mystery, being thoroughly saturated with a thick, slimy, green mud; my trousers were, if possible, in a worse condition, and my boots were full of dirty water, which spirted out with a croaking noise every time I moved, as if the national emblem of France (which they no longer eat) had taken refuge in each of them. Altogether I made a very different appearance from the gay and gallant Jolly Green of two hours previously; but I comforted myself with the reflection that, as it rained all day when the battle of Waterloo was fought, the hero of a hundred fights was perhaps as thoroughly drenched when the battle was over as his admiring prototype.

To remedy the disorder of my costume as much as possible, the kind-hearted countryman proceeded to scrape off the mud with which I was plastered, and otherwise set me to rights. While, like the good Samaritan, he was engaged in this occupation, I looked towards the Plaine de Grenelle, where the dull and distant booming of the bugles told me that the day was nearly over. As I stood gazing, my mind full of conflicting emotions, I beheld two figures on horseback rapidly approaching. My eye-glass was too clouded with wet and dust to assist my vision, but the beating of my heart supplied the place of a telescope, and I knew that one of the riders was Mademoiselle de Vaudet; Sir Henry was, of course, her companion. A few minutes placed the matter beyond doubt.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried Angelique, as soon as she came near enough to be heard; "what could make you run away from me in so extraordinary a manner! At such a moment, too! And your horse, what has become of him? And you! why, where have you been? you have not been so imprudent as to swim across that ditch?"

To these rapidly succeeding questions I was at first unable to reply, for the emotion which rendered Angelique eloquent deprived me of the power of speech. Sir Henry Jones broke in also with a volley of interrogatives, uttered as quickly as a sudden and violent fit of coughing, which I thought would have half-strangled him, would permit him. This showed anxiety on his part, and relieved my mind of certain insidious doubts which during the morning had begun to creep into it.

With that stoical firmness, however, which I am at all times able to command, I collected my scattered energies, and giving a meaning expression to my words, I said—

"There are some things that run faster than horses," alluding, of course, to the impetuosity of my declaration.

Angelique blushed—at least, I fancied so, but made no observation.

"I swam that ditch," I continued, with increased hardihood of manner, "and there is nothing I would not go through if my guardian angel stood on the other side of it."

"In the present instance, monsieur," returned Angelique, with a delicacy of tact which I knew how to appreciate—for she was perfectly

aware that my remark was levelled at her—"in the present instance, this person may lay claim to the merit of having acted in that capacity," and she pointed to the red-whiskered peasant who had been so busily engaged in rubbing me down.

"The best thing he can do," said Sir Henry Jones, "will be to continue his services till you are safely housed again in Paris. There is a cabriolet station at the other side of the Pont Grenelle, let him run and fetch you one; I dare say you will get home as soon as we shall—I have something to tell you, Green," added he, lowering his voice, "which, I take it, you will be rather glad to hear. A word to the wise, hey, old boy! By the way, we must look after your runaway steed; he certainly has some go in him. If Crémieux would sell him at a fair price, I shouldn't mind entering him for the next steeple-chase, with you to ride him, of course."

Though I was shivering with cold and soaked with wet, I forgot both in the pleasure excited by the baronet's words, for they not only paid a handsome tribute to my manly abilities as a horseman, but evidently indicated that my proposal had been well received by Mademoiselle de Vaudet.

The man who had been despatched for the cabriolet was not long in performing his errand. Sir Henry asked him if he were acquainted with Paris.

"J' l'croi bin," was his answer, "vû qu' j'y d'meure. Est-ce q' mossiou d'sire qu' j' allons avec?"

"This good fellow seems to think, Green, that he had better go into Paris with you—I dare say he may be useful, what do you say?"

"By all means, it will give me an opportunity of recompensing his services."

After making as *distingué* a bow to Mademoiselle de Vaudet as circumstances would permit—an effort which she rewarded by a decidedly approving smile which was shared by Sir Henry—I was assisted into the cabriolet: the kind peasant mounted the box beside the driver, and we drove off to the Rue Louis le Grand. My arrival, in a manner so different from that in which I had set out, caused some conversation in the hotel; Antoine was much alarmed, and a pretty black-eyed *femme de chambre*, named Therèse, whom, by-the-way, I had once or twice noticed with approval, was in a great state of consternation. It was impossible to reply to all the questions that were heaped upon me, and I, therefore, calmed their anxiety by striking my breast with manly vigour, and exclaiming in my loudest tone, "*Tout droit!*" by which I at once gave them to understand that it was "all right." Before I went up to my room, I was desirous of rewarding the excellent fellow who had so kindly volunteered his services, but when I put my hand in my pocket I found, to my annoyance, that my purse was gone. I suppose it must have fallen out when I was jerked into the ditch. There was luckily not much money in it—some two or three Napoleons, and a few five-franc pieces—but I was sorry for the loss, on account of the purse itself, which I had only bought the day before in the Palais Royal, where it had attracted my attention in a shop-window by the letter "A" being worked in steel beads on a green ground; a symbol, it struck me, of the mutual attachment of Angelique and myself. It had vanished, however, and all that remained for me was to borrow five francs from Antoine, and desire him

to pay the driver. The poor peasant was very thankful, and, as well as I could make him out, expressed a wish to call again at the hotel and inquire after my *santé*. I was too well pleased with the sudden attachment thus manifested towards my person to refuse him, and he took his departure, leaving me very agreeably impressed with the character of the lower orders of the Parisians—a race of people in whom the predominant virtues are honesty and simplicity; indeed, I think I may say that these qualities distinguish the natives generally from the lowest in rank to the most exalted.

It cost me a good hour to perform the ablutions necessary to restore me to my former self, and I had not proceeded very far with them when the kind impatience of Madame de Vaudet sent a message of inquiry as to my condition, accompanied by a request that I would, if able, indulge her with an interview at my earliest convenience; I of course sent back word that I was “as well as could be expected,” and that the moment my toilette was made I would have the honour of waiting upon her. I attired myself, therefore, with some degree of care, and as the reader may, perhaps, like to know how I was dressed, as a guide to him under similar circumstances, I add the following description of my dress. As the circumstances attendant upon our interview were likely to be of a somewhat grave complexion, and as the recent accident which had befallen me was of too interesting a character to be lightly passed over, I selected a half-mourning as the most appropriate costume for me to appear in. Prepared for all contingencies, and desirous of showing my respect to the different crowned heads of Europe, I make a point of never travelling without a suit of mourning, in the event of the sudden demise of any of the reigning sovereigns, or without the uniform of my county (the East Surrey), in case I should have occasion to appear at court, for I am aware there are some potentates who insist upon every one of their guests assuming a military appearance whether they have served (like myself) or not. I could therefore have gone to the review in uniform if I had chosen, but I have already stated the reason why I preferred wearing plain clothes; swords, too, are dangerous things on horseback, and I was afraid, moreover, that in a sudden impulse of ardour, surrounded as I was by the enemies of my native land, I might have been induced to draw mine, and then heaven only knows what might have been the consequence. Besides, it turned out quite as well that I did not unpack my regimentals, for they would no doubt have been as irretrievably spoilt in the ditch of the Plaine de Grenelle, as those of Julius Cæsar must have been when he hid himself up to the chin in the marshes of Minturnæ. To return, however, from this digression: I arrayed myself in a black body coat and waistcoat, grey trousers, with a black stripe down the seams, patent leather boots, jet studs in my shirt, the wristbands of which were turned up *à la* D’Orsay, and the collar turned down *à la* Byron, over a dark checked silk handkerchief, tied with my accustomed neatness in very elegant bows. I also wore lavender-coloured kid gloves, sewed with black, and my hair was parted on the left side in such a manner as to give an agreeable languor to my countenance.

There are few, I imagine, who will be hardy enough to dispute the appropriateness or the elegance of this attire. It was plain that Madame Vaudet was impressed by it, for she received me with marked distinction

a circumstance which, however, I do not entirely ascribe to the clothes which I wore, for as Hamlet very justly says,—

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is nought but leather and prunella,

When I entered the salon, I found Madame de Vaudet seated before a writing-table, apparently engaged in an interesting correspondence, as her whole attention seemed devoted to it; that, *or some other cause*, had evidently affected her feelings, for the room smelt strongly of ether, and beside her were placed a bottle of smelling salts and a cambric handkerchief, in a state of lady-like derangement; I had advanced two or three paces before she was aware of my approach, but one of my boots happening to creak, she started and raised her head. On seeing who it was she uttered a slight exclamation of surprise—I may venture to say of *pleased* surprise, and, rising hastily, came forward with both hands extended, with which she eagerly grasped mine.

"I see you safe then once more, Monsieur Green! Oh, mon Dieu! If you could but know what I have suffered since the dreadful intelligence reached me of the danger you have incurred. It is a weakness, my dear sir, which I trust you will pardon. If we had lost you I should never have forgiven myself. Ah, that imprudent Sir Henry, to peril an existence so dear to all of us—but to me in particular. Excuse me, Mr. Green, but I am a nervous, weak woman, and when once my sympathies are embarked in a cause, it is useless for me to attempt to control my feelings!"

With these words, Madame de Vaudet sank into a *fauteuil*, and applied her handkerchief to her eyes with convulsive energy.

I was much moved at this touching display of interest in my welfare, and, throwing myself on the sofa, the thought of the risk I had run completely overcame me, I buried my face in a cushion, and indulged in a burst of sympathetic tears. The voice of Madame de Vaudet aroused me; it was broken at first by laboured sobs, but in a few moments it had regained its accustomed calmness, and fell upon my ear with all the liquid purity of the tones of a bell.

"I see, Mr. Green," she said, "that your heart is as soft as your head—as your head is—is—manly and enterprising. With a truly heroic mind you can expose yourself to peril, and yet not disdain to weep at the sight of the grief that peril has excited. Such an exhibition comprises the anticipations in which I have fondly indulged. But tell me, Mr. Green, are you indeed safe, and have you suffered nowhere from your strange and cruel accident?"

I felt excessively stiff and sore from the whole of the day's proceedings—more particularly from the jolting of the saddle,—but like a true Roman matron I concealed my sensations, which indeed I should have had some difficulty in describing with any degree of precision, and I answered firmly, in sporting phrase, that I was sound in wind and limb, though a little shaken by the fall.

"You English gentlemen," exclaimed Madame de Vaudet, with a smile, "make light of every thing. It is this supreme indifference to danger which delights me with your national character. You are the *Tomboles* of the human race; the moment any body knocks you down you are up again immediately!"

I acknowledged the well-merited compliment by a bow.

"But tell me, madame," I said, "in what way did you become acquainted with the occurrences of this morning?"

"Can you ask me that question?" she replied. "If a mother's heart had not instinctively assured me that something was amiss, a daughter's feelings would have told the tale. My informant was Mademoiselle de Vaudet!"

"And did Angelique?" I eagerly asked—then checking myself,—"did Mademoiselle de Vaudet herself relate to you what had happened?"

Madame de Vaudet looked at me benignantly.

"It is useless to conceal the fact," she replied, "nor need you, Mr. Green, be under the apprehension of my severe displeasure. The step which you have taken was bold, rash,—even imprudent,—but love has no counsellor, and I am willing to pardon the hasty course you adopted. Angelique informs me that at the moment when your horse took fright you made her an offer of your hand and fortune. It is true you expressed yourself in the metaphorical language of the game of *ecarté*, but my own penetration assures me that there was nothing equivocal in your declaration. Does it err, Mr. Green?"

"Madame," returned I with solemnity, "you have fathomed the depths of my heart. I am the adorer of your daughter, Angelique; and," added I, dropping on one knee, after the celebrated manner of Mr. Keeley at the Lyceum, "if she consents, and you approve, a world of happiness is still in store for Jolly Green."

"I have already intimated to you on a former occasion, Mr. Green, when I little dreamt that I should be personally involved in the question, that a French parent never coerces her daughter's affections. I have reason to believe that Angelique does not look upon you with indifference; indeed I am certain that your attentions have given her pleasure; but it is from her own lips that you must hear your fate. My own opinion of you is, as you must be aware, highly favourable. Nevertheless, in the interests of my daughter, and of your own, there are still points for consideration before I can formally consent to accept you as my son-in-law. Your position in the world is, I feel assured, undeniable, but there is one question you must resolve me before all others—your appearance and your manners are so youthful, are you of age, and legally qualified to act for yourself? You have a mother, I know, but if you are still dependent on her, far be it from my wish to induce you to enter into an engagement of which,—ignorant of the circumstances under which it is contracted,—she might, possibly, not approve. If, however, you are, strictly speaking, your own master, the complexion of the affair is altogether changed. None can respect a parent's right more sincerely than myself; but when those rights are void, and devolve upon the offspring, no one would be less disposed than I to insist upon their exercise."

The kindness and delicacy of this announcement of Madame de Vaudet's sentiments almost overwhelmed me. Though the state of my feelings precluded too close an analysis of the opinions she had so eloquently expressed, I gathered enough from them to convince myself that Madame de Vaudet was the very soul of honour.

I hastened to explain the exact nature of my position.

"I have been of age," I observed, "these two years. I was born in 1823, on the 1st of April, a remarkable day in the British annals, besides being my birth-day. On the 1st of April, 1844, I came into my property,

—Peckham was illuminated on the occasion,—so my friends said who came to dine with me on the happy occasion, and my health was drunk with nine times nine, and three rounds of Kentish fire.”

“How extremely interesting your English customs are!” exclaimed Madame de Vaudet, with an animated expression. “How proud your dear mother must have been! And so,” she continued “you came into your property on that day! May I venture to ask the nature and extent of it?”

“I shall be only too happy to answer your inquiry,” I replied; for I had no objection to let her see that I was a man of some substance—a fact which applies to so few Frenchmen—the majority of whom get their living, God knows how! “My gallant sire,” I continued, “who had a strong predilection for warfare, and who, if he had accepted a commission in the army, would, no doubt, have become a distinguished officer—perhaps achieving the rank of a field-marshal, or a commissary-general—at an early period of life embraced the profession of a military accoutrement maker. His house of business was in the Strand, and there were few regiments in the service not entered in the ledger of Green and Groutage—the last was my father’s partner, a complete Lyncurgus in his way—that is to say, a thorough man of business. The ardour of my father’s spirit enabled him, during the war with France, which circumstances of delicacy prevent me from dwelling on at this moment, being anxious to spare the feelings of this country—to acquire a very handsome independence; in fact, what we call in England, a nice little fortune. But he had never entered into the married state”—here Madame de Vaudet breathed a commiserating sigh—“nor was it until some years after the battle of W—— you are aware of what I allude to?”—Madame de Vaudet bowed her head affirmatively with an expression of gratitude at my forbearance—“that the idea of matrimony entered into his head; the stern duties of his profession had rendered his affections purely platonical, and the love of the human race had hitherto not found a place in his bosom. But in the year 1822, when the golden dreams of glory were beginning to fade from his view, and the prospect of again distinguishing himself in the field was growing less distinct—having arrived, moreover, at the mature age of fifty-five—the new ambition fired him of becoming the father of a family, and thereby perpetuating a race which he felt ought never to be extinct. At this juncture he first encountered my mother; as the poet says, ‘He came—he saw—and conquered;’ or, as an ingenious friend of mine has classically translated it, ‘He *venied*—he *vidied*—and he *ricied*!’”

“How exceedingly romantic!” exclaimed my fair and attentive audientress; “pray proceed, Mr. Green—I cannot tell you how much you interest me.”

Subduing my emotion as well as I could, for my feelings had been excited by my own eloquent language, I resumed:

“Of the union thus formed, I, madame, was the solitary fruit. In all probability I should, like his late Majesty George IV., have had several brothers and sisters, but my father was suddenly cut off when I was only four months old. Loyalty was the cause of his death—that is to say, loyalty, punch, and thin shoes; for at his annual dinner on the king’s birthday—his attachment to the House of Brunswick being proverbial—he would dance on the lawn in spite of the representations of my mother that he was too fat to dance, and too much excited to keep a correct

equilibrium. The grass was damp, his energy was excessive, he caught a severe cold, and in three days the firm of Green and Groutage had lost its head. My mother was resolved to give herself up entirely to the cultivation of my dawning abilities, retired from the concern, and made my education her chief care. Her first care was to instil into me—

"I beg your pardon for the interruption, Mr. Green—it will be a delightful task, as your great poet says, to listen at some future day to the precepts of your amiable parent—but to tell you the truth, I half expect a visit shortly from M. de Vieux Rusé, and it would, I think, be pleasanter for yourself to have told me all before he came. You can therefore leave out, if you please, all that relates to the interesting adventures of your early life, and proceed at once to the principal object of your conversation. I think you observed, that your father was a wealthy man!"

"Pretty well, madame," said I, as I righted myself on the sofa, and pulled down my wristbands; "he left me 20,000*l.* in the three per cents, and property in houses and other securities to the value of 900*l.* a year—the house at Peckham is my mother's during her lifetime, together with her jointure of 600*l.* a year more—all of which will one day be mine."

"Admirable man!" exclaimed Madame de Vaudet, fervently, "what an excellent father you had, Mr. Green. Ah, if it had been possible, how happy I should have been to have made his acquaintance. But tell me," she added, with a smiling air, "yours was a proud inheritance certainly, but you young English gentlemen are naturally of a gay disposition—the temptations of the world are very great—your carriages, your horses, your dogs, your—what shall I say—all the amusements incident to youth, occupy and environ you; your disposition, too, is generous—that I know; I trust"—and this was said in a tone of motherly seriousness—"the patrimony you derived from that worthy accoutrement-maker, your father, is but little diminished. You have many years yet before you, and it would effect me very much to learn that any of your future comforts were abridged by the improvidence of early life."

I was man of the world enough to know the value of the compliment concealed beneath Madame de Vaudet's really kind inquiries as to the state of my fortune, and I answered with becoming frankness.

"I have not perhaps, been a positive Titus in the husbandry of my means, nor a Brutus in my social enjoyments, but my broker's account and my banker's book are still, I hope, of a very satisfactory complexion; the settlements which I am able to make upon the future Mrs. Jolly Green, will, I trust, sufficiently establish the fact."

"May I ask, Mr. Green, who are the gentlemen whom you have mentioned?"

Before I could reply to Madame de Vaudet the door of the salon suddenly opened, and the Viscount de Vieux Rusé and Sir Henry Jones made their appearance.

I was less surprised at their entrance than at the singularly sharp tone in which Madame de Vaudet addressed the former, as she suddenly turned round and perceived him: her countenance was for the moment entirely divested of the pleasing smile which it had worn during our conversation, and her brow contracted in so remarkable a manner, that I own

it caused me some apprehension, not so much on my own account as that I imagined she had been suddenly taken ill.

I was confirmed in this suspicion by her own words, for when she saw my piercing eye fixed upon her, she obtained a mastery over herself, and in a tone in which the affable was blended with the *aigre*, she said,

"Pardon me, Mr. Green—a sudden spasm, to which I have been subject since the misfortunes which befel the late royal family—always recalled at the sight of a nobleman of the old school—nothing more, it will go off immediately. Ah, mon cher vicomte, enchantée de vous voir. Vous aussi, Sir Henry! je ne vous avais pas remarqué!"

It struck me that the viscount did not manifest much feeling at the sight of Madame de Vaudet's indisposition, of which, however, he must have been aware, for he advanced with the same pleasant smile which generally lit up his urbane features.

"Bon jour, madame,—ah, bon jour, Monsieur Grin,—how you do, sare, afters your littel accident! I nevare saw one man sit on de top of a horse as Monsieur Grin when he was runned away. There is not many at the Cirque of Franconi what would behave like him. Shake hand, Monsieur Grin. Mon Dieu! I would not have ride that beast for ever so moch money."

I thanked the noble viscount for his kind inquiries, but diffidently, as a man does who has recently performed some great exploit, for I now began to consider the affair of the horse in its true light; I had, at first, been rather apprehensive that the British character might have suffered from the fact of my not having been able to hold the animal in, but when I saw that men of first-rate experience congratulated me on the manner in which I rode him, I inwardly acknowledged that I *was* another Beppo, and visions of going across the country with the East Surrey foxhounds, brightened the perspective.

The viscount now addressed a few words in French in a low tone to Madame de Vaudet, who, turning to me, begged I would excuse her for a time, as business of importance required her immediate attention. Sir Henry Jones also made a sign intimating his desire to speak to me in private. I therefore saluted my future *belle mère*, as we say in France, and Sir Henry and I quitted the apartment together.

"Well, Jolly, my boy," said the baronet as soon as we had reached my room, "I suppose the whole affair is settled now; what does Madame de Vaudet say?"

"I think," returned I, "I think I shall have no difficulty in that quarter; all I want is, a precise answer from Angelique,—just as a matter of form, for I need not tell *you* Jones, that I did the thing completely at the review to-day. But her mother wishes to know if Angelique has absolutely accepted my offer, and an interview of five minutes, I suspect, will settle that question."

"As to that," said Sir Henry, "of course there can be no difficulty on that score—that is to say no difficulty that can't be overcome. You know I told you I had something to say to you."

"Exactly."

"Well,—it's all right, old fellow; but there is a slight impediment."

"How can it be all right?" I exclaimed in alarm, "if there is any obstacle. Angelique does not object to my person, does she?"

"Not the least in the world," answered the baronet smiling, "she thinks you quite *unique* in that respect, as in every other; but the fact is she has made a vow."

"My God! she isn't a nun, I hope?"

"Not the least in the world; on the contrary, quite ready to become a wife. But for all that, she has recorded a vow, and I know her character so well, she is so strictly religious, that nothing will induce her not to fulfil it."

"Pray tell me the nature of it," I urged, with anxiety.

"Why, you see," said Sir Henry, with a slight degree of hesitation, "Mademoiselle de Vaudet belongs to a very high family; and in France, you know, they are very particular about this sort of thing."

"The Greens," interrupted I, proudly—

"I know all about that," quickly returned the baronet; "they are as old as the hills, you were going to say; but the fact is, you are not a peer, Jolly; you haven't got a title; and when she was fourteen years old, Mademoiselle de Vaudet took an oath—it was the last request of her noble father, before he expiated his—that is to say, sealed his attachment to the Bourbons with his blood—she took an oath, you see, never to marry any man under the rank of a marquis."

"You don't say so!" I cried, with astonishment, "does she really mean it? Why, that's a settler altogether. I'm not a marquis—there isn't a title of any kind in our family; there never was—except my great grandfather," I added, recollecting myself, "he was Lord Mayor of London. What a pity civic dignitaries are not hereditary. What is to be done?"

"There's nothing impossible, my dear Jolly, when a fellow has lots of tin. It's quite true you're not a lord any more than your great-grandfather was a crusader; but when Mademoiselle de Vaudet made a vow not to marry one beneath the rank of a marquis, she didn't specify that he was to be an English nobleman."

"But how much nearer to the mark am I still?"

"Just this. In France you may buy any title you like, according to the amount you are willing to pay for it. So much for a count, so much for a marquis, so much for a duke, and so on. Now I happen to know that just at this moment there is a marquisate to be sold. A fine old château,—lots of wild-boar in the forest,—the privilege of making your own champagne,—*droits de seigneur* of various kinds, and the right of standing on the footboard of the king's carriage at his coronation. The property belongs to a friend of De Vieux-Ruscé, and as he happens to want money just now, it will go for a mere song."

"What's the amount?" I inquired, with trembling agitation; for the spirit of the feudal ages began to stir within my bosom.

"A hundred thousand francs; only four thousand pounds!"

"But I haven't got so much ready with me."

"Oh, that's of no consequence. They'll take,—say forty thousand down, and the rest in a bill at three months. You've only to fork out—Angelique is released from her vow,—two creatures are made happy, and you are the Marquis de Cornichon!"

"The Marquis de Cornichon," replied I. "I accept my destiny. My mother's son consents to be a Paladin."

Sir Henry's eyes glistened with real feeling when he heard my determination.

"You are the King of Trumps!" he exclaimed, with effusion.

At that moment a tap at the door was heard, and the Viscount de Vieux Rusé, his wig rather awry, ushered himself into my chamber.

I HAVE WANDERED ALONE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

I HAVE wander'd alone
 When the heavens were bright,
 And the moon, on her throne,
 Sat the queen of the night:
 When the stars for our meeting
 Were waiting, my dear,
 And the winds for our greeting
 Were whispering near;
 But the winds whisper'd lonely,
 The stars seem'd to fret,
 And the moon was the only
 Fair lady I met.

II.

I have wander'd alone
 At the dawning of day,
 Ere the flow'rets had blown
 'Neath the warm solar ray;
 When night, that encumbers
 Fount, flow'ret, and tree,
 To burst from its slumbers,
 Seem'd waiting for thee:
 But the flow'rs seem'd all lonely
 To weep with regret,
 And the lark was the only
 Bright spirit I met.

III.

I have wander'd alone
 By the shore of the sea,
 Till the waves seem'd to moan
 For the absence of thee;
 Till the stars came again,
 And the moon rose on high,
 And the winds kiss'd the main
 Like the breath of a sigh;
 But the winds they sigh'd lonely,
 The stars seem'd to fret,
 And the moon was the only
 Fair lady I met!

L I T E R A T U R E.

MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.*

INTERESTING as the memoirs of Mary Anne Wellington are, the manner in which the reverend editor has treated his subject, has greatly heightened its value and importance. Wherever there is a bane an antidote is also certain to exist, and the philosophic and religious spirit which Mr. Cobbold has thrown into the sad circumstances of military life, and the still more deplorable evils of war, form a noble contrast to the unsound and demoralising outcry that has lately been raised against all that appertains to an old existing system of things, and which our children's children (however desirable such an event may be,) are not likely to live to see superseded by universal friendship, peace, and good-will.

"I should be very unhappy," Hewitt, the soldier husband of Mary Anne, is made to remark when in the lines of Lisbon, "if I thought that my soul would be lost because I go into battle."

"Well," replied his comrade, "but you will admit that a soldier's life is dangerous to his salvation."

"Yes, I will admit that it is; but so is every man's: and frequently a civilian's life is much more hazardous in that respect than a soldier's."

"Why so?"

"Because I see so many unrighteous, hard-fisted, mean, treacherous, wicked men, with all the external semblance of peace, who are so far from God as to let nothing rule them but covetousness. They are ten times more rapacious than a soldier, ten times more cruel, ten times more violent; because some of them are so wrapt up in what the world, and their own society think of them, that they will sometimes do violence to their own nature, as well as to the laws of God."

This is retorting a common censure in a manner that is well deserved. It has become a subject of ordinary conversation that in the dearth that now threatens the poor of this land, many of those most remarkable for their outward piety, have been the greatest purchasers of rice, peas, beans, and other articles likely to come into great demand, thus causing an actual rise in the prices of provisions, in order that they may profit by the wants and sufferings of the community at large. "Wars," Hewitt is made to say in continuation of his argument, "will not cease till covetousness, extortion, pride, and presumption, have given way to that grace and humility of heart which, while it purifies nature, proves that eternity has overcome time." In other words till man's moral nature is changed. The war of man against man is daily and hourly as fiercely raged, as in the instance above given, as ever were inter-national wars.

Mary Anne Wellington was born amidst the booming of guns, was wedded to military life at a time when the sword had gone through all the lands of Christendom to smite them, and only quitted the prolonged strife of the battle-field for the still more enduring persecutions of the world we live in. The daughter of an artilleryman, she came into the world during the celebrated siege of Gibraltar, and grew up upon the rock to be a comely maid, her education being superintended by her

* Mary Anne Wellington, the soldier's daughter, wife, and widow. By the Rev. Richard Cobbold, Rector of Wortham, and Rural Dean. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

parents, who lived in a small cottage detached from the barracks, and above the town. Wellington, the father, was a man of strict regularity, yet not of a morose disposition, and he had for a partner in his domestic concerns, a tidy, lively, honest, and virtuous wife. His comrades would often come to spend an hour or two with Wellington and his wife, and many one envied them their happiness in their little rock-built cottage. As to Mary Anne her most youthful distinction appears to have been her intimate knowledge of all the galleries and caves of the rock, and its less accessible and giddy heights, to which by her intelligence and activity she often acted as guide.

This early part of her career is diversified, however, by some details of the siege, by a narrative of some sad results that were brought about by French republican propagandism, which had stretched its grim and blood-stained claws even to this isolated rock; by an adventurous attempt made by a young officer to explore one of the caves which is most difficult of access, and which attempt very nearly had a fatal termination. The maid of the rock had also gone into service in the family of Colonel Airey, and it was shortly after this that a young recruit of the 48th regiment arrived in the *Calcutta*, and who became afterwards the husband of Mary Anne, but not till he had risen high in the opinion of all by his musical talents and proficiency, although his almost only master was Dan Long, a musician of the regiment, and the most agreeable, eccentric, and estimable character in the book. Mary Anne's regard for the peculiarities and virtues of this old man appear to have partaken of a kind of idolatry.

This Dan Long was the real hero of a story that is well known among the survivors of the Peninsular war, and to which Mr. Lever has assisted to give a well-deserved publicity. This, however, does not take away from the interest of the authentic particulars. Dan Long had been crippled at the affair of Albuera, and so great a favourite was he with the regiment, that his companions almost refused to move on without him, and the colonel determined to humour them and ordered one of his horses to be placed at the drum-major's disposal, who was at the same time nominated trumpeter of the 48th. Old Dan had had much practice with horses in his boyhood, in the stables of an Irish squire, and he soon became acquainted with his nag and his nag with him, and Dan taught him many a trick. He never gave him a meal but by sound of his trumpet; he never tethered him at night, but by some different note of the same instrument. So that, if the animal came for water or for corn, to be saddled or to be foddered, to be tied up or to be mounted, all was done by the voice of the trumpet, and the beast knew the sound so well that let it be ranging where it would, the moment Dan's merry note rang in his ear he would come galloping and neighing, at full speed, and with distended nostrils. Bellerophon was also a remarkable horse in appearance. He had lost an ear by a musket ball, and for the sake of uniformity, the other had been docked to the same proportions. He was also jet black, with a white star upon the forehead.

The eve of the Battle of Salamanca was characterised by a thunder-storm of the most terrific description. Poor Bellerophon, affrighted by a flash of lightning that struck the earth directly in front of him, sprang from his fastenings, and never relaxed his speed till stopped by rushing into the midst of the French horses. The *denouement* we shall relate in the words of the author.

"Poor Dan's lamentations were in vain! He lost his horse, and should he have to retreat on the morrow, he must be very soon overtaken by the foe. The storm had not abated till long after the sun had risen, and the Battle of Salamanca had begun. The light troops were skirmishing with each other, and many desperate individual combats took place.

"As a cavalry regiment of the enemy wheeled in front of the 48th, every soldier saw the trumpeter's horse in the front rank of the enemy.

"There is your charger, Bellerophon, colonel, with the French trumpeter on his back! I wish we could get him for Dan again," said the adjutant.

"If what I have heard be true, Dan can best get him for himself. Order the trumpeter to the front of the ranks."

"Do you see my horse?" said the colonel to poor Dan, who came limping, trumpet in hand, into the presence of his commanding officer. "I have heard you can make that horse do any thing. Now tell him to come here, and I will give him to you, if he comes, and you shall never be charged a penny for his keep."

"The old soldier's eye twinkled with joy.

"He's worth a good blast, your honour; and, if the Frenchman has deprived him of his breakfast, I should not be surprised, your honour, if he should want one himself. Hurrah for the trumpeter's horse!" said Dan.

"And with that he applied his trumpet to his mouth, and gave the French regiment such a loud and merry call, that they half suspected a charge of cavalry from the British lines. What was their astonishment, however, to find that both regiments were to be convulsed with laughter at such an awful moment! In vain their own trumpeter sought to restrain the English horse. He turned his head, and in a moment galloped forward, in the sight of all the troops, to the British trumpeter, who kept on blowing his merry morning-call, till rider and horse arrived at the hand of Dan Long, to receive their breakfast.

"It was in vain that the Frenchman pulled against Bellerophon. He had made up his mind to go to his old master, and if he would not let him go without him, why then, *volens volens*, he must keep him company.

"Ha! monsieur. How do you do?" said Dan. "Allow me to have the honour of holding your stirrup whilst you alight. Brother trumpeter I am glad to see you come to partake of British hospitality. I am glad you like my steed, and if you just come to the rear with me, I have good entertainment for man and beast."

"It is not very difficult to divine the poor Frenchman's feelings. He looked as if he would have killed the horse, and probably had he had time and opportunity he would have so done before he would have been taken prisoner. But the thing was so rapidly performed, that Dan was master of his horse before the poor fellow could recover his senses. Another minute, and the rightful owner had changed places with the usurper, and the gallant 48th beheld their trumpeter exalted in his right position."

Alas! poor Dan Long, after surviving all the battles of the Peninsula, blew his last blast before Toulouse. At that ill-timed engagement a cannon-shot took off his right leg just below the knee, killed Bellerophon, and stretched our heroine's friend upon the earth. But she and her husband did not fail, when victory had crowned British endurance, to go upon the battle-field and look after their venerable and venerated friend.

"Here! somewhere here, we stood," said Hewitt, "lend a hand with your lantern, Collins, and let us look sharp for our brave old friend. Look, yonder lies a horse! Come on, he cannot be far off."

"Poor Bellerophon's white streak down the face was the first proof of the presence of the fallen trumpeter, and there they found their dear old man, who had managed to form his own bivouac for the night, between the outstretched and stiff limbs of his old horse; he had lifted himself with his arms and con-

trived to rest his back against the body of the horse, and exhausted with the loss of blood from his broken limb, he sat, or reclined, as it were, in the shadow of death. As the light fell upon his countenance our heroine lost the wonted calmness with which she had been accustomed to survey these scenes, and rushing forward she fell beside him, and, as she thought, kissed the cold lips of the dead trumpeter; but Dan was not dead. The old soldier lifted his right hand from his side, whilst his left still held his trumpet, and brought it round the neck of his adopted daughter, who, with a frantic delight, grasped it, and placed it near her heart.

"Bring me the water, Hewitt! Stop, he lifts his head, give him a little draught." The weary soldier received it at her hands, drank a little, looked up and smiled.

"Give me your can, Hewitt. A few drops of brandy.' The veteran revived, but there was a pool of blood at his foot. Alas! it was seen that his right leg was shot off, and the clothing was saturated with the poor fellow's life-blood.

"Let us remove him into the town. Here, Hewitt, Collins, Harbour! let us lay him in his own cloak, and each take a corner, and so bear him to the hospital!"

"The brave fellow, however, shook his head, looked ghastly pale, and with accents feeble, yet perfectly distinct, he said:

"Move me not! move me not! God bless you, my dear child—God bless you! Put your trust in him; he will raise you up friends, but none that will love you more than old Dan has. Hark! hark! what noise is that I hear? It is a shout of unusual triumph! Do let me now what it means! It is in the town! Hark! I hear something different from any thing I have ever yet heard! It sounds like the blessed angel's voice proclaiming peace!"

"And, true enough, at that moment, thousands shouted from the walls, from the town, from the camp, and from the battle-field, 'Peace! peace! peace!' The first sound was heard in the theatre, where, though death, darkness, and dismay sat on many a serious countenance around that city, yet within it, within the walls of the theatre, the express bringing the tidings that Buonaparte's reign was over, was first publicly announced.

"A soldier was hastening across the plain, to communicate the tidings to Sir Rowland Hill, who was in pursuit of the flying squadrons of the enemy, and passed by the spot where Dan, surrounded by his friends, was actually dying. His life was waning fast, but his military ear had caught the sound of that, which the soldier now, in hasty accents, proclaimed to the interesting group on the field.

"Napoleon has fallen! the war is at an end! Peace is proclaimed; and I am now going to stop the tide of battle! God bless you—good bye!" and off dashed the messenger of peace, whilst all looked earnestly at the dying Dan, to see what effect it would have upon him.

"Our heroine wiped off the cold, chilly perspiration gathering on his brow, and her husband wrapped his warm cloak over his limbs. Calm, very calm was the face of the warrior. His intellect seemed to be clearer than it had ever been, and his voice for a few moments stronger, as he elevated his eyes to the clear, starlit sky, and, pressing our heroine's hand, he said:

"God's will be done! Thank God, my dear friends, who has permitted me to live to hear those sounds, which I hope will prove a happiness to his people, as they do a comfort to my soul. Hewitt, you will find my poor limb on the other side of my horse; bring it here directly. Here—place it under my cloak, and, dear friends, promise me one thing before I die!"

"Yes! yes—we will!"

"Dig my grave on this very spot—ay, this very night; wrap me in this old cloak, place the trumpet by my side, take my purse from my pocket and divide its contents equally among you. And now mind what I say—love one another! God bless you all! Hewitt, pray with me for pardon; and now, my dear friends, lift me up a little, and let me breathe out my soul to the God of battles and of peace who Himself is the great conqueror of time, who gave me breath, and to

whom I return it, humbly hoping that he will restore it to a perfect body in eternal peace at the last day. Dear friends, farewell! my hope is in him who has conquered death by the sacrifice of himself!

"Thus died the veteran with one tranquil sigh; bowing his hoary head upon the last battle field, and affording a lesson to those who knelt by him, such as the best Christian soldier might desire to learn, and such as a faithful warrior only shall ever know."

Throughout all the trying scenes, advances and retreats, victories and reverses, that belonged to the Peninsular campaign, our heroine had a great and goodly mission to perform. She became one of the best and most renowned nurses of the sick and the wounded. Her whole history is indeed full of the kindest feelings and the most unselfish devotion, both in regard to herself, her husband, and Dan Long, that ever cheered human bosoms, and earned for them rewards hereafter, if so tardy in coming in this world.

"A soldier," says the Rev. Mr. Cobbold, "of this much maligned body may love his country as well as the citizen, and may be as good a Christian, and as great a lover of peace as one who has spent all the days of his life in a little country village, where a red coat is stared at with all the gaping astonishment of rustic simplicity. He may also be as good a husband, father, and friend, as the humblest quaker in the land.

"Forgiveness of injuries, which is the great characteristic of the gospel of God, is, indeed, more natural to the soldier than even to the man of peace; and many are the instances on record of unnatural and unforgiving tempers among men of external habits of peace, which the soldier would be the first to condemn."

At a time when futurity dimly unveils a distant prospect of English interference in Spanish politics, and when a party that should arise in opposition to the Bourbons, would most assuredly be put down by French bayonets, not improbably again involving Great Britain in the domestic troubles of that ill-fated country, it is important to recall the conduct of the Spaniards to their brave allies, who paid for every thing when fighting in their cause.

"We were welcomed," says our author, "by the people of Oporto as their deliverers!—No plundering was allowed. We had sharp work.—No prospect of prize money, though vessels were in the port laden with thousands of tuns of wine, and other property. The merchants of Oporto are a mean set! But if they are mean, the Spaniards are literally brutes, for I verily believe that, at the moment I am writing, after the hardest fight the 48th has ever had, they would here, in Talavera, let us starve sooner than supply us with the necessaries of life. Money cannot procure bread. I wish Sir Arthur would just let them see that, if they will not supply us when we pay, they should be made to do so without delay."

Again, at Talavera:—

"We have been half starved—half do I say? some of us completely so; and yet, when we left Talavera and the French gained it, they found enough for their army for months to come. Never, in the history of wars, will Spanish cruelty and ingratitude be forgotten. If ever the British nation shall thoroughly understand the manner in which British soldiers have been treated by the Spaniards, they will bitterly repent the blood spilt for a people who have not the humanity of savages. Wild savages would weep over the sufferings of a deliverer, but these cold-blooded rascals will treat our commander's requests with disdain, and swear that his soldiers are banquetting on the fat of the land, when they are literally starving. To see their cowardice, their beastly bruta-

lity and abominable selfishness and inhumanity, is enough to make us wish they were our enemies instead of pretended allies."

There is enough in these sentences, the truth of which is corroborated by all contemporaneous testimony, to lead one to pause in any hasty assistance given to so selfish and ungrateful a people. That is, however, happily, a thing as yet quite hypothetical, one more immediately before us, is to assist in giving aid to the soldier's daughter, wife, and widow, the kind friend and tender nurse of hundreds of our countrymen in affliction. It is impossible to peruse these simple records of a life of strange trials and vicissitudes, without feeling an interest in her person, and we sincerely hope that the publication of this record will not be without solid advantages to her in her widowed old age.

THE ROMAN TRAITOR.*

THERE is a stately earnestness and manly vigour in this Roman tale that raises it far above the ordinary run of novels. It is said that the classic novel is not popular, if so, it must be from want of general sympathy with the subject. Of the particular sympathies of the educated there can be no doubt, but they are not the class to uphold the dissemination of a knowledge of the private manners of the Romans through the medium of fiction. The utmost licence that can be allowed in such literary inquiries, is a field already occupied by "Becker's Gallus," "Valerie," "The Fawn of Sertorius" and "The Roman Traitor," are classical romances, in which the true is so commingled with the fictitious, that it would be difficult for the uninitiated always to distinguish where the one ceases and the other begins, hence the perusal of such works is unsuited to youth.

As a work of art, "The Roman Traitor" will, however, stand deservedly high. The author has not only familiarised himself with the domestic life of the Romans, as far as it is known to us, but he has thoroughly imbued himself with the feeling and spirit of the times, so much so, that in perusing his stirring pages, we fancy ourselves in company with Varro or Catullus, as we are literally in that of Cicero and Sallust, whose transcripts of the speeches of Cato, Cæsar, and Catiline, as well as those of Cicero himself, are literally incorporated in the text. It is almost to be regretted, that where so much pains-taking has been bestowed upon a work, that the author should have allowed himself to run riot in the fictitious past. It is very much to be doubted, if, in the era of Roman history, that was so sadly signalised by the conspiracy of Catiline, corruption of morals had attained that height which Mr. Herbert has here depicted to us. That there existed a spendthrift, dissipated, and luxurious youth, "an ill-zoned youth," as Cæsar termed it, solely devoted to the pleasures of the table, or to intrigues with the most fair and noble of Rome's ladies, there can be no doubt, but that a father, and that father the stern Catiline himself, could so far debase himself as to sacrifice a daughter at the shrine of ambition, is almost an outrage on credulity.

The tale opens vigorously with the murder of Cicero's favourite slave by the arch-conspirator. Catiline meeting Cethegus perceived that they were watched, and the spy having endeavoured to escape from his fierce

* The Roman Traitor; a true tale of the Republic. By H. W. Herbert, Esq. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

enemies, the night chase through the streets of Rome is most spiritedly described. At length

"Up the dark filthy avenue they sped, the fierce pursuer now gaining on the fugitive at every bound, till, had he stretched his arm out, he might have seized him, till his breath hot and strong, waved the disordered elf-locks that fell down upon the bare neck of his flying victim. And now the low wall of the plebeian burying-ground (the Esquiline) arose before them, shaded by mighty cypresses, and overgrown with tangled ivy; at one wild bound the hunted slave leaped over it into the trackless gloom; at one wild bound the fierce pursuer followed him.

"Scarcely a yard asunder, they alighted on the rank grass of that charnel-grove, and not three more paces did they take, ere Catiline had hurled his victim to the earth, and cast himself upon him; choking his cries for help by the compression of his sinewy fingers, which grasped with tenacity little inferior to that of an iron vice, the miserable wretch's gullet."

The slave dies, and Catiline loses his poinard.

"'Habet! he hath it!' muttered Catiline, quoting the well-known expression of gladiatorial strife—'he hath it, but all the plagues of Erebus light on it! My good stiletto lies near to him in the swarth darkness to testify against me; nor by great Hecate! is there one chance in ten of finding it. Well, be it so,' he added, turning upon his heel—'be it so, for most like it hath fallen in the deep, long grass, where none will ever find it, and if they do I reckon not.'

"And with a careless and unmoved demeanour, well pleased with his success, and casting not one retrospective thought toward his slaughtered victim, one half-repentant sigh upon his awful crime, he, too, hurried away to join his dread associates at their appointed meeting."

But Catiline had reckoned without the fates. The young patrician, Paulus Arvina, finds the dagger and the murdered slave, and at once conveys intelligence to the first consul, who suggests that he should wear the weapon openly, a rather dangerous means of detecting a murderer, it might be thought, but as Roman society was constituted, Paulus was protected by his patrician connexions. So that Catiline, when he discovers who is the possessor at once of his poinard and his secret, instead of adopting such measures against the youth as he would have had recourse to, had it been a plebeian, seduces him into his house, and ensnares him, through the means of his daughter, the voluptuous Lucia. Passing here the scene in the Triclinium, where livers of geese, turbot fricasseed in cream, and peacocks stuffed with truffles anticipated the *foies gras*, *turbots à la creme*, and *dindons aux truffes* of modern gastronomes, and that which ensued after the savoury repast, as probably more especially written for the edification of the learned scholar to whom the work is dedicated; it is sufficient to say that Paulus awakes from the passionate delirium to be himself again, and by that strange caprice, so peculiarly Roman, for his sake, the profligate Lucia passes over to the good cause, and absolves him of an oath of fealty and secrecy extorted in the moment of passionate intoxication. The manner in which the virtuous Julia, Paulus's previously accepted lover, pardons this momentary fall from the paths of rectitude, this temporary forgetfulness of all that is due to virtue, honour, and patriotism, is exceedingly well told.

But of a far more imposing style of narrative is the history and progress and vicissitudes of the conspiracy. The disclosures, the warnings, the assembling of the senate, and Cicero's immortal denunciations, are only followed by still more hazardous exploits on the part of the con-

spirators, ever foiled by the superior sagacity and the watchfulness of Cicero and of Cato. When the hour had come, with their leader at their head, the conspirators waited only for the signal, named by Catiline in the house of Læca—the blood of Cicero—

“Catilipe and his clients were not a hundred paces distant from Cicero and the assembled nobles. They had halted. Their hands were busy in the bosom of their gowns, gripping the hilts of their assassin’s tools!

“Cethegus and the gladiators were not a hundred paces distant from the bridge-gate of the Janiculum and the cohort’s bannered eagle.

“They, too, had halted—they, too, were forming in battle order—they, too, were mustering their breath for the dread onset—they, too, were handling their war weapons.

“Almost had Caius Crispus, in his mad triumph, shouted victory. One moment and Rome had been the prize for the winner in the gladiator’s battle.

“And the notes of the brazen trumpets had not yet died away among the echoing hills. They had not died away before they were taken up and repeated, east and west, north and south, by shriller, more pervading clangours.

“It burst over the heads of the astonished people-like heaven’s thunder, the wild, prolonged war-flourish of the legions. From the Tarpeian rock and the guarded capitol, from the rampired Janiculum, from the fortress beyond the Elian bridge, from the towered steep of the Quirinal, broke simultaneously the well-known Roman war-note!

“Upsprang, along the turreted wall of the Janiculum, with crested casques and burnished brazen corslets, and the tremendous javelins of the cohorts, a long line of Metellus’s legionaries.

“And last, not least, as that warlike din smote the sky, Cicero, on whom every eye of that vast concourse was riveted, flung back his toga, and stood forth conspicuous, armed with a mighty breast-plate, and girded with the sword that won him, at an after-day, among the mountains of Cilicia, the high style of Imperator.”

Anticipated, frustrated, outwitted, it is needless to add the conspirators glared on each other hopeless. Against forces so combined there was no chance of success. But there is no halting-place in the dark path of wickedness. Finding that no steps were taken by the government for his apprehension or punishment, Catiline waxed bold again, and hired three German gladiators to slay the consul, a conspiracy which, like the others, was frustrated. This last conspiracy produced Cicero’s great oration in the temple on the Palatine, which was followed by the traitor’s flight, or rather withdrawal, for, strange to say, the escort of Catiline rode through the city streets at midnight, audacious, in full military pomp, in ordered files, with a cavalry clarion timing their steady march, their javelin sparkling in the moonbeams, and the renowned eagle poised with bright wings above them, to carry civil war into the provinces.

It was but a sorry boast of Cicero’s when he cried aloud on the following day in the crowded senate, “*Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*” Massacre and conflagration were still to follow the footsteps of the traitor. The seizure of Titus Volturcius on the Mulvian bridge, led to the condemnation of many conspirators that remained in the bosom of Rome. The fate of Lentulus, of Cethegus, of Cæparius, and the one more instance of inexorable Roman honour in the fate of Aulus Fulvius, are told in the same strain of classical energy, as is the whole story.

“An hour afterwards, Cicero stood on the rostrum, near the Libonian well—

that rostrum whereon at a later day Lentulus's prophecy was fulfilled—and called out, in a voice as solemn and almost as deep as thunder—

“‘THEY WERE!’

“And the voice of the people yelled out its joy, because they were no longer; and hailed their slayer the saviour and father of his country.

“A few years afterwards, how did they not hail Anthony?”

The camp in the Apennines, and the gallant defence made by Caius Crispus in the watch tower of Usella, afford some further fine revivals of olden times and scenery, and lead the way to the final battle-field of Pistoria, where the murderous career of the arch-conspirator—a national emanation of republican institutions—was for ever closed. It is almost impossible, but that this stirring and highly descriptive history of the great Catiline conspiracy, can fail to make the classic novel more popular than it has hitherto been with degultery readers.

THE IDLER REFORMED.*

WITH a well-filled purse, a pair of horses, a curricle, and a boat; a free and easy address, and a very handsome figure and countenance, Augustus Cunningham was “a very fine fellow,” and all he wished was to continue to be a very fine fellow all his days. But Augustus had a mamma, a lady politician, a thorough-bred Whig, and an enthusiastic abolitionist, and her ambition is to make an hereditary politician of the heir to the family estates and intellect. But so great an abhorrence has Augustus of lady-politicians, that was it not for the amusements indispensable to a country-house, he would most undoubtedly have beat a retreat to the continent. Lord Cunningham, a fine specimen of the old country gentleman, Lord Sevridge, a profligate Whig, Lady Anne Grey, and her two daughters, are the chief persons at the abbey, with the addition of a fair protégée, Alice Lemington, over whose birth there hangs a mystery which does not prevent Augustus forming an attachment for her, which is only discouraged by the young girl herself from very proper principles.

“What is the use,” inquires Miss Hendriks, “of men puzzling their brains in trying to be too wise? The smallest event in life has oftentimes more wisdom in its composition than the greatest and most elaborate research! and trifles, too, have given us legislators, warriors, and philosophers.”

Augustus accordingly finding himself repelled in a first love, resolves to become worthy of Alice, by turning politician and legislator—the first reform of the idler, but by no means the last. In company with a young West Indian, with the euphonious name of Alphonso di Lucia, he repairs to the seat of slavery itself in order to make himself fully acquainted with all the bearings of the question. But alas, for the search for fame by the embryo politician, Alphonso has a sister in the green isle of beauty—a dark, beautiful, proud, and intellectual woman; the very reverse of the fair, confiding Alice—and Augustus became at once one of the most prostrate slaves in Jamaica. Anna di Lucia is betrothed to an old guardian, the Baron de Scala, and although she acknowledges a preference for the idler, she abides by her duty and weds the baron; all this occurring during the first eventful days of the emancipation, which allows of much descrip-

* *The Idler Reformed. A Tale.* By Rose Ellen Hendriks, authoress of the *Astrologer's Daughter*, Charlotte Corday, &c. 3 vols. R. Groombridge and Sons.

tive and reflective matter, apparently penned by one who must have taken a part in those by-gone scenes.

The wayward and spoiled youth returns to England tortured by his unconquered passion for the fair Anna, and yet open to self-reproach in his want of allegiance to Alice; for Lady Cunningham, who was alone acquainted with the secret of Miss Lemington's birth, and knew that she was the honourable daughter of Lord Sevrige, had agreed to the union, when Augustus entered upon his first career of reform. The slow return to duty is, however, still further retarded by Anna di Scala's visit to England, with her wealthy old husband, but Anna's is a fine-featured, well drawn character—and instead of yielding to the adulations of the young man, she labours with a noble earnestness of purpose to recall him to a sense of what he owes to himself and to others. The progress of these minor but well told events, is interrupted by a more important catastrophe: the baron journeys to Spain, and on his return is murdered by a faithful follower in mistake for Augustus, who, in his southern and passionate jealousy, the said follower imagined to have been wronging his master. Augustus is accused, and put on his trial for the murder, and so strong is the circumstantial evidence against him that he would have been condemned, but for the Spaniard's avowal of his guilt. Augustus is thus left for a third reformation and a happy marriage. The romance of Cunningham's life ultimately gives place to reality—the Idler, the rover from his English home, is settled at length in perfect happiness: he loves his home, and his Alice is a sample of an English wife, so at least we are assured by an author whom we have no doubt will become an authority on these matters.

ROME, PAGAN AND PAPAL.*

MONTFAUCON, Du Choul, Durantus, and a host of clever theological writers, have taken up the subject of the remnants of Paganism that are to be met with in Christianity. This does not take away, but rather adds to the interest of the present author's pleasing little *aperçu* of Rome in its actual co-mingled Papal and Pagan practices. Protestantism purged the church of many of these superstitious practices, but as Mohammedanism has usurped sites, saints, and superstitions, of both Jews and Christians, so Protestantism still upholds many forms which are essentially of an heathenish origin. This is not at all extraordinary when we consider the origin of many things that have been handed down to posterity by the inspired writings, and which have been the practices and traditions of different countries from the most remote times. Man's prerogatives, mental and physical, are not so unlimited that we should view with dismay, that more gifted beings should have borrowed occasionally from the fountain of all knowledge, human experience and tradition. Athanasius himself complained that the Gentiles entered into the church of Alexandria, and sacrificed to Mary, the mother of our Lord, birds, and the fruit of the fir-tree, as were at that time offered to Cybele. There can, therefore, be nothing offensive in tracing other actually existing connexions between the olden worship of the mother of the gods and that of the Madonna, as practised in Rome. While the churches of Rome rose upon the site of the Pagan temples of old, as San Theodoro at the

* Rome, Pagan and Papal. By an English Resident in that City. 1 vol. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

foot of the Palatine Hill, Santa Maria, Sopra Minerva, &c. &c., so certain traditions remained also intact with the place, for at the same spot where in Pagan times children were brought to Romulus at the feast of the Lupercalia, people are now accustomed to bring their afflicted children, to implore the intercession of San Theodoro.

The whole system of saints may indeed be considered to have had a Pagan origin, but greatly enlarged upon by Christianity. As the Romans invoked Bubona for the health of oxen, so the Roman Catholics have a saint who especially protects cattle ; and as the ancients had their Angersonia to protect them against disease, so the Romanists have their San Erasmo for the same purpose. Again, as on set days the modern Roman invokes a blessing on his bread, on the olives, and on water, so did the old Roman pray to Edulia to bless his food, and to Minerva to guard his olives, and to Fructesia to preserve his fruits. The *lararium* or niche for the Lares and Penates, is now occupied by the Madonna or a favourite saint. In the streets the Vergine Santissima takes the place of the Mercury's and Lares' vials, and as we now find on the bark or sails of the fisherman, a Madonna or a saint, so at the prow of a galley which bore a Tiberius over the Mare Magnum, might have been seen a Castor and a Pollux. It is even averred that the statue of St. Peter is made of the very same materials that once composed the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus ; certain it is that Lucian says, " If any is poor, he kisses his right hand," alluding to the statue of Jupiter. The form of respect to be shown to St. Peter is but slightly changed. Many of the miracles of the Roman Catholic church are of equal traditional antiquity. It is so with stones sweating blood, which Livy tells us occurred also in the invasion of Hannibal. The cottage of Romulus, so long preserved in the capitol, has its counterpart in the house of the Madonna, preserved at Loretto. As Apollo wept at Corinth, so the Madonna now weeps at Rome, as images of saints are preserved from fire, so also was the head of Vulcan, and as the Madonna moves its eyes, so also Virgil relates Minerva once did.

Pagan Rome has also bequeathed traditional superstitions to Modern Rome in the practices of vows and votive offerings, in bell-ringing, also in use, though not so generally in Pagan antiquity ; in washing the hands and other pious ablutions, the use of tapers, &c., incense and libations, bowing and genuflections, and numerous other more or less important practices and ceremonies, many of which our author has adverted to at length.

In confining himself to Rome Pagan and Rome Papal, it is to be regretted that he has not distinguished such practices as were adopted from the Jewish law, or which took their origin in the Oriental rise of Christianity, from such as had merely their antecedents in Pagan Rome. Thus, for example, ablutions, and many other religious ceremonies date from a more remote antiquity than even Pagan Rome, and were incorporated into Christianity without any reference to Roman antecedents.

THE SHIP OF GLASS.*

ALL criticism is founded upon principles of common sense, and no one of these principles is more generally accepted than that narrative should

* The Ship of Glass ; or, The Mysterious Island. A Romance, in three volumes. By Hargrave Jennings. Thomas Cautley Newby.

be unencumbered, as far as possible, by all such circumstances as render it heavy and embarrassed.

*Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, ac præsens in tempore omittat.*

is a precept which is extravagantly outraged by the author of the "Ship of Glass," whose redundant fancy is perpetually leading him away into discursive reflections and moral essays of exceeding length—witness one upon the novel subject of "Love," which occupies a whole chapter.

In a certain port in the sunny districts of Moorish Spain, there existed in remote times, a tradition to the effect that "the bold must put forth with his one life to win a double. His ship must be of woven light, and shadowless must be his crew. Touch with the hands, and win." In the same port there lived an aged and learned shipbuilder, a certain Klypp Heufueros, a philosopher and mathematician, whose shelves groaned with musty tomes, and whose furniture consisted of "triangles and multangles of brass, and hour-glasses as big as pier-glasses, and globes celestial and terrestrial, and crucibles, and all sorts of retorts, and bottles, and bags," and many other things besides, added to all which, he was possessed of a super-eminently beautiful daughter. Well, old Klypp had read the legend as having reference to an Al Dorado, which was only to be reached by a glass ship and a silent crew. So he set to work and built a ship with sails woven out of glass, glass anchor, and a glass cable, and very slippery yards. This triumph of art achieved, the difficulty still presented itself of obtaining a silent crew. This is accomplished by all-powerful love, and a certain Cunico the roarer, undertakes to navigate the ship and find a crew, for the sake of the fair Phroditis, as Klypp's daughter is called. The author of the "Ship of Glass," be it known, is also the author of "My Marine Memorandum Book," which we had occasion to notice favourably some time back, and he is versed in nautical matters. Hence his account of the said ship of glass. "*There was a ship, quoth he,*" of its voyage and its wreck on the mysterious island, is altogether beautifully and poetically told. "We have so many works of fact—travel, science, biography, and reality of all kinds," he says in his preface, "that a good wholesale fabrication may be welcomed as a relief." And we think so too, and with the little drawbacks noticed at first, feel convinced that the public will take the "Ship of Glass" in the spirit that it is offered, as a novel fiction wrought out with great effect and most successful descriptive powers. This romance is followed up in the same volume by a tale called "Atcherly," founded on the "Rye House Plot," and which ought to partake more of the sober character of a novel than its predecessor, but even in it the same exuberant fancy and undisciplined powers are allowed to run wild, and to convert a tale, founded on historical facts, into a mysterious romance.

WIT AND HUMOUR.*

THIS is a most charming performance in continuation of a plan previously traced, of giving volumes of selections from the English poets, one of which should have reference to illustrations of Imagination and Fancy, another to Wit and Humour, and a third to Action and Passion. The

* Wit and Humour, selected from the English poets : with an illustrative essay and critical comments. By Leigh Hunt. Smith, Elder, and Co.

admirable critic and the careful compiler, remarks with infinite modesty, that the necessity of thus pointing out particular passages for admiration in the writings of men of genius is rapidly decreasing, especially in regard to wit and humour; "faculties of which, as well as of knowledge in general, of scholarship, deep thinking, and the most proved abilities for national guidance, more evidences are poured forth every day in the newspaper press, than the wit of Queen Anne's time, great as they were, dreamed of compassing in a month." Thus our readers will full well know how to take it at its just value. It will not prevent them placing a due estimate upon a selection that is made by Mr. Hunt of all that is witty and humorous in Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marvel, Butler, Pope, Swift, and other of the giants of literature, and to quickly make themselves masters of one of the most choice and readable books of the season, and of all seasons.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.*

AT a moment, as Mr. Prior himself acknowledges, of railroad avenues to information and amusement,—in the midst of an age of broad sheets and wood-cuts—the diligent and able biographer of Burke and Goldsmith has ventured before the public with an essentially English poem. He need, however, be under no apprehensions, for all the finer thoughts and sympathies are not dead, nor is mind so solely given up to grosser interests, but that there will be plenty to receive and appreciate his tasteful labours. His subject, his style, and the care so evidently bestowed on his work, will insure him a respectful attention, even if his genius should fail to awaken enthusiasm, and we shall ourselves gladly revert to this beautiful poem at the earliest moment possible.

BRITISH CONSULS ABROAD.†

THIS little book, which contains all that is desirable to be known as to the origin, rank, and privileges, duties, jurisdiction, and emoluments of British consuls, was very much wanted. The French have a voluminous work upon the subject, but we had none of any kind, and the laws, orders in council, and instructions, by which consuls are governed, as well as those relating to ship-owners and merchants in their connexion with consuls, will be of equal use to both parties. Notwithstanding the memorable debate of the 8th of March, 1842, much reform is still wanting in the system of consular appointments. That of vice-consuls, for example, should not be left to consuls. There is a consul in the Levant, who has two or three relatives occupying vice-consular positions, which ought to have been the reward for service, or the recompense of talent and ability.

HOOD'S OWN.‡

THE famous Dr. Barrow has left a celebrated essay on Wit, which, although of the most searching character, has yet by his successors been

* The country House, and other Poems, by James Prior, F.S.A., &c., Chapman and Hall.

† British Consuls Abroad, &c. &c. By Robert Fynn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Effingham Wilson.

‡ Hood's Own: or, Laughter from Year to Year. Being former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of New Blood for General Circulation. One vol., 8vo. Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

deemed insufficient. Locke followed Barrow, and gave to his theory an expression as a general proposition. Addison added certain other requirements, to which subsequent inquirers, as Campbell, Beattie, and Hazlitt have since adhered. Leigh Hunt has this year (which, amidst great dearth of provisions, appears to be of great promise of merriment in books) established a kind of Germanic subdivision of the subject, quite opposed to the simplicity of the phrenological doctrine. But which, we wonder, will the reader prefer, a disquisition on a dish or the dish itself? A metaphysical lucubration on wit, or wit flowing from a pure and abundant fountain, unencumbered by the briars of perplexity or the weeds of disquisition, and ever coming to the surface and speeding its way, careless of whence it springs or what it is. To those, then, who want to know what is Humour, we refer to "Hood's Own," now gathered together in a pleasant available form, with all the inimitable sketches that may never find their exact counterpart, for, alas! with poor Hood the "Comic Annual" also ceased to exist.

THE BOYS' SUMMER BOOK.*

How fortunate are the little boys of the present generation! When we, in our juvenile days, had dull lesson-books, with, perchance, here and there, a wood-cut as rude as a sign, little boys have now their perceptions improved by the perfection of art, and their minds cultivated by a chastening and graceful literature. One almost wishes to be a little boy over again, if it were not that we, too, can enjoy, and that with a never-dying zest, the beauty of the hay-field, the summer morning, the river-side scenery, the village school, the English landscape, wild flowers, and the quiet wood on the stilly sabbath. These are not sweets that appertain to childhood only,

We turn and find—so large is Nature's plan—

What pleased the boy wins back the aged man.

But still, boys, we congratulate you upon the care, and skill, and taste that is devoted to your amusement and instruction in your own library, as it is designated by Mr. Miller, and for which there is only one way of showing your gratitude to him. Boys are too clever now-a-days to be told what that is.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"BECKMAN'S History of Inventions," Vol. II.; being the Eleventh Volume of "Bohn's Standard Library."—"Observations on the Advantages of General Education amongst the Youths of the Higher Ranks," &c. By F. B. Ribbans, F.S.A., Head Master of Sir Thomas Powell's Endowed Grammar School, Carmarthen. Whittaker and Co.—"Sacred Poetry," by George Cæthrop. C. A. Bartlett.—"Laurel and Flowers;" Occasional Verses; by M. E. J. S. Smith, Elder and Co.—"Chronicles of the Bastille;" with Illustrations by Robert Cruikshank. Part I. "Philip of Lutetia." T. C. Newby,—"Pauperism, whence does it Arise? How may it be Remedied," &c. &c.; by the Rev. R. B. Bradley, Incumbent of Ash Priors and Athelstone, Somerset. George C. Caines.

* The Boys' Summer Book, Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller. With Thirty-six Illustrations, by Henry Vizetelly. Chapman and Hall.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NEXT OF KIN.

A MEMOIR.

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAP. IV.

WHEN I met my uncle at dinner, I felt, and no doubt looked, as guilty as though I had been purloining part of the family plate. The encounter of his frozen gray eye thrilled through my frame. I fancied that my discovery of my poor cousin's infirmities must be written in my face.

Still greater was my torture, when Bob Haggerston, insensible to any thing less *tranchant* than the stroke of a tomahawk, kept perpetually reverting to his name. Not satisfied with stating how enchanted I had expressed myself with the lake scenery of Ghyburn Mere, he related how he had described to me on the spot the incidents of a certain fishing party on the lake, at which Sir Ralph's family and his own were present; and where the gallantry of Cuthbert preserved from destruction the son of one of the boatmen, who having fallen overboard encumbered with a heavy fishing-net, would have risen no more, but for the intervention of my cousin. Nor, when describing how, for a Londoner, I had made proof of some activity in clambering up the ruinous watch-towers of Hallington Castle, did he choose to pass over in silence another of Cuthbert's feats; intent upon rescuing from destruction the carved stonework of an ancient chimney-piece, long seen suspended in a dangerous position from one of the upper stories, my cousin, he informed me, had, with the assistance of scaling-ladders, reached the dizzy spot and borne off the prize.

Having heard all this in detail only two hours before, it was as tiresome as painful to hear it recapitulated. But he seemed bent upon talking about Cuthbert.

My uncle, indeed, listened as though he heard not; preserving the same cold immobility of feature which was doubtless habitual. But old Bernard who, assisted by two livery-servants, waited at table, demonstrated by angry glances at the loquacious guest, a bitter sense of his indiscretion. But for the old man's zeal for the honour of the hospitalities of the house, I doubt, indeed, whether he would have filled Mr. Haggerston's glass as often as my own with the ripest old hock and most delicate hermitage I ever tasted. That he did so, however, only increased the mischief. Wine rendered the talkative man still more inconsiderate nay, when the claret was placed on the table after dinner, and even Bernard quitted the room, Haggerston literally filled a bumper to Cuthbert's better health and speedy return to the hall! I drank it, of course; how could I do otherwise? But I think my uncle must have perceived my hand tremble with emotion as I raised the glass to my lips.

"And what do you mean to do with this young fellow, now you've got him here, my dear Sir Ralph?" demanded Haggerston, in a jocular voice, after he had swallowed his claret. And methought there were indications of new-born kindness in the old gentleman's physiognomy as he fixed his eyes upon my face.

Seeing him reluctant to reply, I ventured to answer for him.

"My uncle is kind enough to grant me, for the few remaining months of my minority," said I, "the shelter and countenance of which I stand so much in need; and my studies at the university having been stopped short by my father's death, and left incomplete by my own idleness, I am thankful for an opportunity for application, of which I trust I shall so avail myself as to be no burden on the time of others. Believe me, I want no better entertainment for the Summer, than the fine library I visited this morning."

By a glance at my uncle's face, I saw that he approvingly accepted a manifesto addressed only to himself. But Bob Haggerston was indignant.

"Study? *more* study?" cried he. "A fine likely young fellow of twenty-one mow himself up in a musty book-room from morning till night, while there is the lake to fish in, and the warren for shooting? Why, if you don't have a care, young man, you'll fall into hypochondriacism, like poor Cuthbert."

My uncle winced, but said nothing. Neither did I; which encouraged the savage to proceed to the infliction of further pain.

"And what's to be the end of such wondrous book-learning?" said he, "you city gents, who are born with a silver ladle in your mouth, don't need to work for your living. A rich banker's only son isn't going to be a parson, I suppose, or a lawyer, or—"

"My nephew's plans are at present so unsettled," interrupted my uncle, apparently feeling more for *my* annoyance than his own; "that we will not disturb his mind by prematurely discussing them; more particularly since Bernard is probably waiting for us with his coffee in the blue drawing-room, and is miserable whenever I allow it to be spoiled by the overboiling of the lamp."

I was glad to perceive by the lengthening of Haggerston's face, that he had to pay the penalty of his coarseness, by the loss of at least three glasses of claret less than his usual stint.

Before he made his parting bow for the night, however, we were friends again. The cordiality with which he invited me to Campley—to come when I would, and stay as long as I listed—would have almost reconciled me to his odious familiarity, had he not thought proper to add,

"Cuthbert never lets a day pass without riding over to us. When he's well, poor fellow, no place on earth he's so fond of as Campley. But then, Agnes has been his play-fellow ever since he was born. Agnes can do any thing with him! She's a little afraid of him *now*; for one's never sure *when* one of his fits may take him. But, strange to say, he was never yet seized at Campley!"

On turning to bid my uncle good night, on the departure of his guest, I saw that there were tears in his eyes. And no wonder. But the respectful manner in which I raised his withered hand to my lips, on leaving the room, served to apprise him that I now knew all, and felt for him to the bottom of my heart.

Next day I fulfilled my promise. After breakfast, I withdrew into the library, and read till the afternoon, when my uncle despatched Bernard to me to request I would do him the favour to accompany him in his airing. It was usually an old coachman who drove his low pony phaeton; but he seemed gratified to have me supply his place; directing me the various turnings in the park leading to its more striking points of view; and a variety of anecdotes, with which some of those beautiful spots were connected, told with ease and spirit by Sir Ralph, served to enliven our sober drive. The Summer air was delicious; the view of the distant mountains sublime; and in such noble scenery, in company with the high-bred and mild old man, it was impossible not to subside into a tranquillity congenial with the scene.

I took care that my uncle should be the first to remind me of my promised visit to Campley.

"Haggerston will be hurt," said he, a few days afterwards, "if you do not fulfil your engagement; and he deserves well at our hands for much kindness to my poor son."

I instantly proposed riding over to his house in the course of the afternoon.

"Do," said he; "and remember that you will be expected to remain and dine. It is the custom of the house; a vexatious one enough to those who are not fond of sitting down to dinner with a lady, in dusty boots and soiled linen."

"Miss Haggerston is grown up, then?"

"Yes; a charming girl; and as good as she is beautiful," said he. "Campley, too, is very well worth looking at. Though on a smaller scale than the relics usually preserved of the abodes of our forefathers, it is, in my opinion, more curious for that very reason, than either hall or castle. You will find it a small stone manor-house, of the time of Elizabeth, surrounded with magnificent trees; and Haggerston's ancestors (a branch of the old Northumbrian family) have lived there from sire to son, for the last three hundred years."

"But surely the Westforns have been settled *here*, sir, some centuries longer?" said I.

"True: but *this* place is the seat of the head of a family; and has strength of its own, as well as the backing of a large estate, to keep it standing. My friend Haggerston, on the contrary, has scarcely more hundreds a year than *we* have thousands; yet *his* house is in as good condition as ours, and his timber as fine. That his heart is more contented, is owing to a less afflicting share of the dispensations of Providence."

I was glad that these *renseignemens* afforded me some pretext for the excitement of mind in which, the following day, I mounted the beautiful bay mare especially appropriated to my use; and, under the directions of a groom, to whom the cross-roads were familiar, converted the distance between the hall and Campley into little more than three miles, by following a bridle-road, skirting almost mountainous hill sides, and commanding views of the country, which, lovely as I had previously thought it, afforded as much surprise as pleasure. Green valleys, watered by animated rivulets, were contrasted with rocky defiles and foaming falls; while around the hall, a rich fringe of ancient woods seemed to mark the termination of the family estate.

As we pursued our way along a pass, far more resembling a sheep-walk than a road, for it did not admit of the groom bringing himself abreast, I suddenly heard him shouting from behind me that Campley lay at our feet; and looking down, perceived a green nook, greener than all the rest of the landscape, apparently wedged into a platform formed by the junction of two narrow valleys.

Surveyed from a height enabling me to take a bird's-eye view of the rounded summits of the fine old oaks encircling it, their gigantic boles being invisible from above, the square stone structure, standing alone in the midst, resembled a tomb rather than a habitation. No smoke ascended from the roof; not a human being was visible around. There was something solemn and Druidical in the aspect of that verdant solitude.

The readiness with which my mare accomplished the precipitous descent into the valley, avouched that Cuthbert's stud was familiar with the road to Campley. But I am not certain that the increased pulsation of heart, of which I was conscious in approaching the house, and which I attributed to the prospect of an introduction to the "Agnes" on whose qualities depended so much of the charm of my visit to the north, was not partly owing to my doubts whether we were not just as likely to arrive at the gate by an enforced roll down a slope of a hundred and fifty feet as by a slower process.

And after all, the perilous feat was accomplished in vain! Neither Mr. Haggerston nor his daughter were at home.

"If you be the young gentleman from the hall, for whom master has been waiting at home, sir, since Tuesday," said a homely-looking, gray-headed serving-man, who—I will not say opened the door, for it stood open, but who answered my summons, "I was bid to tell you that Miss Agnes and the Squire would be at home early in the afternoon, and to beg you would walk in."

"I desired nothing better. The little battlemented manor-house, the moat of which having been filled up by the present representative of the family, now produced the finest flowers in the neighbourhood, inspired me with curiosity to visit the interior. The mellow tinge of the old gray stone, the quaintness of the Elizabethan windows, and, as soon as I entered the hall, the carved wainscoting of walnut, adorned with the finest antlers I ever saw, supporting on the walls a collection of curious old weapons, which were afterwards exhibited to me with great pride by Haggerston as family arms, struck me as constituting one of those Gothic bijoux which people, possessing more money than taste, expend a fortune in creating, and then render ridiculous by a thatched roof, or a verandah, or Genoese blinds, but which, under shelter of Haggerston's hereditary veneration and modest fortunes, was allowed to retain all its original uniformity of beauty.

No need for the old servant to inform me that the chamber into which he ushered me was "Miss Agnes' room:" it was a "bower-chamber," if ever bower-chamber existed. The fragrance of a basket of well-chosen flowers,—the embroidery frame,—the bookshelves containing so much more poetry than prose,—all announced, the moment I crossed the threshold, that I stood on ground consecrated by female predilections; and I was almost glad that the divinity was absent, that I might be free

to examine in detail that charming snuggery, which struck me then, and recurs to me still, as the pleasantest in which I ever set my foot.

Through the beautiful flower-garden, extended like a Persian carpet before the wide window, meandered a rapid brook, by which the moat had been formerly vivified, and which, on its suppression, was turned into its present channel, not only by the good taste but the very hands of Haggerston, the banks being formed of curious specimens of rock selected from the mines of the district, nearly covered by the growth of rare mosses, ferns, and lichens; among which the perpetual ripple of the rapid and limpid little brook produced a soothing murmur.

Beyond the limits of the flower-garden stood a group of the same gigantic oaks that dotted the surrounding meadows, like the appointed guardians of that beautiful solitude; and through the interstices between their grander outlines appeared the wild hill-side, beyond, clothed with many-hued varieties of underwood; or, where too precipitous for vegetation, the beetling crags of the cliff peered out from the surrounding verdure, as though to attest the solid structure of those natural bulwarks.

It was some time before I was able to withdraw my attention from a scene so lovely. But when I did gather my enraptured senses once more into the shady room from whence this circumscribed but exquisite landscape was perceptible, I was scarcely less struck by the beauty of a series of sketches in water colours, simply framed, and appended to the wall.

A few minutes afterwards I discovered that a richly bound folio volume lying on one of the tables contained others by the same hand; which, from the name of "Agnes" appended to each landscape, I found with pleasure to be that of Miss Haggerston. The subjects were chiefly Spanish, many of them representing interiors of convents or monasteries, enlivened by groups of monks or nuns; and while the colouring possessed a depth and richness I had never before seen attained by water colours, the taste and spirit of the designs were beyond all praise. I could have passed the day examining those admirable drawings.

Scarcely an object in the room, however, but was deserving notice. Each exhibited some specific cachet: and when, impatient of confinement, I at length made my way into the flower-garden, by dropping over the stone window ledge upon a strip of turf that belted the house in that mountain wilderness, the little Gothic manor, its ancient trees, its velvet green sward, and paradise of flowers, appeared like an oasis in the desert.

I was summoned back to the house, not, as I almost feared, to be rebuked by its master for my unceremonious proceedings, but to find a tray of excellent refreshments awaiting me. The old servant, however, while pressing me to eat, rendered it impossible, by acquainting me that he had just learned from the groom (and such a groom as it was!) that the squire and Miss Agnes had ridden over to see me at the hall.

After such information, I naturally turned a deaf ear to his recommendation of the home-potted charr, and even to his assurance that a dish of preserved cranberries, looking like ruby beads, which he placed before me, was the work of Miss Agnes's housewifely hands. More particularly to the last piece of information—full of the false delicacies, not to say affectations, of London life, I was shocked to learn that the same hand which had produced the works of genius I had been studying, could have been employed in a menial task.

Another minute and I was mounted again, and though wanting faith

in the groom's assertion that the squire and "miss" always took the bridle road, I soon found myself suspended anew over the happy valley, mistaking, as I proceeded, every grazing cow in the valley below, or group of sheep visible in the distance, for the objects of my solicitude.

The mountain pass being left behind, we had reached what was nearly level ground, when the servant rode up to inform me that what I was just deciding to be a withered whinbush and a holly-tree on the side of the opposite hill, was neither more nor less than "miss" and the squire; and as I now perceived the whinbush and holly-tree to be hastening towards me, there was no gainsaying his assertion.

On a near view, I became quite content that "miss" should devote the remainder of her days to the manufacture of cranberry *compôtes*. Never did I behold a more ludicrous object. Mounted on a pony, such as is usually assigned to a hoy of ten years old, her gray camlet riding-dress and fair hair dishevelled by the mountain breezes, almost intermingled with the dun-coloured mane and sweeping tail of the pony, appeared to form one shapeless and unsightly animal. Even when near enough for the delicacy of her features to be discernible, I could not forgive the damsel, in whom I had anticipated something of a Diana Vernon, for looking so like an overgrown school-girl.

The holly-tree, which became gradually converted into the squire, attired in a dark Tartan shooting-jacket, stalking, staff in hand, by his daughter's side, soon put an end to my cogitations by hurrying forward to reproach me for a dilatoriness in finding my way to Campley, such as had forced him to come in search of me. And so full of questions was he concerning the cheer afforded me by his servants, and my opinion of his badger-hole—as he was pleased to term his beautiful residence—that he suffered his daughter, who had come up with him, to stand unnoticed by my side (for I had, of course, dismounted to address him), without offering an introduction. Seeing which, I unceremoniously presented myself.

By the stiff manner in which Miss Haggerston drew up to reply to my cordial greeting, I soon saw, however, that though dressed in a camlet suit, and mounted on a shaggy pony, she was not a person to be treated without ceremony. It might be that her father's coarse familiarity had driven her into reserve for self-defence. But the squire's earnest entreaties that, though three-parts of the way home, I would return and dine with them, were so coldly seconded by his daughter, that I pleaded letters to write by the post, or some other chartered lie of conventional life, and was let off on condition that I promised to make amends on the morrow.

Being, as I must again take occasion to remark, only in my twenty-first year, I expected, on finding myself again opposite to my uncle at the dinner-table, that his first inquiry would be "What I thought of Agnes Haggerston?"—the *real* object of my morning's expedition—instead of which he talked only of Campley—of its date—its original destination—the ancient gentility of its owners—and the insignificance to which, for nearly two centuries, the minor branches of Catholic families had been reduced.

In my present mood of irritation against "miss," I was tempted to answer to the latter observation, "so much the better!"—that, "in my opinion they could not be kept in *too* careful subordination;"—a

sentiment which the high-church old baronet took in such excellent part, that he instantly invited me to join him in a glass of the thin claret constituting his habitual beverage.

But after a short pause devoted to its degustation, he broke out as though he had been mentally arguing against his own want of liberality.

"I fear I cannot deny," said he, "that I entertain a prejudice against papists, perhaps from having been jarring half my life against the bigotries of my friend Haggerston. Perhaps from—no matter! I plead thoroughly guilty to an unreasonable antipathy. Let me, however, render justice to many superiorities of system on the part of the Roman Catholic community; and among others, one that renders my young friend at Campley so great a comfort to her father; that, in their conventional education, women are reared for the fire-side rather than the world. Agnes Haggerston, whose family-estate, small as it is, is entailed on heirs male, so that she has no future provision to rely upon, has been educated to make a good housewife, instead of a useless, fine lady, and Campley is consequently as comfortable a home to her father as though his fortune were double."

With the preserved cranberries still in my memory, I could of course afford ample credence to the statement. But it was impossible not to add that whatever might be Miss Haggerston's notabilities, the higher accomplishments of life had not been neglected.

"If brought up in a convent, sir," said I, "she must have found there some first-rate artist to have attained such rare proficiency with her pencil."

"I was not aware," replied my uncle, "that she had reached much excellence, though both as a musician and painter my poor son was, I know, at the pains to give her instruction."

"But you are often at Campley, sir," cried I, "you cannot have overlooked the beautiful pictures that ornament Miss Haggerston's sitting-room?"

"No, indeed! And I sometimes wonder that Agnes, who is goodness itself, and knows how much the sight of them affects me, does not place them elsewhere," replied Sir Ralph; "they are my poor Cutlibert's work—sent home, or rather sent to Campley, during his sojourn in Spain."

I was silenced, though longing to learn when, why, and how my poor cousin had been a traveller; I dared not risk paining my uncle's feelings by the inquiry. The morrow would, I doubted not, explain hundreds of things I wanted to know.

By the time I reached Campley, the shade of the house extended half over the little flower-garden, and from Miss Haggerston's sitting-room, into which I was ushered, I saw that she was enjoying the light breeze of a delicious Summer afternoon on a bench under the old oak-tree nearest the pastures. But that I was still smarting from the coldness of her manner at our first meeting, my impatience might have prompted me to drop a second time from the window and hasten towards her; and it was only because placed as she was, she could but perceive my arrival, that I restrained the inclination. As the mistress of the house, it was her business to come and receive me; not a step, however, did she move! She was reading, and she read on, evidently not thinking me worth disturbing herself from her occupation to welcome to her father's house.

Angry in good earnest, I made up my mind to advert to her *non-chalance* as soon as the squire made his appearance. But when he really came, so hearty was his greeting, and so expansive his countenance, that it would have been a sin to vex him.

"Where's Agnes?" cried he; "haven't you seen my daughter? I was in the rick-yard when I saw your horses come round; and hurried in as soon as I'd given orders about them."

And on my pointing out to him, in reply, the station Miss Haggerston had taken up, he insisted on our joining her in her shady retreat.

"Agnes is very partial to that tree," said he, as we made our way towards it. "The bench was put up by Cuthbert, and I have known them spend half the Summer day there reading and chatting. Not a ray of sunshine penetrates through the foliage; and Agnes, who prefers it to her close sitting-room in fine weather, calls it her best parlour."

I thought it likely the young lady would play the coquette in receiving my salutations, and pretend ignorance of my arrival. By no means!

"I have been expecting you for the last ten minutes, Mr. Ashworth," said she; the book and work with which she had been occupying herself being so disposed on the bench as to render it impossible to offer me a seat. "But when once I establish myself here for the morning, I seldom re-enter the house before dinner-time."

She was, in short, as ungracious as ever; which provoked me the more, because, now that her uncouth riding-dress was removed, and her hair neatly braided round her small and graceful head, all trace of the awkward school-girl forming part of the shaggy pony had disappeared. However uncivil and unconciliating, "miss" was indisputably a pretty girl.

In the course of the evening, I became more and more convinced of the fact. Not because the squire attributed to her housewifery the merit of one of the best simple dinners I ever tasted; not even because, at her father's commands (for she pretended to resist his request), she "lapped our senses in Elysium," by her exquisite performance on a chamber-organ that stood in a hall adjoining the dining-room; but from the tender manner in which she adverted to the infirm state of my uncle's health, and the nature of his domestic trials.

Still, feeling myself something of an intruder at the hall, my pride relieved my scruples by alluding to my sojourn there as compulsory, and announcing my intention to leave it the moment I came of age.

"That would be very unfair—very inhuman!" was Miss Haggerston's cool reply. "Your visit must be the greatest comfort to poor Sir Ralph. Indeed, on visiting him the other day, we found him—did we not, papa?—quite an altered man!"

"Ay, indeed!" cried the squire. "I haven't seen my poor old friend in such health or spirits this many a day. The prospect of seeing you; that is, the prospect of having your father's son under his roof, had, I suspect, made him feel rather queerish. And finding you so different from what he expected, was a great comfort to him."

"My uncle must, indeed, have formed hateful anticipations on my account to be so easily satisfied," said I, with some indignation.

"Why, how could you expect it to be otherwise, considering his abhorrence of your father?" replied the squire. "However, my poor friend's wrath is like a fire of thorns—soon up, and soon out. Five-and-

twenty years ago, or thereabouts, he turned his back on me—and swore never to change a word with me again. Yet you see how he cottons to me now."

"The cause of his displeasure is, perhaps, removed?"

"Ay! and as long ago as since the day you came into the world! Betwixt friends, Mr. Ashworth, he'd a mind to marry me to your mother. He thought that next to Western Hall, the best place for her was Campley."

"And you were of a different way of thinking?" said I; the vivid blush of anxiety, as to what he might answer, that overspread the cheeks of his daughter, not being lost upon me.

"Why, to say the truth, a good-looking, robust young fellow, such as I then was, was not likely to take a fancy to a humpy."

My strong inclination to knock him down, was repressed only in deference to the beseeching looks of Agnes.

"Besides," added he, while I bit my lips in silence, "if the finest of the foreign Venuses, whom people allow to show their shapes stark-naked in their galleries, with a gold mine for her dowry, were to offer me her hand for the marriage to be solemnised by a parson in a black and white suit like a magpie, I should beg her to look elsewhere for a husband. A drop of Protestant blood in the veins of children bearing the name of Haggerston, would have been enough to bring down the old stones of Campley upon our heads!"

"With such opinions," I stiffly rejoined, "you were quite right, sir, not to endanger the happiness of yourself and others, by marriage with a Western!"

And by the pains with which Miss Haggerston just then endeavoured to divert my attention, by producing for my entertainment a volume of marine views, forming a second to the Spanish collection, I saw she shared my repugnance to hear such subjects coolly discussed. She was even becoming friendly and cheerful in her office of exhibiting and explaining those beautiful drawings, when the squire froze her once more into incivility, by inviting her to second his attempts to establish me at the hall.

"For the sake of poor Sir Ralph and his son, my dear Agnes," said he, "you must do your best to enliven Mr. Ashworth's sojourn. Now we have once got you, young gentleman, we don't intend to part with you so easily."

A remark which had the effect of causing his daughter abruptly to close the volume we had not yet half examined; and, on pretence that her usual hour for retiring was arrived, to retreat hurriedly to bed!

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day, in spite of sundry relapses into coldness, I fancied I had made some progress in the good-will of my young hostess. Unprompted by her father, she took me the round of the gardens and little farm, and even as far as a beautiful ravine, terminating one of the transepts of the junction of valleys, of which Campley was the centre.

Though the day was all that became a day in June, the deep shadow of the cliffs fell upon our winding path beside the brawling brook, that seemed to have worked itself a way through that rocky defile; so that it

could not be fatigue alone which prompted her to seat herself on a jutting crag, which the delicate sprays of the underwood of ash and beech shooting around it, precariously enrooted in the fissures of the cliff, seemed to convert into a throne. And since, from its position, it was a throne that admitted of no consorts, I asked for no consent to place myself on the short green turf at her feet. Not a living thing was visible around us, save a few bees murmuring over the glaring gorse blossoms blooming among the loftier clefts; and a pair of sparrow-hawks, circling high over our heads, as though apprehending danger to their nest from our intrusion.

"We cockneys," said I, "read and write of such mountain solitudes as this, and if we *can*, paint them. But how poorly does imagination supply the thousand incidental charms and adornments included in such a landscape—the waving of the fern—the life-like vigour of the stream—the harmony of the strange mysteries, whispers, and murmurs emanating from every thicket and every turn of the brook!"

"Leave something to the exclusive share of poor recluses like myself," rejoined Miss Haggerston. "You Londoners enjoy every thing that can be enjoyed for money; we bumpkins, every thing that is accordable by nature. Surely the sons of Mammon need not envy us our crown of plaited rushes!"

The word "Mammon" appeared to my sensitive ears to point especially at the banker's son.

"You would scarcely taunt me as under the influence of overweening wealth, Miss Haggerston," was my peevish rejoinder; "were you aware of the family misfortunes under which I am smarting!"

"Misfortunes?" cried she, starting up, and every vestige of colour deserting her cheek at the sight of my emotion.

"Several times," I continued, "have you alluded to my wealth as a crime. If it be my only one, I am innocent indeed. The first act of my majority will be to assign to my father's creditors even the modest competence I can call my own."

"You surprise and shock me beyond description," exclaimed Agnes, fixing her limpid blue eyes full upon mine. "When you arrived here my father described you as a man of millions—as a person of the utmost consequence—as the only son of Ashworth the great banker!"

"Of Ashworth the *bankrupt*," I retorted, "you live too much apart from the world to hear of such things; or, if I may judge by your countenance, and the sympathy you accord to my unfortunate cousin, you would not taunt with prosperity, the son of a man who died by his own hand, to escape the shame of ruin."

I had not intended to be thus frank. The rash declaration was extorted from me by the scorn of my companion. But I easily forgave myself when I saw tears gush from the eyes of Agnes.

"Forgive me—forgive me," cried she, extending her hand with the generous candour of a child. "Believe, I beg of you, that I surmised nothing of all this. On the contrary, it was because you were vaunted to me, previous to your arrival, as the rich Londoner—next of kin to Sir Ralph Westfern—a match—a purse-proud fine gentleman, who, because in the full enjoyment of his senses, had a right to be more thought of than poor dear Cuthbert himself, that I felt prejudiced against you. But again I say, forgive me! Henceforward, let us be friends."

And we were so. From that day, Agnes and I became established on

the happiest footing of intimacy. I tried to make myself believe that it was a considerable relief to my poor uncle to have me constantly at Camp-ley, and by the time I had accompanied the squire and his daughter to visit all the meres, and heads, and scaurs of the neighbourhood—over hill and dale—skirting the mountain side—fording brooks knee-deep, and plunging into precipitous valleys, I became convinced, not only that Westmoreland was the loveliest shire in the kingdom, but that a dun-coloured Shetland pony, with a home-made saddle and bridle, was a finer palfrey than ever served the need of the fashionable countesses of Hyde Park. Even the disarray of Miss Haggerston's camlet suit and flowing locks was delightful. There was something peculiarly attaching in the total absence of art in her person, and character, and habits.

One never had to wait for Agnes. She was always ready to walk, ride, drive—prepared for fishing parties, or a day in the woods, or boating, or mining expeditions. But best of all, she was always ready to *answer*. Never did I see a human being so unsolicitous to conceal her feelings. Living only with those with whom she was privileged to be frank, the thought that entered her head, the emotion that thrilled in her heart, found its way simultaneously into words.

In a Catholic this was the more extraordinary, for Catholics are usually reserved. There is always the influence of the director hanging over them, to place a seal upon their lips. But in Agnes, nature would have its way; and she decided me to be worthy of her friendship, she accorded me all its privileges, and thought aloud in my presence. It was the openness of the squire, without his want of tact.

Admitted behind the scenes of the domestic life of Campley, it was my delight to share the tasks of my friends, to assist in bringing home curious stones from the rubbish-heap of some deserted mine, to complete the embankment of the brook, or transfer to Miss Haggerston's garden roots of the choice flowers, almost lost in the deserted weedy of the hall.

In return she gave me lessons in sketching, or the still greater delight of listening to those beautiful anthems composed by Cutlibert, which she performed on the organ—a gift from my poor cousin—with the inspiration of true genius (being as good a musician as though ignorant of the clarification of sugar!)

By degrees, a thousand touching incidents served to reveal that the being thus nobly gifted was still richer in the better attributes of human nature. Never was saint worshipped in its shrine with half the adoration bestowed upon Agnes by the poor of the district. Their wants, their ailments, their troubles were circumstantially engraven in her memory. She could have administered blindfold to each the moment the sound of their voices reached her ear. She knew exactly which had savage husbands or forward children; whose field was unproductive, and whose bones rheumatic.

In the savageness of my selfishness, I was sometimes angry at having our conversation interrupted as we were walking together, by a chance encounter with some urchin who had to be lectured for filial disobedience, or rewarded with an alms for vigilance over its younger brother and sisters. I was almost provoked at finding her mind so full of maladies and miseries, which, while I derided as insignificant, *her* better wisdom knew to be sufficient for the wretchedness of some humble home.

Then came *my* turn for being reproached and lectured. But it was in so sweet a voice, and with eyes fixed upon me the while so heaven-like in their blueness and serenity, that it was enough to make a sturdy rebel of one to secure a renewal of the exhortation to repentance! I could not bear, however, to raise a cloud in her soul, and was even forced to allow her to be as good and charitable as she listed.

There was only one point on which I remained dissatisfied with my progress in Miss Haggerston's good opinion: I could no longer induce her to talk to me of Cuthbert. The closer our intimacy, the less she seemed inclined to dwell upon his name. We were now so happy together, that she appeared to think it would be profanation, in the midst of our joy, to allude to the sufferings of my poor cousin.

As I was seldom alone with the squire, even his coarse allusions to the Heath, were wholly spared me; and it was only by the more or less of gloom upon the venerable brow of poor Sir Ralph, and by the description of books he selected when my offer to read to him aloud was occasionally accepted, that I was able to form surmises touching the state of the sufferer. One day, however, a day succeeding one of those happy evenings passed at Campley, which made me tremble lest any circumstance or change should interfere to disturb the golden calm of my existence, I could not resist my inclination to inquire of old Bernard—(I *dared* not address his master)—“What news from the Heath?” And from the air of surly despondency with which he shook his head in reply, without so much as the utterance of a single syllable, convinced me that my cousin's convalescence was not in very active progress.

The Haggerstons used to attend high mass once a week, at a small chapel appended to the residence of a nobleman, nearly three miles distant from Campley; who, though he seldom or ever visited the country, kept a chaplain or domestic priest for the benefit of his household and the Roman Catholic community of the environs; and whenever this gentleman, a mild,* reserved old man, apparently of humble nature, visited Campley, the Haggerstons, I observed, were studious in avoiding to invite me. Sharing their hospitality, as I did, at all other times, it would have been disgraceful had I run counter to their wishes by pretending ignorance of his being there and visiting them as usual. But having taken it into my head that whenever Mr. Dormer had been sojourning with them, I was less warmly welcomed; or rather that, after their religious conferences, the brows of both father and daughter were darkened towards me, I own I felt considerable desire to make his acquaintance. I could not help fancying that if he saw the vastness of my tolerance and the liberality of my religious opinions, he would dismiss any misgivings that might have glanced into his mind concerning my influence with his penitents.

When September came—golden September—with its dogs and guns, as a pretext for bringing Haggerston oftener to the Hall, instead of my visiting Campley (my uncle having long placed at his disposal the deputation of his manor, abounding in game), I engaged, perforce, occasional *tête-à-têtes* with him, in one of which I contrived to signify my desire to make Mr. Dormer's acquaintance.

“Time enough—time enough,” cried he, trudging on with a quickened step and respiration, and his gun poised upon his shoulder. “You are not thinking of leaving us yet? You can't be thinking of leaving us

yet? Come of age next month, you say, and then off? Stuff and nonsense! You won't find it in your heart to abandon the poor old gentleman to whom you are the next of kin, and who is growing so fond of you (he told me as much this morning, when you left the room after breakfast). For I promise you there's no chance of poor Cuthbert's being at home again any time between this and Christmas."

"That I remain at the Hall, my dear Mr. Haggerston," I remonstrated, "surely affords only an additional reason for my wish to become acquainted with Mr. Dormer."

"Ay, ay! But the question is whether *he* wishes it also. We Catholics, you know, do not gainsay the will of our spiritual pastors."

"I can scarcely have offended him," replied I; "and am, I fear, too indifferent a Protestant to excite animosity. Your spiritual pastors in general," continued I, with a smile, "are not apt to frown away the approaches of young people,—open to conviction and conversion."

"Perhaps he may think you safer in the hands of Agnes than in his own," replied my companion, in a hurried manner, perhaps because his fine setter at that moment made a point—perhaps because afraid of committing himself by the smallest allusion to a forbidden subject.

The few words he had let fall, however, sufficed. Could it be that there was "miching malicho" in the cordiality with which I was invited to the little Gothic manor-house at the confluence of the valleys? Was the familiarity with which I was admitted to the honour of paving their brook with quartz, and increasing their collection of ferns, only a mask to deeper designs on the part of the Haggerstons? I had already sometimes fancied my uncle disposed to moderate the warmth of my friendship for his neighbours. Once or twice, on my return from Campley too late for dinner, I had found him peevish and resentful; and what I had then mistaken for displeasure at my want of deference towards the punctuality of his habits, might, after all, be dread of my too close domestication with a family of papists!

The only person to whom I could have looked for enlightenment on this subject—saving old Bernard, who was as imperturbable as the family deed-chest—was the rector of my uncle's parish; a grave, stern man, who, with a nervous, silent wife, occasionally joined the family dinner party at the Hall, without much increasing its animation. For as the Haggerstons were never invited to meet them, any more than myself to meet Mr. Dormer, there was reason to infer coldness between them. But I saw little of Dr. Hipsley out of his pulpit. He had never asked me into his house; and I could not well attack him, in the course of a particularly formal morning visit, with inquiries concerning my uncle's theological opinions, or the papistries of Campley.

It was nevertheless from *him* I finally obtained some insight into the mysteries of the case.

One of those terrible accidents which occasionally occur in every mining district, having reduced to sudden ruin several families in the village; having attended at the heart-rending spectacle of the extrication of the bodies from the mine, with the view of verifying to whom the liberal benefactions of Sir Ralph were to be granted, I came in contact with the rector, under circumstances tending to throw the thin coating of ice under which, in deference to the solemnities of the hall, he was in the habit of concealing the warmer feelings of his nature. And having once

felt together, we began to *talk* together, as if for the first time. It was the second edition of my introduction to Agnes : but under influences how different !

While walking home together from the scene of desolation, after seeing my tears flow at witnessing the agony of a mother of fatherless babes, whose mutilated husband was the first drawn from the pit, he seemed suddenly to suspect that my nature might be a trifle softer than the venerable master of Western Hall, and inquired after the health of poor Cuthbert. "How was he ? Was he likely to be much longer away ? His sojourn at the Heath was more than usually prolonged !"

I replied by questioning in my turn ; and with such genuine desire for information, that in the course of a long walk across the breezy hills, I obtained further insight into my family history, or rather into the history uniting my own family with that of the Haggerstons, than I had ever expected to extract out of the taciturn rector.

"Poor Sir Ralph's marriage was not a happy one," said the doctor, in reply to my questions. "He married too late in life. His belief of having secured a companion in his sister, having been so unexpectedly undeceived by—by—"

"By my mother's alliance," said I, to relieve his scruples—"he probably married in haste, to repent at leisure."

"I do not imagine that he *repented* ; how could he, with that beautiful boy born to him, whose destinies we were all of us then so far from foreseeing ? No, sir, it was poor Lady Margaret that repented—bitterly, hopelessly ! When persuaded, not to say compelled into a union with Sir Ralph, he had not only passed his fiftieth year, while she was less than half his age ; but he had been so recently irritated against the sex in general, by the conduct of poor Miss Clara, that his feelings on that point, were as susceptible as they were ungenerous."

"I was not aware of so great a disparity of years between my uncle and Lady Margaret ?" said I, to lead him away from further allusion to my mother.

"Far less, however, than between their dispositions !" he replied. "Lady Margaret, grave and haughty as she appears in the picture taken of her some years after her arrival at the hall, was, in her girlhood, a bright and buoyant creature. But she had formed, it appears, some attachment beneath the dignity of the house of Howard ; and such was the severity shown her under the roof of her parents, that she gratefully accepted the hand of a baronet of noble estate, from whom, because old enough to be her father, she expected only a father's protection. But, alas ! poor young lady—her second home proved more repellant than the first ! Irritated by his sister's derogation, Sir Ralph could talk of nothing but the pitiable frailties of woman's nature. His mistrust closed his doors against visitors ; for in every man who crossed his threshold, he suspected some evil design !"

"Until," said I, half interrupting him, "he drove his wife, perhaps, like his poor sister, to seek comfort elsewhere ?"

"No ! Lady Margaret's conduct was irreproachable. The comfort she sought was in the bosom of one of her own sex. Haggerston had just brought home to Campley a young wife, by birth a Beddingfield, who, but for the bitterness of her papistry, I should admit to be one of the most charming women I ever beheld. I have known many

Catholics. In this county they abound. But never did I meet with one inspired with such unchristianly intolerance as that gentle-looking creature! Had she lived in the days of Mary Tudor, she would, I am convinced, have watched with triumph the lighting of the faggots in Smithfield."

"And by *her*, I presume, Lady Margaret was converted?"

"At all events, no efforts were spared to effect her conversion. She and the Haggerstons were always together, either at Campley or the hall; and as there was nothing in the person of the squire to excite the uneasiness of Sir Ralph, her husband was content that it should be so. At length, my own observations of a change in the deportment of Lady Margaret Western, and of the daily conferences held between her and Father Dormer, determined me to place Sir Ralph upon his guard."

"With due submission, surely the parties were old enough to be left to the government of their own judgment?" said I; "more particularly since, as regards Mr. Dormer, you deny the right of spiritual interference."

"For the purpose of conversion, — yes! I should as soon have thought of purloining Mrs. Haggerston's purse, as attempting to seduce him from the faith of his ancestors; knowing that, had he desired my instructions, he would have sought them, I consequently felt entitled to circumvent any attempt made by others to decoy away a lamb of my flock."

"And did my uncle interfere as you expected?"

"Not *as* I expected; for he met the dilemma, not by expostulation or argument, but by frantic violence! Mrs. Haggerston was forbidden the hall; while towards Father Dormer, he threatened insult and violence, should he ever set foot within his domain!"

"The life of poor Lady Margaret, in short, was rendered still more miserable than before?"

"So much so, that I sincerely regretted my interference. I now felt that it was with her, rather than her husband, I should have remonstrated. The fact was, that Mrs. Ashworth's marriage had effected such a revolution in the character of Sir Ralph Western, that his oldest friends knew not how to deal with him."

"What a reproach to human nature," cried I, thinking aloud, "that in private, as in public, life, half the violence, half the crimes, half the sufferings of mankind, have been effected under the pretended influence of a religion of mercy and peace!"

"The influence of religion," rejoined Dr. Hipsley, "is and ought to be the most stringent of which the human mind is susceptible. No wonder, therefore, that in some instances the zeal to which frailer natures are incited should become excessive and pernicious. The mind of Lady Margaret, exalted by religious controversies wholly new to her, was unluckily just then exposed to nervous excitation by her prospect of becoming a mother; and it is the opinion of the medical men in attendance upon poor Mr. Cuthbert, that the germ of the grievous tendency to insanity which has developed itself in his constitution, was sown at that unlucky period by the mental disturbance of his mother."

"In early life, then," said I, "my cousin was as other children?"

"If any other child ever existed so gifted with beauty and genius!" was the doctor's enthusiastic reply. "His mother survived his birth just

long enough to foresee that in *him* she should find a reward for all her troubles. Never did I see a woman so passionately attached to her child! Even Sir Ralph came in for his share of her overflowing affections. They became almost reconciled, almost happy; Lady Margaret seemed to have forgotten Campley, and have recovered the temporary vacillations of her religious faith."

"A proof that her fluctuation of opinions resulted from the influence of worldly disappointment on a feeble mind."

"Unfortunately," resumed Dr. Hipsley, "the estrangement between the hall and Campley was so complete that Lady Margaret, though aware that her friend had, in her turn, become a mother, knew not that Mrs. Haggerston had from that period fallen into a rapid decline. Verbal messages had been despatched by the invalid to Westfern, entreating a visit from her friend. But they were intercepted by Sir Ralph, who could not bring himself to endanger his newly-found domestic happiness by the renewal of the intimacy he held so injurious."

"But he at least acquainted his wife with Mrs. Haggerston's illness?"

"Not by a syllable; and the blow fell heavily upon her indeed, when at length she learned from myself that her poor Agnes was on her death-bed! I need not say that she was at Campley as fast as horses could convey her thither. But she arrived too late. All she found was Father Dornier praying beside the fair and wasted corpse, and the poor squire breaking his heart over the helpless girl he held in his arms."

"I can readily imagine her self-reproaches. Yet my uncle was the only person to blame."

"So thought not Mr. Haggerston, whose temper is not a forbearing one, and who reviled her as unworthy of the tears which his poor dying wife had shed on her account. 'Agnes commanded her poor babe to your kindness,' cried he. 'With her last breath she charged you to be tender over her orphan!' And poor Lady Margaret, who was weeping on her knees by the bedside, instantly sealed with fervent kisses on the clay cold hand of her friend, a solemn pledge that Agnes Haggerston should be through life as a child of her own."

"Which promise her husband could not forbid her to fulfil!"

"A greater than her husband forbade it! Within the year Lady Margaret was laid in the grave! But Sir Ralph was fully apprised of all that had passed; and, cut to the soul by the prospect of losing his wife, the mother of his promising boy, acceded to her request that he would proceed more than half-way in overtures of reconciliation to Campley; and such is the cordiality of Haggerston's nature, that they were readily accepted. Nothing, in short, appeared so much to solace the dying lady of the hall as to have the infant of her departed friend upon her knee, with little Cuthbert standing beside her, in admiration of its miniature graces."

"Such then," cried I, "is the origin of the fond friendship I have so often wondered at!—such the grievous termination of a romance so sadly begun."

"The termination?" ejaculated my reverend companion, "alas! the saddest portion of the story is yet to come!"

And as we had now reached the outskirts of my uncle's domain, so that the smoke could be seen rising above the trees from the chimneys of the hall, he related in terms more succinct what remained to be told.

"After the death of Lady Margaret," said he, "the children grew together like offspring of the same parents. They were seldom a day apart. Mr. Cuthbert, older by two years than Miss Haggerston, prided himself, even in his childhood, on being the natural protector of his little sister; nor till Miss Haggerston was ten years old, and Father Dormer decided that it was time she should be removed to the convent in Lancashire, where her education was completed, did it seem to occur to the children that they were ever to part. The squire, indeed, was anxious to place his daughter with the Ursulines of Bruges, by whom her mother had been reared. But the artful priest would not hear of it. His eye was firmly fixed upon the rich heritage of Western Hall."

"And he did not wish to expose my cousin's attachment to the ordeal of too complete an estrangement. But how could he suppose that a high churchman like my uncle would ever consent to the union of his heir with a papist?"

"What he thought, or what any of them thought, must be left to surmise; but it was generally believed that, on her death-bed, Lady Margaret had extracted a promise from her husband that, should her son and Agnes Haggerston become permanently attached, he would not oppose their marriage."

"And after the poor little girl was transferred to her convent?"

"After the poor little girl was transferred to her convent, Cuthbert, under the care of a strict tutor, devoted himself to his studies. Sir Ralph has been much blamed for not having sent him at once to a public school. Weak people, who fancy that roughing it at Eton is a cure for all natural defects, fancy that even latent insanity will give way to their potent system! But I, who have known your cousin from his birth, have reason to think, Mr. Ashworth, that the vigilant eye of a father had already discerned his infirmity; and that Sir Ralph did not choose to trust him out of his sight."

"Poor Cuthbert!"

"Once or twice a year, of course, Miss Agnes made her appearance at Campley, lovelier and sweeter, and more amiable than ever; to be caressed by her two fathers, and worshipped by the infatuated boy, who, from the time he was fifteen, saw no object but *her* in the creation. There was something almost affecting, indeed, in the manner in which his soul was wrapt up in this little absent sister! When I used to meet him loitering beside the river with his tutor, or cantering along the high road to Campley, and stop him to inquire whether they had any news of Miss Agnes, his countenance always brightened into a supernatural expression, like an alabaster vase in which a lamp has been lighted."

"And did the attachment appear mutual?" I inquired, in a hesitating tone.

"My opportunities were few of seeing them together," replied the rector. "They were *said* to love each other dearly. But the rare occasions that placed them under my observation inspired me with an opinion that Miss Haggerston already experienced some strange sort of anxiety on Cuthbert's account. Something of his malady had probably demonstrated itself. Not to weary your patience, before the young lady had ceased to be a child in any other eyes than those of her worshipper, he acquainted his father of his determination to have no other wife, in terms which decided Sir Ralph Western to explain himself fully to the squire. Already Hag-

gerston had a thousand times sworn in his presence that he would not give his daughter to the sovereign of the realm, unless he were of the Catholic persuasion, so that on that point they were fully understood ; and it was only the excited state of Mr. Cuthbert's mind, and the dread of seeing him sink, like his mother, into an untimely grave, which induced his unhappy father to propose a compromise. And an unlucky one it proved."

Dr. Kipsley stopped short. For we had now reached the iron fence dividing the pleasure grounds of the hall from the park, just where a foot-path, branching to the village, was to separate me from my companion. Leaning against the gate in a few hurried sentences he related the rest.

"Your uncle proposed," said he, "to settle his whole fortune on Agnes and her children, in the event of her marriage with Cuthbert. He even consented that his son should embrace the Roman Catholic faith. But the recantation, he said, must be grounded on *conviction*. His son must not merely obtain the hand of the girl he loved, abandon the faith which his ancestors had died on the field and the scaffold to establish. Father Dormer was of course prompt in his offers of instruction. But these were courteously declined. At Westfern or Campley, the old baronet considered his son to be too much under the influence of associations connected with his besetting passion. And on pretence of affording him a wider field for controversial inquiry, but in reality, I suspect, trusting that change of scene and an extended sphere of observation would produce some change in his intentions, he dispatched Mr. Cuthbert on a tour through France and Spain, attended by old Bernard, and an authorised preceptor. They spent the Winter at Burgos."

"From whence he returned, of course, a bigoted Catholic?"

"He returned raving mad ! The abstruse studies in which he was permitted to indulge, and the rage of doctrinal discussions agitated around him, proved too much for a brain already infirm. From that period the young man has enjoyed lucid intervals ; but scarcely a month together of settled health."

"My poor, *poor* uncle !"

"Ay ! I believe his self-upbraidings have been pretty severe ! After all, he acted upon an error of judgment. Could he have supposed that the theological studies he proposed would produce so sad a result, I suspect he would have allowed his son to turn Mahomedan rather than risk his loss of intellect !"

"And Agnes?" said I, in a less assured voice.

"Agnes behaved like an angel !" was his terse reply. "Miss Haggerston is not so strict a Catholic as to have resisted my overtures of friendship. My love of Cuthbert, my admiration of Cuthbert, have obtained me some share of the confidence of this forlorn young girl ; and it was from her own lips I learned much of their family history. Whenever our poor young friend is at the hall, her time is devoted to rendering his life pleasant—to ministering to his wishes—to compliance with his whims. When disease once more overtakes him, and he is removed to the Heath, she expends the interim of his absence in preparing for his return."

"They are doubtless in hopes that, sooner or later, he will recover sufficiently to enable them to carry out their original project?" I inquired with tremulous anxiety.

"The two fathers have more than once asserted him to be completely convalescent," rejoined Dr. Hipsley ; "being convinced that a marriage

with the object of his passionate love would perfect his recovery. But—" he paused.

"*But—what?*"

"Agnes will not hear of it! The devotedness of Miss Haggerston to your unfortunate cousin is all the more praiseworthy, that she entertains the greatest horror of insanity. She is never in his presence without a thrill of terror. Her heaviest task is to conceal from him the feelings of repugnance with which he inspires her."

"But how scandalous, in that case, to force her into his presence! How unpardonable on the part of my uncle to encroach upon her goodness of heart!"

"They probably expect that time and habits will reconcile her to the presence of the being so devoted to her. Besides, all reasonable hope of his recovery is not yet at an end. At this very moment I find wonders are predicted for him from a new mode of treatment. Let us pray, my dear Mr. Ashworth for a favourable result! And now, good morning. My road lies to the left. I will not fail to wait upon Sir Ralph Westfern to-morrow about the assistance to be given to the unfortunate sufferers at the Bardyn mine."

JEANNIE O' THE GLEN.

A BALLAD.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THERE'S beauty in the lily pale,
There's fragrance in the rose,
There's perfume in the flow'ry vale,
And where the heather grows.
But richer beauty far I trace,
And lovelier to the ken,
Concentred in the blooming face
O' Jeannie o' the glen.
There's music in the passing wind
That murmurs thro' the lea,
There's melody to charm the mind
From every bird and bee.
But would ye bid the heart rejoice
In nature's tones?—oh! then,
Ye need but hear the liquid voice
O' Jeannie o' the glen.
There's freedom in the wild deer's flight
The mountain path along,
And where the lark, in dizzy height,
Pours forth his gush of song.
But most, where freedom loves to dwell
From all intruding men,
Is in the heart she keeps hersel'
Young Jeannie o' the glen.

SAUL LE BLANC;
OR,
THE SLAVE'S LESSON.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

I. THE SLAVE-OWNER'S SON.

It was nigh midnight. In the best apartment of an old tumble-down house situated in an obscure lane in Bermondsey, two men were seated at a table, in the enjoyment at once of conversation and a bottle. One of them, Saul le Blanc, was a charlatan, a quack, who affected astrology, and manufactured elixirs for "fortifying life and preventing the coming on of old age;" he was the occupier of the house. The other, Mr. Thoroton, was an acquaintance of Saul's; and he had just requested the charlatan to relate the story of his own life.

"You shall have the story with pleasure," replied Saul; "it is not very common in its details, and it may occasionally surprise you. But life itself is a marvel, and human nature a standing ever-visible miracle."

After pausing for the space of a few moments, as though to collect his thoughts, he thus commenced:

"We grow up," said Saul, "in the innocent ignorance of childhood—a mystery of simplicity. It is only our after-life that enables us to become conscious of our former selves. I shall rather, therefore, tell you what I subsequently became acquainted with, than barely the fragments of my own recollections.

"My father, M. le Blanc, was a Louisianian gentleman, a creole by birth; born, like myself, in the city of New Orleans, upon the Mississippi. Like many of the descendants of the ancient French families of the state of Louisiana, he was the inheritor of extensive and valuable property, well stocked with every suitable description of cattle, and peopled by between three and four hundred slaves. On his plantation, which abutted on that noble river, I was sent to be brought up, rather than have my life risked amidst the disease and summer-fever of the city. The earliest impression that I recollect was, that my father owned every thing, and was the master of the world. I saw multitudes of darker-coloured beings than myself daily at his beck and command, gathering in his maize and his sugar-cane; and, child-like, I deduced from this that all mankind obeyed my father, and would also in time come to obey me. This notion was, I believe, encouraged rather than repressed, as showing spirit and high-breeding. Unchecked, or otherwise instructed, I took thoughtless delight in domineering over, and whipping, the little negroes who were permitted to be my companions. I erected a mimic post like the overseer's, and lashed them, when they displeased me, with a 'cow-hide' of green-twisted bark. This early development of the genial spirit, excited my father's laughter; as I well remember his being a not unfrequent witness of these juvenile exhibitions, and shaking his sides with mirth, as I wheeled, in childish spite, backs bigger than my own; and extorted plaints of anguish which, after I grew up to years of reflection, often rung in my ears with horror. It must be that at the unthinking time of

life the worst foundations are often laid, for up to the present hour I have never wholly overgot the influence of these early trainings. I grew up the most perfect tyrant that perhaps a misdirected youth could possibly be; for no one ever attempted, in the least thing, to curb my temper, except my mother.

" 'Saul!' she used to say to me sometimes, 'you must not be cruel to these black children. They look out of a dark habitation, but they live in the same God's light as you. Remember they are slaves, but you, your father says, are free.'

"I knew not then what she meant by saying, 'you, *your father says*, are free.' And slavery and freedom meant no more to me than working and being whipped, and being indolent oneself with the power to whip others.

"My mother was a beautiful woman, not twenty years of age when I was born; and so nearly white, that years passed over before I knew otherwise than that she was of pure European blood. While the independence which she practically enjoyed—so different to the lives of the coloured multitude upon my father's plantation—never allowed the most remote idea to enter my mind that she was in reality no more free than they. But the stain of a darker race—perhaps the last and least visible that nature could have recognised—was there still, and that constituted her title to slavery, like all the rest. Nay, what was more, I was myself a slave too, if my father chose to consider me so. My freedom depended wholly on his will. He might sell me if he would, or he might hold me as one born free. The dark blood was in my veins, though few might see it. Enough that the taint could be traced; I was born to obey, though as yet permitted to command.

"On first becoming acquainted with these facts, I might be fourteen or fifteen years old. The utter and sudden revulsion that then took place in my feelings, I can scarcely describe; for it was too intense to leave distinct impressions on my mind. The whole world seemed reversed—turned upside down—changed, and darkened. I seemed to see with new eyes,—darker eyes than before. I wept bitterly over my mother and myself, and tore my clothes with rage and horror. I went to look anew at myself in the glass. A black girl was cleaning it at the time, but she hastily got out of the way, as usual, of the whip that I had in my hand. She knew not the boy was changed. I spoke kindly to her: that girl ~~was~~ of my own race—my blood relation. Well, I could see no negro in my features, but still I fancied they were darker than I had observed before. It is true they grew red, and then white—beautiful white—the colour of the great and powerful, the never-to-be-sold, the free! Oh! how I wished they might never grow less white again! But my hair was too curled, and I tore it as if into strings. Then I fancied myself tied to a whipping-post. I felt the lashes in my flesh—I shrieked and swore. The news had thrown me into a fever, and the fever into a delirium. They carried me to bed; and I remember nothing more than until I waked quietly one night, as if out of a horrible vision, and cast my eyes around, glad at my deliverance. A close mosquito-curtain was all over my bed; I seemed to be shut alone in a little room of gauze, outside of which the shrill pipe of that pestilent insect made all the sound I could hear. A lamp, placed out of sight, threw a calm illumination over the room, and projected the distinct shadow of a woman upon an opposite wall.

I felt to have waked into a heaven of softness and repose ; and for a time forbore to speak or move. At length, the woman's shadow stirred ; it seemed as if it would listen. The woman came close to my curtain, but made no more noise in moving than did the shadow. She lifted up the curtain, and I spoke. She answered 'with a shriek of joy, and a wild, yet subdued, cry, 'He is saved ! he is saved !' and fell upon my neck. It was my mother. But, oh, God ! shall I ever forget, in time or in eternity, *another* sound that grated along with that mortal voice ? It was the clanking of a chain ! My mother *was* a slave, and I was a slave ; and my fancied dream of hell was true ! I leaped violently upwards, but she caught me in her arms, and held me fast.

" 'Do not mind the chain,' she exclaimed, divining the cause of my excitement, 'it is a gift from your father—a present—a token—a silver chain from Potosi ; it is an ornament.'

"But its cold links, small and square as they were, touched my bared breast like ice and death ; and, for the first time since I was born, I doubted my mother's word, I could not believe her.

" 'Look,' said she, 'it is only round my neck and on my wrists.' See you, my boy, it is solid silver—all silver ?

"But I observed it was fastened with a collar round her neck, and, dividing into two branches, extended to her wrists, where it was fixed in a similar manner. I could not be persuaded that decorations merely, should be made like shackles ; and yet I could neither, on the other hand, understand why, with chains, her arms should be perfectly free. But fever was still on my brain, and things in themselves the most simple, were confused, and perplexed into knots which I could not untie. My mind became embarrassed to a painful degree, from a consciousness of which, only an increase in my disorder relieved me: But it is useless to dwell upon that time of sickness.

"With the comparative coolness of the latter months of the year, I recovered. I could again walk slowly in the open air, and see again all with which I had been familiar from my childhood. But I saw it without pleasure ; rather with pain, to feel and know how the world changes with the change of ourselves. In the coloured people of the plantation I now saw beings like myself, for I now for the first time possessed the dreadful knowledge that I myself was like them. I could behold only slaves. Their mirth was melancholy to me, and I wondered how they could ever laugh and sing. It seemed as if a shadow, a cloud, a sadness had fallen upon the expression of all nature. My days of boyish happiness had been suddenly and abruptly cut off. Ended like a happy dance, stopped by instant darkness.

"I wandered about the plantation like one lost ; but my mind was beset by a thousand wild and visionary projects for running away with my mother, at once from my parent and my owner. Fugitive slaves often fled into the swamps, and defied their pursuers at the muzzle of the rifle. Should I possess myself of one of my father's guns, and fly to the swamps for freedom ? The wily alligator had no terrors for me then, and the gigantic fan-like leaves of the sinnet grass seemed to offer me a bed and shelter. Or should I rather steal a boat, if opportunity came, and drop down the Mississippi by night, to the great water across which, I had heard, no slaves were known. And then again the thought would come, why run away at all ? Why be unhappy and discontented ? For though

a slave by law, and at my father's will if he chose it, yet he had never made like a slave of me ; he had brought me up as free, and showed me a thousand indulgences too many. True, he might change his mind ; there was no security against that. He might conceive a dislike of my mother and myself ; we might some day offend him mortally, and then he would sell us, perhaps to different masters, and we should be parted in certain slavery for ever. Such were the projects and conjectures of uncertainty and fear. But it will not surprise you that I failed in courage and resolution to put any of them to the test of an attempt, and the more especially as I had been undeceived with respect to my mother's chain, which was in reality what she had represented it, and because also I found, if possible, greater kindness than ever, shown towards both of us by M. Le Blanc, my father. But this additional kindness of his, subsequently, appeared to be only assumed, for the purpose of aggravating a certain intentional atrocity (as it then seemed) which soon followed.

"No sooner had my health become perfectly restored, than M. Le Blanc took a convenient opportunity one day, to converse with me, much after the following manner ; I remember the circumstance well, we were sitting on a seat beneath three large fig-trees at the time.

"*'Saul,'* said he, *'it is high time you began to do something for your living, and to learn something more than you have learned yet. I have been long thinking the matter over ; I have carefully remarked your disposition, which, until very recently, seemed marked more by cruelty than the common humanity of youth and early innocence ; I have not suffered you to go on thus without a motive, but whether,'* continued M. Le Blanc, *as if speaking alone rather than addressing me, 'whether that motive will justify all I have permitted, and what I am about to do, God alone must be my judge.'*

"Then turning to me, he said very solemnly,—

"*'I am about to teach you a lesson, Saul, that you will remember to the last day of your life. One that will be too severe to be forgotten ; but one which I trust will comprehend within itself more of the great principles of truth and justice than you would gather from a hundred volumes. It will be terrible to you to suffer, and painful to me to inflict. But even if it be at the risk of life, I will, if possible, strike the roots of justice and humanity so deeply into your soul, that the world shall never pluck them out again, nor the sordid interests of life ever induce you to consent to their sacrifice.*

"*'This you cannot understand at present, nor why I should act in the manner proposed towards you ; but when the proper time comes you will find it all out. What time will that be ? do you ask. It will be when I—whether I shall have done for you good or evil, will be alike beyond the reach of your thanks as of your indignation.*

"*'My conduct must at present appear incomprehensible to you—it cannot be otherwise. But whatever I do, as my son, obey me ! if not, as my slave you shall be compelled !'*

"*'I thought my father's lips quivered, and his voice certainly fell weak and tremulous as he uttered those dreadful words. He then called for—towards a slave whom he had previously stationed within hail of us, and, as he approached, M. Le Blanc said to him,*

"*'Now Thomas, take off this young man's finery, clothe him the same as yourselves, and then lead him into the field to his work. Henceforward he is to be considered as my slave.'*

"On hearing this, and as Thomas began to help off the clothing of the son to substitute that of the abject servant, I cried with mental anguish and horror, and shrieked loudly and repeatedly the name of my mother.

"Just as I was re-habited in my new garments of degradation, she appeared amongst us. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, but she said,

"Be at peace, my child, be quiet! It is necessary, it is for your own good, and the good of others. You will not be so for ever,—only for a while. M. Le Blanc may seem harsh to you now, but he is a good man, and you will live to know it."

"This totally unexpected speech only aggravated my distress, for it seemed to say I had not one friend now left, not even in my mother. They conducted me to the fields, and pointed out the work I had to perform. But I was abandoned to despair, and throwing myself on the ground, refused to put my hand to it. Persuasions and even threats were useless, for I fully persuaded myself the whole was only a serious jest. For that day my obstinacy was overlooked, but when we retired from the fields to our huts, at sunset, an intimation was conveyed to me by the overseer, that the same indulgence would not be extended towards me on the morrow; and, therefore, I had better prepare myself, with willing compliance, to perform my allotted task. The morrow came, and found me as unwilling and unyielding as before. My father was informed of my perverseness, and he immediately ordered me to receive ten lashes, within his own sight. They were inflicted, while he stood, like a thoughtful statue, at no great distance apart. I saw that he wept silently as he gazed, but I *would not* weep at all. What a monstrous and inexplicable thing did this appear to me! That a man should sorrow over the punishment himself inflicted. But I knew not then how deep the human heart may be; as thousands live and die and never know, even at the grave-side.

"His tears, however, made more impression upon me than did the lash. They had a powerful and mysterious influence upon me which I could not account for, unless it was because they were themselves so mysterious and unaccountable.

"'Take me back,' I said, to the overseer, 'let me go into the field! your whip might kill, but it would not overcome me; it is not *that*. I will work for my *father*, but not for my owner.'

"The overseer smiled, and as he twirled the lash in the air looked at it with a peculiar grimace, as though he would have said to it, '*There is more virtue in thee than thou hast credit for!*' However, I passed this by, apparently unnoticed, and that day did more work than any one about me; and from that time forwards all—in this respect—went on well; though day and night, so to speak, my thoughts were busy upon new plans and projects for effecting my escape. Nay, my feelings began eventually to carry me even farther than this—beyond the mere selfishness of the thing—and to the conception of a plot for the liberation of all the slaves, my unhappy brethren, as I thought them, upon the plantation. I knew, if such a design could be carried into execution, it would prove the ruin of my father; but what then? If a man's prosperity is to be built upon the shattered bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures, the sooner he himself becomes a ruin, the better in the eye of humanity and of God. Thus was it that I *then* thought."

"And would to that same God," exclaimed Mr. Thoroton, for the first time interrupting this singular narrative, "would to God that you thought so now!"

"Sentiments," replied Saul, coldly, "change with age, and circumstances, and experience. You will soon hear, sir, how mine changed in this very same respect very shortly afterwards, merely because of the change that took place in my own position. Such difference does there come between the inflictor and the afflicted, the oppressor and the oppressed! They see with opposite powers of sight, like two men who look through opposite ends of a telescope—the slave magnifies his master to a monster, the master diminishes his inferior to an atom."

"True to the very letter!" exclaimed Thoroton; "and as we change from one to the other we feel ourselves enlarged or lessened in proportion."

"Shall I conclude this narrative?" asked Saul, "or does it grow tedious?"

"Pray continue it," replied his hearer, "I am deeply interested."

"The termination was singular," observed the narrator, "whatever the beginning might have been. But let us first renew the bottle."

II. THE SLAVE-OWNER.

"OF course I had been taught to read and write long before this time," resumed Saul, "I was the only *slave* who could do so, and the means of improvement were by no means withheld from me. But another very remarkable circumstance in this strange affair was, that the greater part of all the books put into my hands by order of M. Le Blanc, were written apparently with an intention to stir up the soul to enlarged and comprehensive views; to induce a hatred of all tyranny, and implant in the heart the love of freedom and independence. Was this done to enhance my misery? They fired me with sentiments which made my present destiny more hateful, and the thought of being a slave less endurable than the bodily misery of it. I pondered upon these tales of heroic action, until liberty became to me the one sole good of the world, and the courage needed to achieve for oneself and others the only true virtue of a man. I read the histories of Hofer and of William Tell, until my eyes were blinded with water; and nothing but giving audible vent to my mingled sensations of sympathy, and exultation, and rage, seemed to keep my heart from burning. The value of life itself, without liberty, gradually diminished in my estimation, until it became totally lost in the high air of an enthusiasm which is easier felt than expressed in language. At the same time my feelings of pity and benevolence towards all fellow-sufferers were wrought to the highest pitch. In short, I became to myself a perfect hero—but it was a hero without action, and undistinguished by a single deed of note, or even an attempt to achieve one. Nevertheless the seed was well sown, and time only seemed necessary to call it forth to light and life. Yet a period of about three years passed over my head in this manner, and without my having in the least been able to fathom the motives by which M. Le Blanc was actuated in pursuing towards me a piece of behaviour so extraordinary. He himself, I was assured, watched me with intense secret interest, though he outwardly held me very much aloof; while my mother, strictly, though with difficulty, abstained from letting fall the least hint by which I might be enabled to conjecture the intent and object of my personal slavery. During that lengthened

period, however, I had made use of all opportunities—and they were innumerable—for trying the tempers and testing the inclinations of some fifty, at least, of the most active male slaves on the plantation, respecting a comprehensive project for effecting our escape in a body. My design was to take to the swamps and forests direct ; to keep out of the scent of all settlements and locations, and endeavour to reach some free northern state through the mountains and wildernesses of the west. But I found them at once so stupid and debased, so spiritless, and at the same time so dreadfully treacherous amongst themselves, that my only reward was the disappointment and misery of knowing that slavery must be everlasting if to slaves be left the task of redemption. In fact, this almost universal disposition amongst the coloured people to betray one another ; this incontinence of a secret, which seems to be bred in their very blood and bones, is in reality, in my opinion, at this very day, the grand safety-valve for the free white population of the southern states of my native land. But for this, they must be swept away by the physical force of the slaves, which, in reality, is so much greater than their own. But the blacks find it impossible ever to load their cannon without some of the artillery-men telling the world when and where they are likely to be let off. This I have experienced,” continued Saul, “and to my sorrow found to be too true.

“ Well, sir, mortified and indignant, I resolved forthwith to confine my attempt to myself, and, when convenient, to make it alone. This was in the heat of passion, and at the moment : but afterwards the lessons of the books I had read, the examples of that peculiar greatness in men which compels them to consider others rather than themselves, rushed back upon my mind and shamed me out of an ignoble and solitary attempt at freedom. ‘ Better,’ they seemed to proclaim aloud, ‘ to fail greatly than to succeed selfishly and with meanness.’ In a noble moment I formed another resolution to liberate every soul in the shape of slave, man, woman, and child, upon those grounds. This time I carefully concealed the exact object of my design from any one, and merely appointed five young fellows, whom I found most trustworthy, to meet me at an appointed spot about moonrise. That was nigh upon eleven of the clock. My intention was, when we met, to declare the plantation in a state of insurrection ; to proceed with them to the house of M. Le Blanc for the purpose of securing him, or, in case of hesitation or non-compliance on their part, to shoot down the objectors and swim the Mississippi for my own life.

“ About nine o’clock, however, on the appointed night, M. Le Blanc—who had been confined by illness two days—sent to the hut in which I lived a message to the effect that he wanted to see me immediately. ‘ My plot is discovered,’ thought I, ‘ and I am betrayed !’ But my courage did not fail me. I was ready to meet torture and death itself. The determination and self-reliance which possessed me at that moment I shall never forget. I felt like a voluntary sacrifice for the salvation of my kind. Evasion or disguise I rejected as cowardly and contemptible, and resolved so to bear myself throughout the approaching scene, as should prove that so far from considering myself guilty of any crime, I gloried in my design, and now lived only to regret its failure.

“ No long time elapsed before I stood in the presence of M. Le Blanc. He was raised partly up on pillows in his bed, and near him sat a stranger

from Orleans, whom I—as it proved, mistakenly—considered to be his physician.

“‘So, young man,’ said M. Le Blanc, in a weak voice, ‘such, I understand, is your dislike of slavery, that you have repeatedly designed to run away.’”

“‘I have.’”

“‘And all that I said to you on that day when you were first sent into the field, you have forgotten—or you do not believe,—which?’”

“‘I could not understand it.’”

“‘And therefore doubted it. It would have been better had you doubted your own judgment instead. You consider it right to deprive me of your services for ever by running away?’”

“‘I consider it perfectly right to do so.’”

“‘Why so?’”

“‘Because, in the first place, you can have no just title to them; and, in the second, they are stolen rights. And what is stolen can never properly be considered, in any light, as the *property* of the thief. Nobody can *rob* him by taking it back again.’”

“‘Of course you consider every other slave to possess the same right in this respect as yourself?’”

“‘Undoubtedly.’”

“‘And that each and all ought to be free?’”

“‘Most assuredly.’”

“‘And you see no crime in seducing others of my people away, and thus depriving me of my possessions and inheritance?’”

“‘None. As I said before, the property obtained and retained by violence may be resumed without crime or robbery.’”

“‘And what did you meditate doing to-night? for I have heard of your appointments.’”

“‘I would, if possible, have enabled every slave upon the estate to make his escape and become free.’”

“‘You would?’”

“‘I would; as I live at this moment.’”

“‘And how came such feelings and ideas as these you have recently expressed, to possess you so confidently and firmly?’”

“‘Blessed be God!’ I exclaimed, ‘from knowing that I was myself a slave, and from reading the books which *my father* put into my hands!’”

“‘It is well,’ ejaculated M. Le Blanc, ‘it is well! and to-night you shall be at liberty to carry out your enterprise. Pray,’ said he, ‘hand me a glass of wine, for I must have strength to talk a little while, and my time is ebbing fast. My son!’ and he extended his hand for me to clasp, ‘you have come to the death-bed of your father! The time is now arrived of which I ‘oretold you, when you should know all’ My father sighed deeply, and I saw that his words were too true;—another sun denied to shine on him. A sudden and rapid illness, which in that climate quickly proves fatal, had seized him, and defied all care and skill. Of this sickness you will easily conjecture, I had taken advantage for the meditated attempt of that night.”

“‘You *must* think, Saul,’ he resumed, ‘that I have acted very strangely towards you. True, in appearance perhaps more than in reality, I have. You shall hear my reasons.”

“‘My father brought me up on this estate, as you have been brought

up by your father ; though by no means under the same discipline. He gave me a very liberal education, insomuch that nothing was withheld from me which I chose to read. My library grew from a box into a book-case, and from a bookcase to a room.

“ I early imbibed principles similar to those of which you have so recently boasted, and have so much reason to be proud. Slavery in any and every shape I abhorred : though I by no means considered it peculiar, as our European brethren represent it, to our own country institutions, or to a name. I saw much slavery elsewhere in the name of freedom ; and reflected with pain upon the easy deceptions which a good or an ill title may be made the vehicle of imposing upon mankind. The principle of oppression is the principle of slavery, no matter whether it exist under the name of ‘ Free-born Englishmen,’ or of absolute compulsion upon the bodies of the blacks of Guinea. I frequently spoke with my father upon these subjects of human liberty, and the natural rights of man. We always differed in our views and opinions : sometimes more widely and painfully than father and son should ever differ, if the ever sacred bonds of relationship and affection are to remain untried and unbroken. Perhaps I need hardly say that my father was a rigid advocate for domestic slavery, and I, if possible, a more rigid opponent of it. I denied it upon every ground, religious, social, and moral. I even opposed it on the score of economy, and demonstrated to my own satisfaction, if not to his, that slave-labour was dearer than the labour of free men. He met my statements rather with passion than with argument ; and on one sad occasion pronounced me an insurrectionist, and an incendiary ; adding, that were the same sentiments as I had expressed uttered anywhere else in the state of Louisiana than in *that* house, I should certainly *deserve* to be Lynched at once. This terrible judgment, as I then considered it, terrible in its words, as well as its injustice, roused my passions, and tempted me to declare that, so far did I adhere to my own principles, that the very day on which Providence might call him to his account, and me to succeed him, I would emancipate every slave that trod within his fences. ‘ THEN MY WILL IS SEALED,’ said he, ‘ YOU SHALL NOT INHERIT A DOLLAR!’ I made no reply to this. The conversation there ended, and it was never again resumed between us to the hour of his death. He is long since gone,’ added M. Le Blanc, ‘ to where the truth is known, the justice judged. Thither I am going also—’

“ My father stopped there,” observed Saul, “ and could not finish his sentence. The strange gentleman, who, I told you was present, gave him more wine to rally his sinking strength and spirits, after which he continued :—

“ ‘ But my father did not make his will away from me, as he had formally threatened. He left every thing he possessed, without any exception, to myself. But it was all hinged on the sole condition that I should not free one single slave. If I did the whole was to pass to other hands, which he had provisionally pointed out. In that case, I, without a profession or the means of subsistence, should have been left totally destitute. My theoretical virtue proved too weak to overcome this barrier. I broke my vow, if such it could be called, and retained the slaves and the estate to this hour. Still my principles remained unchanged. But I saw that something more than a mere mental conviction was required to secure the performance of such a sacrifice as this emancipation must needs be to the man who makes it. That *something more* appeared to me most

likely to be added by making the man himself a slave. For it is weakness and inhumanity of human nature to behold with calm indifference that suffering amongst others, not one-thousandth fraction of which we ourselves can bear with patience. Hence it was, Saul, that I made a slave of *you*. The suffering has been great for both; for me as well as for you: but let us hope, henceforwards, you will prove all the better man and the nobler soul for it.

"I felt the injustice of being myself constrained and compelled to act contrary to my own convictions, and consequently determined never to impose such an oppressive regulation upon another. The circumstances of your birth, and the discretionary power which the law left me as your father and owner, presented me with other means to the same end, and through your own personal feelings I sought to compass that end. Your sentiments, and your projected attempts at escape, prove that the object I had in view is gained. It is easy and pleasant to be a slave-owner, but intolerable to be oneself a slave. Individual experience of misery will best stimulate a fellow-feeling for the miserable, and enlarge the circle of charity and sympathy for all who suffer like ourselves. You will soon be at liberty, my son, to carry all your plans of benevolence and humanity into effect, without secrecy, and without what the law designates as crime. And now, Monsieur Freret," added my father, addressing the strange gentleman present; "will you, my friend, discharge your portion of this duty to the youth, and I shall rest satisfied?"

"M. Freret then proceeded to inform me that the credentials of my own freedom were already lodged in proper hands in the city, and that my father, finding himself in imminent danger, had made his will, and appointed me heir to the whole estate without condition or restriction of any kind.

"I leave the rest, Saul," interrupted M. Le Blanc, "to the stern lesson you have learned, and to your own integrity."

"This unexpected scene, and strange reverse, astonished and confounded me. I had not words to express my sensations; but fell upon the bed overcome with amazement and emotion.

"What hour," asked my father, in a sinking voice, "were you to liberate the slaves?"

"At moonrise—at eleven," I sobbed.

"And what time is it now?"

"Gone ten," said M. Freret.

"There will be time," gasped my father, "keep your appointment, Saul. They will then be *your own*. Make them free—free, even as —" My father seemed that moment to die. But soon afterwards we distinctly heard a voice again—changed in its tone, but still my father's, though his features were rigid and his lips motionless—we heard a voice again in the room, solemnly repeat the words,—"*Make them free, even as I now am!*"

"I rushed from the room in terror, and M. Freret followed me, scarcely less alarmed. Neither of us could believe it was the body that spoke.

"When we grew more assured, and returned to the chamber, the rigidity of the face had departed, the eyes were wide open and bright, and a smile of calmness and peace, such as I never saw in life, was settled upon my father's countenance. But he was dead as a stone.

"And now, I was master! I, who had expected the torture of a faithless slave, had found instead, freedom, dignity, and wealth, and all so suddenly,

so dreamlike! I knew not what first to think of, or what to do. My faculties were half overwhelmed, and I laughed and cried by fits. The thought of my mother flashed across my mind, and I flew to her apartment. I told her all, and how my father died.

" 'He was a man,' she said, 'whose goodness was only made known at the last, when his humility might escape our mortal thanks.'

"A ray of light fell through the window on my face. The moon had risen! Then the time-bell struck—it was eleven! I rushed from the house, and speeded rapidly towards a wood which had been appointed for the rendezvous of the slaves. Prosperity had already made me late!"

Here Saul paused during the space of a minute or two, as though gathering up his thoughts, and framing new language for what followed.

III.—THE CASE IS ALTERED.

"AND now, Mr. Thoroton," resumed Saul, "what does your insight of man's character lead you to think I did?—But let me remark first, though, perhaps, you already know it; that avarice is the dominant passion of my life: I felt it glow within me first that night, when to possess and to adore my possessions, seemed almost one and the same thing. It might be as if a demon had entered my body and wholly possessed me, so changed was I within three mortal hours. Under the shadow of the pomegranate-trees I saw my five trustworthy fellows. They were worth two thousand five hundred dollars, those fellows! 'Slaves!' said I, 'nothing can be done. Return to your huts peaceably and quietly. To-morrow you will know more. I then dismissed them as they had come. *They were my own, now.* You appreciate the difference, sir, by this time, between giving away one's own, and disposing of other people's property.

"It was the recollection of this, Mr. Thoroton, that made me say awhile ago, how circumstances alter sentiments, and how our own individual position colours almost every thing we think and do. This conduct certainly looks very much like what the world calls treason to my own avowed principles, and treachery to the accomplices I had engaged. But the man who would condemn me, must be placed exactly as I then was placed, before he could make me believe that he would not have done the same thing.

"The first act of my new power was to emancipate my mother, which was done on the following morning. The second—for which I shall be condemned, but I do not care—was, on the same day, to send my five slaves, or fellow-conspirators of the night before, direct to New Orleans to be sold by auction. I did not like to meet their faces on the plantation; and, another thing, I could not very well trust them. They brought me nearly three thousand dollars. I paid my father's debts, and gathered in what was owing to him; but never did that humane deed, in the certain performance of which he died believing. The philosophy of the heart is beautiful in boys and young enthusiasts, though it is too refractory a material to be squared and dove-tailed with the interests of life and the world.

"But were I to pursue my whole career after this fashion," continued Saul, in a livelier tone, "I should talk through a volume. The remaining portion must be summed up briefly.

"When all things were restored to order upon the plantation, I purchased a large house on the upper part of Camp-street, in Orleans, and, along with my mother, passed the greater part of my time in the city. The slave-mark, however, stuck to both of us notwithstanding. In that place

of distinctions and of breeds, we found it impossible to form high acquaintance, or to make friends in our own rank of life. Money, sir, will not there, as in this more mammon-devoted country, purchase a man's way anywhere, or buy him distinction. Thanks to the devil who directs the English people so much better! Well, sir, I was one night openly insulted at one of the principal hotels:—St. Charles's it was, I remember. A dispute in which I was engaged took place, and a fellow-planter called me '*slave*.' I challenged him upon the spot. He accepted it, and with a few friends, we went out to a clear spot of ground near the swamps, and fought with swords. My French father had instructed me well in the use of that weapon. I ran my antagonist clear through the heart, without receiving a wound in return. We went back to the hotel, and drank brandy as though nothing had happened. On my return home about midnight, a man stabbed me with a dirk when close to my own door. I fell as if for dead, and he ran away. We both escaped, I death, and he detection. On my recovery, I resolved to sell my plantation and embark in the shipping interest,—and being acquainted with a merchant in whom I had great confidence, I joined him in an extensive speculation of many vessels. Whether he cheated me, or my own ignorance made me a victim, I know not; but in three years I lost nearly all my money. I parted the remnant between my mother and myself, and with my own portion fitted out a schooner for the West Indies. In that bottom the whole and last of my all was embarked. I hired a skilful captain and seamen, and went to sea with her myself. Within two days' sail of Jamaica she took fire, and burned so rapidly, that half of us but just escaped with our lives on board a British ship bound for Kingston. Here was I, then, as poor again as the slave I had been, and much more helpless. I resolved never to return again to my native place, and before being on the soil of Jamaica a month, I was glad to accept the office—for I was no sailor—of cook, on board an English merchantman bound for London. On arriving in the Thames I was discharged. With nothing to do, in a strange place, a foreigner besides, I should inevitably have starved, but for a belt of Spanish dollars, which I had worn round my body, day and night, ever since leaving the Mississippi.

"I took lodgings with an old waterman and his wife, under this identical roof which now covers our heads. But I had no trade, and my dollars possessed no faculty of re-production. Nature, however, had not made me a fool. Surrounded by plenty of ignorance, I turned quack. In time the trade succeeded, and when the waterman and his wife died, I rented the house on my own account.

"One day a young gipsy girl came to me,—more, I thought, to see what she could learn from me, than for any thing else. I fell in love with her, and offered her a home. We were married at church, and that girl was my daughter Agatha's mother. She has been dead above two years, but is not buried."

"Not buried!" exclaimed Mr. Thoroton.

"No. It was her wish never to go under the ground, but to be preserved like the Egyptians. I fulfilled her last wish, though not my father's; for I had already suffered enough by my faithlessness to the departed. I embalmed her by my own art, and she is now shut up in that handsome piece of furniture behind you."

Mr. Thoroton involuntarily turned his head, and beheld a splendid

piece of cabinet-work, of fine mahogany, standing against the wall, the use of which it would have puzzled any upholsterer to guess without explanation.

Saul opened the door, and Mr. Thoroton's eyes fell upon a swaddled-up corpse.

"That woman," said Saul, "taught me astrology. I venerate her talents, her goodness, and her poor remains, to this hour!" So speaking, he piously kissed that shell of a departed being, and re-locked the door.

"We have here no dread of death," he added, as he returned to his seat; "it is too easily produced to make us start as at a miracle. And now, sir, you have heard my story; and better know what manner of man you have to deal with."

"I do," thought Mr. Thoroton, as he rose to take his departure; "and think much the worse of him because of that knowledge."

AN INVITATION.

BY ROBERT SNOW, ESQ.

Come! your dear piano shut;
Let the novel lie uncut;

Read to-day nor Sage nor Bard in;

It is a day of days, and Nature
Is glorified in every feature;

Come! be Rosalind in Arden.

With the south wind's amber breath

No falling leaf prefigures death;

But airy spirits o'er the meadows

Drive the day-clouds' dappling shadows;

Whilst the lively poplar's green

Against the darker woods is seen,

Bending, mast-like, from the gale,

Till the landscape seems to sail.

So, by their effects, we find

Things that beautify the mind;

On which the wind, in turn, bestoweth

Beauty, when it kindly bloweth.

To-day the hothouse rose may spare

Her overflow of eastern air:

Freer scents are rife on every bush:

Come forth! young walnut leaves to
crush;

And pilfer thyme-banks, by the bee

Since Creation held in fee.

Bees! a knot of politicians—

Nay, nay; gay Nature's field-musicians!

Come! you shall perceive a soul

Of sweetness in the light and mellow

Earth-heaps new-trench'd by the mole.

Who for tunnelling has no fellow.

Come we will on no fruits regale

Gather'd within the garden's pale;

But wildings, berries of the best,

That grow beside the pheasant's nest;

And exercise shall add her zest.

Be there no jewels on thy dress;
That were the worst unthriftiness.

But we may find a gem or two

Lingering yet, of spangling dew,

In spots where Night's last lock was
tangled,

When with early Dawn she wrangled.

Nor will I have you wear such posies

As your garden bed discloses:

But for adornment you shall gird

Yourself with flowing old man's beard;

And spiral honeysuckle, torn

From her rude paramour the thorn.

Come! linger not in shrubberies trim:

We'll to the valley's heathery brim:

There furze-blossoms too abound,

Of golden hue, and nutty savour;

Blossoms that may not be found

Only when kissing's not in favour.

And when the flowery height is won.

Thence shall far-kenning eye-sight run

To the sky-clipping Horizon:

And mark the river bear its osiers

Through wide deer-parks, and deep en-
closures,

To where it touches hazy towns,

And next is lost near purple downs.

And thee the soft south-wind shall

follow,

For thy clear chant and woodland halloo,

Whose echo lingereth to repair

The ringing rapture of the air:

Then, when thou wouldst thine home
re-seek,

The nimble zephyrs shall waylay thee,

Not to rob thee, but to pay thee

Back with hues for thy young cheek.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

CHAP. IX.

I PUT the papers down on the table as soon as I had finished them, and for a long while was absorbed in meditation.

"Is it possible," thought I, "that love disappointed can turn to such fury—can so harden the heart to all better feelings—induce a woman to shorten the days of her parent—to allow a sister to remain in painful error on her death-bed, and wreak vengeance upon an innocent being, regardless of all justice. Grant then that I may never yield to such a passion. Who would have ever imagined that the careless, eccentric Lady R—— had such a load of crime weighing her down, and daily and hourly reminded of it by the presence of the injured party. How callous she must have become by habit, to still delay doing an act of justice—how strange that the fear of the world and its opinion should be greater than the fear of God."

This last remark proved how little I yet knew of the world, and then my thoughts went into another direction. As I have already said, I had been brought up as a Catholic, but after my grandmother's death I had little encouragement or example shown me in religious duties. Now having been more than two years in England, and continually with Protestants, I had gone to the established Protestant church with those I resided with at first; because I considered it better to go to that church, although I knew it to be somewhat at variance with my own, rather than go to no church at all, and by habit I was gradually inclining to Protestantism; but now the idea came across my mind, if Lady R—— had confessed as we Catholics do, this secret could not have been kept so long; and if she withheld herself from the confessional, had her agents been Catholics the secret would have been divulged to the priest by them, and justice would have been done to Lionel; and, having made this reflection, I felt as it were, that I was again a sincere Catholic.

After a little more reflection I put away the papers, wrote a letter to Mr. Selwyn, the solicitor, requesting that he would call upon me the following morning, and then went down to Lady M——.

"I suppose that we shall not have much of the pleasure of your company, Miss de Chatenœuf," said her ladyship, "now that you have such a novel occupation?"

"It is a very distressing one," replied I, "and I wish Lady R—— had not paid me such a compliment. Might I trespass upon your ladyship's kindness to request the loan of the carriage for half an hour to obtain some papers from Lady R——'s house in Baker-street."

"Oh certainly," replied her ladyship. "Pray have you seen Lady R——'s will?"

"Yes, madame."

"And how has she disposed of her property?"

"She has left it all to her nephew, Lady M——."

"Nephew! I never heard her speak of a nephew before. Sir Richard had no nephews or nieces, for he was an only son, and the title has now gone into the Vivian branch, and I never heard of her having a nephew. And what has she left you, mademoiselle, if it is not asking too much?"

"Lady R—— has left me 500*l.*, my lady."

"Indeed! Well then she pays you for your trouble. But really, Miss de Chatenœuf, I do wish you could put off this business until after the marriages. I am so hurried and worried that I really do not know which way to turn, and really I have felt your loss this last two days more than you can imagine. You are so clever, and have so much taste, that we cannot get on without you. It's all your own fault," continued her ladyship, playfully, "you are so good-natured, and have made us so dependent upon you that we cannot let you off now. Nothing in the trousseaux is approved of unless stamped by the taste of Mademoiselle Valerie de Chatenœuf. Now a week cannot make a great difference, and lawyers love delay; will you oblige me, therefore, by leaving Lady R——'s affairs for the present?"

"Certainly, Lady M——," replied I. "I will first stop a letter I was about to send to her solicitor, and write another to the effect you wish, and I will not repeat my request for the carriage until after the marriages have taken place."

"Many thanks," replied her ladyship, and I went out, took my letter from the hall table, and wrote another to Mr. Selwyn stating that I could not enter into any business until the following week, when I should be prepared to receive him.

I wrote another to the same effect to Lionel, requesting him not to call again, but that I would write and let him know where to meet me as soon as I was more at leisure. Indeed I was glad that Lady M—— had made the request, as the trouble and chattering and happy faces which were surrounding the trousseaux, and the constant employment and appeals made to me, drove away the melancholy which Lady R——'s affairs had occasioned me. I succeeded to a great degree, in recovering my spirits and exerted myself to my utmost, so that every thing was complete and satisfactory to all parties two days before the wedding was to take place.

At last the morning came. The brides were dressed and went down into the drawing-room frightened and perplexed, but their tears had been shed above. The procession of carriages moved on to Hanover-square; there was a bishop of course, and the church was filled with gay and tastefully-dressed women. The ceremony was performed, and the brides led into the vestry-room to recover and receive kisses and congratulations. Then came the banquet, which nobody hardly tasted except the bishop, who had joined too many couples in his lifetime to have his appetite at all affected by the ceremony, and some two or three others who were old stagers on the road of life, and who cared little whether it was a wedding breakfast or refreshments after a funeral.

At last, after a most silent entertainment, the brides retired to change their dresses, and, when they reappeared, they were handed into the carriages of their respective bridegrooms as soon as they could be torn away from the kisses and tears of Lady M——, who played the part of a bereaved mother to perfection. No one to have seen her then, raving like

another Niobe, would have imagined that all her thoughts and endeavours and manœuvres for the last three years had been devoted to the sole view of getting them off; but Lady M—— was a perfect actress, and this last scene was well got up.

As her daughters were led down to the carriages I thought that she was going to faint, but it appeared, on second thoughts, that she wished first to see the girls depart in their gay equipages, she therefore tottered to the window, saw them get in, looked at Newman's grays and gay postillions—at the white and silver favours—the dandy valet and smart lady's-maid in each rumble. She saw them start at a rattling pace, watched them till they turned the corner of the square, and then—and not till then—fell senseless in my arms, and was carried by the attendants into her own room.

After all, the poor woman must have been very much worn out, for she had been for the last six weeks in a continual worry lest any *contre temps* should happen which might have stopped or delayed the happy consummation.

The next morning her ladyship did not leave her room, but sent word down that the carriage was at my service, but I was fatigued and worn out and declined it for that day. I wrote to Lionel and to Mr. Selwyn, desiring them to meet me in Baker-street at two o'clock the next day, and then passed the day quietly in company with Amy, the third daughter of Lady M——, whom I have before mentioned. She was a very sweet, unaffected girl, and I was more partial to her than to her sisters who had been just married. I had paid great attention to her, for she had a fine voice, and did credit to my teaching, and there was a great intimacy between us, arising on my part from my admiration of her ingenuous and amiable disposition, which even her mother's example to the contrary could not spoil.

After some conversation relative to her sisters and their husbands, she said,

"I hardly know what to do, Valerie. I love you too well to be a party to your being ill-treated, and yet I fear that you will be pained if I tell you what I have heard about you. I know also that you will not stay with us if I do tell you, and that will give me great pain—but *that* is a selfish feeling which I could overcome. What I do not like is hurting your feelings. Now tell me candidly, ought I to tell you or not?"

"I will give you my opinion candidly," replied I. "You have said too little or too much. You speak of my being ill-treated; certainly I should wish to guard against that, although I cannot imagine who is my enemy."

"Had I not heard it, I could not have believed it either," replied she. "I thought that you had come here on a visit as a friend; but what makes me think that I ought to tell you is, that there will be something said against your character, which I am sure must be false."

"Now, indeed, I must request that you will tell me every thing, and soften nothing down, but tell me the whole truth. Who is it that intends to attack my character?"

"I am sorry—very sorry to say, it is mamma," replied she, wiping away a tear.

"Lady M——!" exclaimed I.

"Yes," replied she; "but now you must listen to all I have to say. I am sure that I am doing right in telling you, and therefore nothing shall prevent me. I love my mother—what a sad thing it is that I cannot respect her. I was in the dressing-room when my mother was lying on the sofa in her bed-room this morning, when her great friend, Mrs. Germane, came up. She sat talking with my mother for some time, and they appeared either to forget or not to care if I heard them, for at last your name was mentioned.

"Well, she does dress you and your girls beautifully, I must say," said Mrs. Germane. "Who is she? They say that she is of a good family; and how came she to live with you as a milliner?"

"My dear Mrs. Germane, that she does live with me as a milliner is true, and it was for that reason only I invited her to the house, but she is not aware that I retain her in that capacity. She is, I understand from Mrs. Bathurst, of a noble family in France, thrown upon the world by circumstances, very talented, and very proud. Her extreme taste in dress I discovered when she was living with Mrs. Bathurst; and when I found that she was about, through my management, to leave Lady R——, I invited her here as a sort of friend, and to stay with my daughters—not a word did I mention about millinery; I had too much tact for that. Even when her services were required, I made it appear as her own offer, and expressed my thanks for her condescension, and since that, by flattery and management, she has continued to dress my daughters for me; and, I must say, that I do believe it has been owing to her exquisite taste that my daughters have gone off so well."

"Well, you have managed admirably," replied Mrs. Germane; "but my dear Lady M——, what will you do with her now?"

"Oh," replied Lady M——, "as Amy will now come out, I shall retain her in my employ until she is disposed of, and then—"

"Yes, then will be the difficulty," replied Mrs. Germane; "after having allowed her to live so long with you as a visitor, I may say, how will you get rid of her?"

"Why, I was puzzling myself about that, and part decided that it should be done by mortifying her, and wounding her feelings, for she is very proud; but, fortunately, I have found out something which I shall keep to myself, until the time comes, and then I can dismiss her at a moment's warning."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Germane, "what could you have found out?"

"Well, I will tell you, but you must not mention it again. My maid entered the room the other day, when mademoiselle was receiving a young man who called upon her, and she found them kissing."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, a kiss was given, and my maid saw it. Now I can easily make it appear that my maid never mentioned it to me till the time that it may be convenient to make use of it, and then I can send her away, and if any questions are asked, hint at a little impropriety of conduct."

"And very properly too," replied Mrs. Germane. "Had I not better hint a little beforehand to prepare people?"

"Why, it may be as well, perhaps, but be cautious, very cautious, my dear Mrs. Germane."

"Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf, I am sorry that I am obliged, in doing

my duty to you, to expose mamma," said Amy, rising up from her chair ; "but I am sure that you could not be guilty of any impropriety, and I will not allow you to be accused of it, if it is to be prevented."

"Many thanks," replied I. "My dear Amy, you have behaved like a kind friend. I have only, in duty to myself, to clear up the charge against me, of impropriety. You must not imagine me guilty of that. It is true that your mother's maid did come in when a young lad of seventeen, who was grateful to me for the interest I took in his welfare, and who was taking leave of me at the time, did raise my hand to his lips and kiss it, and had he done so before your mother, I should not have prevented it. This was the kiss which, as your mother asserts, passed between us, and this is the only impropriety that took place. Oh, what a sad, treacherous, selfish, wicked world this is," cried I, throwing myself on the sofa, and bursting into tears!

Amy was making every attempt to console me, and blaming herself for having made the communication, when Lady M—— came down stairs into the room.

"What is all this—what a scene!" exclaimed she. "Mademoiselle de Chateauf, have you had any bad news?"

"Yes, my lady," replied I, "so bad that I am under the necessity of leaving you directly."

"Indeed; may I inquire what has happened?"

"No, my lady, it is not in my power to tell you. I have only to repeat, that I must, with your permission, leave this house to-morrow morning."

"Well, mademoiselle," replied her ladyship, "I do not want to pry into your secrets, but this I must say, that where there is concealment there must be wrong; but I have lately discovered so much, that I do not wonder at concealment—nor am I, indeed, surprised at your wish to leave me."

"Lady M——," replied I, haughtily, "I have never done any thing during the time that I have been under your roof which I have to blush for—nor indeed any thing that requires concealment. This I can proudly say. If I conceal now, it is to spare others, and, I may add, to spare you. Do not oblige me to say more in presence of your daughter. It will be sufficient for me to hint to you, that I am now aware why I was invited to your house, and what are your plans for dismissing me when it suits you."

"Eaves-dropping, then, is a portion of your character, mademoiselle," cried Lady M——, colouring up to the temples.

"No, madam, such is not the case, and that is all the answer I shall give; it is sufficient for you that you are exposed, and I do not envy your present feelings. I have only to repeat, that I shall leave this house to-morrow morning, and I will not further trouble your ladyship with my company."

I then walked out of the room, and as I passed Lady M——, and observed her confusion and vexation; I felt that it was she who was humiliated, and not me. I went up to my room and commenced my preparations for immediate departure, and had been more than an hour busy in packing up, when Amy came into my room.

"Oh, Valerie, how sorry I am—but you behaved just as I think that you ought to have done; and how very kind of you not to say that I told

you. My mother was so angry after you left; said that the maids must have been listening, and declares she will give them all warning; but I know that she will not do that. She spoke about your meeting a young man, and kissing going on; but you have already explained all that."

"Amy," replied I, "after I am gone, take an opportunity of saying to Lady M——, that you mentioned this to me, and tell her that my reply was, if Lady M—— knew who that young man was, how he is connected, and how large a fortune he will inherit, she would be very glad to see him kiss one of her daughter's hands with a different feeling from that which induced him to kiss mine."

"I will, depend upon it," said Amy, "and then mamma will think that she has lost a good husband for me."

"She will meet him some of these days," replied I; "and what is more, he will defend me from any attack made on that score."

"I will tell her that also," said Amy; "it will make her careful of what she says."

One of the servants then knocked at the door, and said, that Lady M—— wished to see Miss Amy.

"Wish me good-bye now," said I, "for you may not be permitted to see me again."

The dear girl embraced me cordially, and with tears in her eyes, left the room. I remained till I had finished packing, and then sat down. Shortly afterwards her ladyship's maid came in, and delivered me an envelope from her ladyship, enclosing the salary due to me, with Lady M——'s compliments written outside.

I saw no more of Lady M—— or her daughter that evening. I went to bed, and, as in my former changes, I reflected upon what steps I should take. As for the treatment I had received, I was now to a certain degree hardened to it, and my feelings certainly were not so acute as when, the first time, I had received a lesson of what I might expect through life from the heartlessness and selfishness of the world; but in the present case there was a difficulty which did not exist in the former—I was going away without knowing where I was to go. After a little thought, I determined that I would seek Madame Gironac, and ascertain whether she could not receive me until I had decided upon my future plans.

My thoughts then recurred to other points. I recollected that I had to meet Mr. Selwyn, and Lionel, in Baker-street, and I resolved that I would go there with my effects early the next morning and leave them in charge of the cook, who was taking care of the house. I calculated also the money that I had in possession and in prospect. I had such a good stock of clothes when I came to England with Madame Bathurst, that I had no occasion, during the two years and more that I had now been in England, to make any purchases of consequence—indeed I had not expended more than the twenty pounds I had brought with me. I had received some few presents from Lady M—— and Madame Bathurst, and a great many from Lady R——. Altogether I calculated that I had about two hundred and sixty pounds in my desk, for Lady R—— had given me one hundred pounds for only a portion of the year; then there was the five hundred pounds which she had left me, besides her wearing apparel and trinkets, which last I knew to be of value. It was a little fortune to one in my position, and I resolved to consult Mr. Selwyn as to the best way of disposing of it. Having wound up my meditations with the most

agreeable portion of them, I fell asleep, and in the morning woke up refreshed.

Lady M——'s maid, who had always been partial to me, for I had taught her many things valuable to a lady's maid, came in early, and said that she knew that I was going away, which she regretted very much. I replied that I should leave as soon as possible, but I wanted some breakfast. This she brought up to my room.

I had not finished when Amy came into the room and said, "I have permission to come and wish you good-bye, Valerie. I told mamma what you said about the person who was seen to kiss your hand. She acknowledges now that it was your hand that was kissed, and she was so astonished, for she knows that you never tell stories; and what do you think, she desired me to find out what was the young gentleman's name that had so large a fortune. I said I would if I could, and so I will, by asking you outright, not by any other means. I don't want to know his name," continued she, laughing, "but I'm sure mamma has in her mind fixed upon him for a husband for me, and would now give the world that you were not going away, that through you he might be introduced to her."

"I cannot tell you, my dear," replied I, "I am not at liberty to mention it at present, otherwise I would with pleasure. I am going now. May God bless you, my dearest, and may you always continue to be the same frank and amiable creature that you are now. I leave you with regret, and I pray earnestly for your happiness. You have made me very happy by telling me that your mamma acknowledges that it was my hand that was kissed, after that, she will hardly attempt to injure me, as she proposed."

"Oh, no, Valerie, I think she is afraid to do so now. This young man of large fortune has made her think differently. He would, of course, protect you from any slander, and expose her if she attempted it. Then good-bye."

We embraced, and then I ordered a hackney coach to be called, and drove with my luggage to Baker-street. The cook welcomed me, saying that she expected my coming, as Mr. Selwyn, had called to tell her of Lady R——'s death, and that when she asked to whom she was to look for her wages, he had told her that I was the person who was to settle all her ladyship's affairs, as every thing was left on my hands. She showed me a letter from Martha, Lady R——'s maid, by which I found that they would probably arrive in Baker-street that very day, with all her ladyship's effects.

"I suppose you will sleep here, miss?" said the cook, "I have aired your bed, and your room is all ready."

I replied that I should wish to do so for a night or too, at all events, as I had a good deal to attend to, but that Mr. Selwyn would call at one o'clock, and then I would speak to him on the subject.

I had requested Lionel to call at twelve, an hour previous to Mr. Selwyn, that I might make him acquainted with the contents of Lady R——'s papers addressed to me. He was punctual to the time, and I shook hands with him, saying, "Lionel, I congratulate you at now having proofs of your being the nephew of Lady R——, and also at her having left you considerable property. You will be surprised to hear that she has appointed me her executrix."

"I am not at all surprised," replied Lionel; "I am sure she has done a wise thing at last."

"That is more than I am," replied I, "but I appreciate the compliment. But, Lionel, there is no time to be lost, as Mr. Selwyn, the lawyer, is coming here at one o'clock, and before he comes I wish you to read over Lady R——'s confession, if I may so call it, which will explain the motives of her conduct towards you. I am afraid that it will not extenuate her conduct, but recollect that she has now made all the reparation in her power, and that we must forgive as we hope to be forgiven. Sit down and read these papers, while I unpack one or two of my boxes upstairs."

"The last time we were here, I corded them up for you, Miss Valerie, I hope that you will allow me to assist you again."

"Thank you, but you will have no time to read what Lady R—— has said, and the cook and I can manage without you."

I then left the room and went up stairs. I was still busy in my room when a knock at the street-door announced the arrival of Mr. Selwyn, and I went down into the drawing-room to meet him. I asked Lionel, who was walking up and down the room, whether he had finished the papers, and he replied by a nod of the head. The poor lad appeared very miserable, but Mr. Selwyn entered, and I could not say more to him.

"I hope that I have not kept you waiting, Mademoiselle de Chateauf," said he.

"No, indeed. I came here at ten o'clock, for I have left Lady M——, and I may as well ask at once whether there is any objection to my taking a bed in this house for a few nights?"

"Objection! Why, mademoiselle, you are sole executrix, and every thing is at present yours in fact for the time. You have, therefore, a right to take possession until he appears and the will is proved."

"The hero is before you, Mr. Selwyn. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Lionel Dempster, the nephew of Lady R——."

Mr. Selwyn bowed to Lionel, and congratulated him upon his accession to the property.

Lionel returned the salute, and then said, "Mademoiselle de Chateauf I am convinced that in this case Mr. Selwyn must be made a party to all that has occurred. The reading of these papers has rather disturbed me, and it would be painful to me to hear every thing repeated in my presence. With your permission I will walk out for an hour, and leave you to explain every thing to Mr. Selwyn, for I am sure that I shall need his advice. Here is the confession of old Roberts which I leave for his perusal. Good morning then, for the present."

So saying, Lionel took up his hat and quitted the room.

"He is a very prepossessing young man," observed Mr. Selwyn. "What a fine eye he has."

"Yes," replied I, "and now that he has so large a property others will find out that he is a prepossessing young man with fine eyes; but sit down, Mr. Selwyn, for you have to listen to a very strange narrative."

I then told him the whole history of Lionel Dempster, and gave him the packet of Lady R—— to read.

When he had finished it he laid it down on the table, saying "This is

perhaps the strangest history that has ever come to my knowledge during thirty years of practice. And so she brought him up as a footman. I now recognise him again as the lad who has so often opened the door for me, but I confess I never should have done so if I had not heard what you have now communicated." •

"He was always much above his position," replied I. "He is very clever and very amusing; at least I found him so when he served me in his menial capacity, and certainly was much more intimate with him than I ever thought I could be with a servant. At all events his education has not been neglected."

"Strange! very strange!" observed Mr. Selwyn, "this is a curious world; but I fear that his history cannot be kept altogether a secret, for you must recollect, mademoiselle, that his father's property must be claimed, and no doubt it will be disputed. I must go to Doctors' Commons and search out the will at once of Colonel Dempster; he intends, as I presume he does by what he said just now, to employ me. After all, it will, if known, be but a nine days' wonder, and do him no harm, for he proves his birth by his appearance, and his breeding is so innate as to have conquered all his disadvantages."

"When I knew him as a servant, I thought him an intelligent and witty lad, but I never could have believed that he would have become so improved in such a short time: not only his manners, but his language is so different."

"It was *in* him," replied Mr. Selwyn; "as a domestic the manners and language of a gentleman would have been out of place, and he did not attempt them; now that he knows his position, he has called them forth. We must find out this Mrs. Green, and have her testimony as soon as possible. Of course, after the deposition of old Roberts, Sir Thomas Moystyn will not be surprised when I communicate to him the confession of Lady R——, and the disposition of her property. In fact, the only difficulty will be in the recovery of the property of his father, Colonel Dempster, and ——"

A knock at the street-door announced the return of Lionel. When he entered the room, Mr. Selwyn said,

"Mr. Dempster, that you are the nephew of Lady R——, to whom she has bequeathed her property, and what was your own, is sufficiently established in my opinion. I will, therefore, with your permission, read her ladyship's will."

Lionel took a seat, and the will was read. When it was finished, Mr. Selwyn said,

"Having been Lady R——'s legal adviser for many years, I am able to tell you, within a trifle, what property you will receive. There are 57,000*l.* three per cents; this house and furniture, which I purchased the lease of for her, and which is only saddled with a ground-rent for the next forty years; and, as I find, a balance of 1200*l.* at the banker's. Your father's property, Mr. Dempster, of course, I know nothing about, but will ascertain that to-morrow by going to Doctors' Commons. I think I may venture to assure the executrix that she will run no risk in allowing you to take any sum of money you may require from the balance in the bank, as soon as the will is proved, which had better be done to-morrow, if it suits Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf."

"Certainly," replied I; "I am anxious to get rid of my trust as soon as possible, and give Mr. Dempster possession. There is a tin-box of papers, Mr. Selwyn, which I cannot get at till the return of Lady R——'s maid, as the keys are with Lady R——'s effects which she is bringing home with her."

"Yes, they will no doubt be important," replied Mr. Selwyn: "and now, Mr. Dempster, if you are in want of any ready cash, I shall be your banker with pleasure till you can have possession of your own."

"I thank you, sir, I am not in want of any," replied Lionel, "for the present; but as soon as I may be permitted to have money from the bank I shall be glad, as it is not my intention to remain in England."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I.

"No, Mademoiselle Valerie," said Lionel. "I am but too well aware of many deficiencies which must arise from the position I have been so long in, not to wish to remedy them as soon as possible, and before I appear as the heir of Lady R——. It is my intention, as soon as I can, to go to Paris, and remain there for two years, or, perhaps, until I am of age; and I think in that time to improve myself, and make myself more what the son of Colonel Dempster should be. I am young yet, and capable of instruction."

"You propose a very proper step, Mr. Dempster," said Mr. Selwyn; "and during your absence all legal proceedings will be over, and if the whole affair is made public, it will be forgotten again by the time that you propose to return. I am sure that the executrix will be most happy to forward such very judicious arrangements. I will now take my leave, and beg Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf to meet me at Doctors' Commons at three o'clock to-morrow; that will give me time to look for Colonel Dempster's will. Good morning, mademoiselle; good morning, Mr. Dempster."

Mr. Selwyn went out, and left us alone.

"May I ask, Miss Valerie, whether you have left Lady M——?"

"Yes," replied I; and I told him what had passed, adding, "I stay here for a night or two, and shall then go to Madame Gironac's."

"Why not stay here altogether? I hope you will. I shall go abroad as soon as possible."

"Yes, and you are right in so doing; but, Lionel, you forget that my duty as executrix will be to make the best of the estate for you until you are of age, and this house must be let furnished; Mr. Selwyn told me so, while you were away: besides, I am not a young lady of fortune, but one most unfortunately dependent upon the caprices of others, and I must submit to my fate."

Lionel made no reply for some little while, and then he said,

"I am very glad that Lady R—— has showed the high opinion she had of you, but I cannot forgive her treatment of my mother. It was too cruel; but I had better not talk any more about it; and I am sure, Miss Valerie, you must be anxious to be alone. I will not fail to meet you at Doctors' Commons to-morrow. Good afternoon, Miss Valerie."

"Good by, Lionel, for the present," replied I. "By-the-by, did the cook recognise you?"

"Yes; and I told her that I had given up going out to service."

"I think that you had better not come here, Lionel, till I have dis-

missed Lady R——'s maid, which I shall do the day after her arrival. I will meet you at Mr. Selwyn's office, it will be better."

To this Lionel agreed, and we parted.

The next day the will was proved, and Mr. Selwyn then informed us that he had found the will of the late Colonel Dempster, which had left his property to his child unborn, as might be supposed, with a jointure on the estate, which was entailed. The will, in consequence of the supposed non-existence of Lionel, had been proved by the next of kin, a gentleman in Yorkshire of large property, and of whom report spoke highly. It was the intention of Mr. Selwyn to communicate with him directly. The probate-duty, &c., had required a large portion of the 1200*l.* left in the bank, but there was still enough to meet all Lionel's wants for a year, if he wished to go abroad immediately, and another dividend would be due in a month, so that there could be no difficulty. Mr. Selwyn explained all this as we drove to his chambers, where I signed some papers at his request, and Lionel received a check on the bank, and I sent, by Mr. Selwyn, instructions to meet his drafts for the future. This affair being arranged, Lionel stated his intention of quitting immediately for Paris. He said that he would go for his passport that afternoon, as there was time enough left for him to give in his name at the office; and that he would call to-morrow afternoon to bid me farewell. He then took his leave, and left me with Mr. Selwyn, with whom I had a long conversation, during which I stated to him that I had some money of my own, as well as what had been left me by Lady R——, which I wished to put in safety. He recommended that I should lodge what I then had at a banker's, and as soon as I had received the rest, he would look out for a good mortgage for me. He then handed me into a coach, and bade me farewell, stating that he would call on the day after the morrow at three o'clock, as by that time Lady R——'s maid must have arrived, and I should have obtained possession of the key of the tin box, the papers in which he was anxious to examine.

On my return to Baker-street, I found that Lady R——'s maid had arrived, and I, of course, immediately took possession of every thing. I then paid her her wages, and dismissed her, giving her permission to remain and sleep in the house, and promising her a character. It appeared very summary to dismiss her so soon, but I was anxious she should not see Lionel, and I told her that, as executrix, I was not warranted in keeping her a day longer than was necessary, as I was answerable for all expenses. Having now the keys, I was able to examine every thing. I first found the tin box, with various papers in it; among others a packet, on the outside of which was written, "Papers relative to my sister Ellen and her child." I thought that I would not open them till Mr. Selwyn was present, as it might appear as if I was curious, so I laid them aside. I then despatched the cook with a note to Madame Gironac, requesting that she would come and spend the evening with me, as I had much to communicate to her. Indeed, I felt dull alone in such a large house, and I also felt the want of a sincere friend to talk with. Having nothing better to do, I opened the various drawers and cupboards which contained the apparel, &c., of Lady R——, and found such a mass of things that I was astonished. In her whimsical way, she had at times purchased silks and various jewels, which she had never made use of, but thrown

on one side. There were more stuffs for making up dresses than dresses made up,—I should say nearly double. I found one large bundle of point-lace, some of it of great beauty, which I presume had belonged to her mother; and of other laces there was a great quantity. The jewels which she had taken abroad with her were very few, and such as she wore in common; her diamonds, and all that was of value, I knew she had sent to her banker's a day or two previous to her departure, and I thought I would wait till I had seen Mr. Selwyn again before I claimed them.

Madame Gironac came as requested, and I then communicated to her all that had taken place. She was delighted at my good fortune, and said she hoped that I would now come and live with them, as I had the means of living without being subject to the caprices of others; but I could give no answer till I knew what my property might amount to. All I could promise was, that I would come to them and reside with them as soon as I had finished my business in Baker-street, and then I would afterwards decide what steps it would be advisable for me to take.

After a long conversation, during which Madame Gironac was as lively as ever, we separated, Madame Gironac promising to come and pass the next day with me, and assist me in looking over Lady R——'s wardrobe. During the afternoon, I had selected a good many of Lady R——'s dresses, and some which did not please my taste, or had been much worn, I gave to her maid, on the following morning, before her departure. This pleased her very much, as she knew that her mistress's wardrobe had been bequeathed to me, and did not expect to obtain any portion of it; but the drawers and closets were so loaded, that I could well afford to be generous. Madame Gironac came to breakfast the next morning, accompanied by her husband, who was delighted to see me, and having as usual quarrelled, after their fashion, he bounced out of the room, declaring that he never would see that odious little woman any more.

"Oh, Monsieur Gironac, you forget you promised to come and dine here."

"Well, well, so I did; but, Mademoiselle Valerie, that promise has prevented a separation."

"It is very unlucky that you asked him, Mademoiselle Valerie," replied his wife, "all my hopes are destroyed. Good-bye, Monsieur Gironac, and be grateful that you have been prevented from committing a folly; now go, we are to be very busy and don't want you."

"I will go, madame; and hear me," said Monsieur Gironac, with mock solemnity; "as I live, I will not return—till dinner-time."

He then bounced out of the room. We then proceeded to sort and arrange. Madame Gironac, who was a good judge, stated the laces to be worth at least 200*l.*, and the other articles, such as silks, &c., with the dresses and lace, at about 100*l.* more. The laces and silks not made up she proposed selling for me, which she said that she could to various customers, and the dresses and lace she said could be disposed of to a person she knew, who gained her livelihood by remaking up such things.

We were thus employed when Lionel called; he had obtained his passport, and had come to wish me good-bye. When he rose to say farewell, he said,

"Miss Valerie, I can hardly say what my feelings are towards you.

Your kindness to me when I was a supposed footman, and the interest you always took in any thing concerning me, has deeply impressed me with gratitude, but I feel more. You are much too young for my mother, but I feel the reverence of a son, and if I did dare to use the expression, I feel towards you what I think are the feelings that a brother should have towards a sister."

"I am flattered by your saying so, Lionel," replied I. "You are now in a much higher position, or rather soon will be, than I shall ever obtain in this world, and that you have such feelings towards me for any little kindness I have shown to you is highly creditable to your heart. Have you any letters of introduction to any one at Paris; but now I think of it, you cannot well have."

"No," replied he; "I may have by and by, but how could I possibly obtain one at present?"

A thought struck me.

"Well, Lionel, you do not know my history; but I was once very intimate with a lady at Paris, and although we parted bad friends, she has since written kindly to me, and I believe her to have been sincere in so doing. I will give you a letter of introduction to her, but do not blame me if I have been deceived in her a second time."

I went to the table and wrote the following short note—

"MY DEAR MADAME D'ALBRET,—

"This letter will be presented to you by a Mr. Lionel Dempster a young Englishman of fortune, and a great friend of mine. He is going to reside at Paris to improve himself, until he arrives at age; and I give him this introduction to you for two reasons; the first, because I want to prove to you, that although my feelings would not permit me to accept your last kind offer, I have long forgotten and forgiven any little injustice you did me: and the second, because I feel convinced that in your society, and that which you keep, he will gain more advantage than perhaps in any other in Paris.

"Yours with esteem,

"VALERIE DE CHATENGEUF."

"There, Lionel, this may be of use to you, if not, write and let me know. You will of course let me hear from you occasionally?"

"May Heaven preserve you, Miss Valerie," replied Lionel. "I only hope the time may arrive when I may be able to prove my gratitude."

Lionel kissed my hand, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he quitted the room.

"He is a charming young man," said Madame Gironac, as soon as the door was shut.

"He is a very superior young man in my opinion," replied I; "and I am most anxious that he should do well. I did not think it possible that I ever could have written again to Madame d'Albret, but my good will towards him induced me. There is Monsieur Gironac's knock, so now for quarrel or a reconciliation, which is it to be?"

"Oh, we must reconcile first, and then have a quarrel afterwards, that is the established rule."

Monsieur Gironac soon joined us, and we passed a very lively evening, and it was arranged that I should in three days take up my quarters at their house.

The next day Mr. Selwyn called at the time appointed, and I made over to him the box and papers. He told me that he had seen Mrs. Green, and had had her full confession of what took place, in corroboration of all that was stated by Lady R—— and old Roberts, and that he had written to Mr. Armiger Dempster, who had succeeded to the property of Lionel's father.

I then told him that I wished to go with him to the bank to lodge the money I then had, and to obtain Lady R——'s jewel-case which was deposited there.

"Nothing like the time present," said Mr. Selwyn; "my carriage is at the door. I will have the pleasure of taking you there and then returning with you. But I have another arrangement, and must be so impolite as to request that you will hurry your toilet as much as possible."

This was done, and in an hour I had lodged my money and obtained the jewel-case.

Mr. Selwyn took me back again, and having put the tin box into the carriage wished me farewell.

I told him that I was about to take up my residence with the Gironacs, and gave him their address, and then we parted.

That evening I opened the jewel-case and found it well stocked. The value of them I could not possibly be acquainted with, but that so many diamonds and other stones were of value I knew well. I placed the other caskets of Lady R—— in the case, and then proceeded to make up my packages ready for transportation to Madame Gironac's, for there were a great many trunks full. I occupied myself with this for the remainder of the time that I was in Baker-street, and when Monsieur Gironac and his wife called according to their promise, to take me to their home, it required two coaches, and well loaded, to take all the luggage; a third conveyed Monsieur and Madame Gironac, myself, and the jewel-case. I found a very cheerful room prepared for me, and I had the pleasant feeling, as we sat down to our small dinner, that I had a home.

Madame Gironac was indefatigable in her exertions, and soon disposed of all the laces and wardrobe that I decided upon parting with, and I paid the sum that they realised, viz. 310*l.*, into the banker's. The disposal of the jewels was a more difficult affair, but they were valued by a friend of Monsieur Gironac's, who had once been in the trade, at 630*l.* After many attempts to dispose of them more favourably, I succeeded in obtaining for them the sum of 570*l.*

Mr. Selwyn had called upon me once or twice, and I had received my legacy with interest; deducting the legacy duty of 50*l.* it came to 458*l.* I had, therefore, the following sums in all: 230*l.* of my savings; 310*l.* for the wardrobe and laces, and 570*l.* for the jewels, and 458*l.* for the legacy, amounting in all to 1568*l.* Who would have imagined three months before, that I should ever have possessed such a sum. I did not, certainly.

Mr. Selwyn, as soon as he knew what sum I had to dispose of, viz. 1500*l.* for I retained the 68*l.* for my expenses, procured me a mortgage at five per cent. on excellent landed security; and thus did the poor forlorn Valerie possess an income of 75*l.* per annum.

As soon as this was all arranged, I felt a tranquillity I had not known before. I was now independent. I could work, it is true, if I felt inclined, and had an opportunity. I could, however, do without work. The Gironacs, finding that I insisted upon paying for my board, and knowing that I could now afford it, agreed to receive forty pounds per annum—more they would not listen to. Oh! what a balm to the feelings is the consciousness of independence, especially to one who had been treated as I had been. There were two situations to which I had taken a violent abhorrence—that of a governess, and now that of a milliner; and I thanked Heaven that I was no longer under any fear of being driven into either of those unfortunate employments. For the first month that I remained with the Gironacs, I absolutely did nothing but enjoy my emancipation; after that I began to talk over matters with Monsieur Gironac, who pointed out to me, that now that I could live upon my own means, I should endeavour to increase them, so as to be still more at my ease.

“What do you propose that I should do then, monsieur?” replied E.

“I should propose that you establish yourself as a music-mistress, and give lessons on the pianoforte and singing. By degrees you will get a connexion, and you will still be your own mistress.”

“And when you have nothing else to do, mademoiselle, you must make flowers in wax,” said Madame Gironac. “You make them so well, that I can always sell yours when I cannot my own.”

“I must not interfere with you, Elise,” said I; “that would be very ungrateful on my part.”

“Pooh—nonsense—there are customers enough for us both.”

I thought this advice to be very good, and made up my mind to follow it. I had not money sufficient to purchase a piano just then, as it would be five months before the half-year's interest of the mortgage would be due; so I hired one from a dealer with whom Monsieur Gironac was intimate, and practised several hours every day. Fortune appeared inclined to favour me, for I obtained employment from four different channels.

The first and most important was this: I went every Sunday to the Catholic chapel with Madame Gironac, and of course I joined in the singing. On the third Sunday as I was going out, I was touched on the arm by one of the priests, who requested to speak with me in the vestry. Madame Gironac and I followed him, and he requested us to set down.

“Who have I the pleasure of addressing?” said he to me.

“Mademoiselle de Chatenceuf, sir,” replied I.

“I am not aware of your circumstances, mademoiselle,” said he, “but the name is one well known in France. Still those who hold our best names are very often not in affluent circumstances in this country. I trust, let it be as it may, that you will not be offended, but the fact is, your singing has been much admired, and we would wish for your services, gratuitous if you are in good circumstances, but well paid for if you are not, in the choir.”

“Mademoiselle Chatenceuf is not, I am sorry to say, in good circumstances, monsieur,” replied Madame Gironac.

“Then I will promise that she shall be well rewarded for her exertions if she will consent to sing in the chapel—but do you consent?”

"I have no objection, sir," replied I.

"Allow me then to call the gentleman who presides over the choir," said the priest, going out.

"Accept by all means, Mademoiselle Valerie. It will be an introduction for you as a music-mistress, and very advantageous."

"I agree with you," replied I, "and I like singing sacred music."

The priest returned with a gentleman, who told me that he had listened with great pleasure to my singing, and begged, as a favour, that I would sing him a solo, which he had brought with him.

As I could sing at sight, I did so. He was satisfied, and it was agreed that I should come on Saturday, at twelve, to practise with the rest of the choir. The following Sunday I sang with them, and also sang the solos. After the service was over, I received three guineas for my performance, and was informed that a similar sum would be given to me every Sunday on which I sang. My voice was much admired, and when it was known that I gave lessons, I very soon had engagements from many Catholic families. My charges to them were moderate, five shillings a lesson of one hour. The next channel was through Monsieur and Madame Gironac. He recommended me to a gentleman whom he taught, as a music-mistress for his sisters and daughters, and she to all her various customers and employers. I soon obtained several pupils by their exertions. The third was from an intimacy I had formed with an acquaintance of Madame Gironac, with a Mademoiselle Adele Chabot, who was of a good French family, but earning her livelihood as a French teacher in one of the most fashionable schools at Kensington.

Through her recommendation, I obtained the teaching of the young ladies at the school, but of her more hereafter. The fourth channel was through the kindness of Mr. Selwyn, the lawyer, to whom I shall now again revert. I had several visits from Mr. Selwyn after I had left Baker Street, and on one of these he informed me, that upon the proofs of Lionel Dempster's identity being examined by the legal advisers of Mr. Dempster, of Yorkshire, they were considered so positive that the aforementioned gentleman immediately came to terms, agreeing to give up the property to Lionel, provided, in consequence of the great improvements he had made, he was not come upon for arrears of income arising from it. That Mr. Selwyn advised this offer to be accepted, as it would prevent any exposure of Lady R——, and the circumstances under which Lionel had been brought up, from being made public. Lionel had written to say that he was anxious that any sacrifice should be made rather than the affair should be exposed; and the terms were consented to, and Lionel came into possession of further property, to the amount of 900*l.* per annum. As we became more intimate, Mr. Selwyn asked me many particulars relative to myself, and by his habit of cross-examining, soon gained the best portion of my history; only one point I did not mention to him, that my family supposed that I was dead.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. VI.

Bias of the Poet's Studies—Hebrew Researches—Visit to Mr. Murray of Albemarle-street—Intended Magazine—The Poet's Jest—Politics of the *New Monthly*—Epitaph sent by Canning—Blunder about Canning's Letter—Belzoni's Introduction to the Poet—Early Contributions—Blanco White—Henry Matthews, &c.—Ugo Foscolo's Breakfast.

THE contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine*, under the editorship of Campbell, rapidly increased in number and talent during the first year of its appearance. To this accession, during 1821, further allusions will presently be made. The novelty of the first start once over, Campbell returned to his German books, and it was difficult sometimes to take his attention off when imperiously demanded. This no longer wanted, he would turn the conversation to some historical or metaphysical point, in relation to which he had been occupying his mind. I have sometimes thought whether a good deal of this turn for what is generally considered antithetic to the poetical character and the liveliness of its disposition, might not have arisen from his great partiality for one or two of his old Glasgow instructors, of whom and their lectures on the driest subjects, he seemed ever to carry in his mind a most affectionate recollection. He often reverted to them as a subject of more than ordinary pleasure when he recurred to his earlier years. Roman lore and Kantian philosophy are not very poetical topics. However this may have been, Campbell was deep in German—not in the poetry—but the metaphysics and Biblical literature of that theorising country. He ordered volume upon volume of German criticism from the booksellers, and redoubled his labours upon topics, regarding which the investigations of the critics of that country seemed to have conveyed to him new and interesting views. He said that in England there was no idea yet of the amount of labour they had expended, and the consequent extent of information upon the subject of which the Germans were in possession.

Reading the book of Job one day, to which among all the books of the Old Testament the poet seemed most partial, declaring it to be beautiful poetry of perhaps an older date than any other book in the sacred volume, he became puzzled about the English meaning of a word which might intend "a giant," or be rendered "hell." He was very anxious to decide upon the true translation. Upon remarking the important difference, he observed that the word occurred but twice in Job, and the understood meaning was a place shut up, the grave, the situation of the dead, in the Old Testament. "Deeper than hell," in Job, meant deeper than the grave, and such appeared to be the meaning of the word among the Jews. In the New Testament it was applied to designate a place of punishment. How could the word ever mean a giant? He was unsettled in mind, and vexed that he did not understand the Hebrew language critically. He was determined, he said, to work hard at a complete acquirement of that noble tongue. His intention he never carried into effect. Buxtorf in a few months remained quiet upon its shelf. There were new

things to attract his attention. He went more into company than had been his previous custom, and the effort to perfect himself in Hebrew quickly relaxed, as was usual with Campbell in relation to all his determinations in an extreme proportionate to the intensity of the first resolution.

While busy upon the favourite subject, he had determined to hunt out a rabbi, to consult him upon the matter in doubt. Did I know of such a person? I recommended a Mr. Hart, a most excellent man of the Jewish persuasion, who taught Hebrew, and observed that I also knew Bellamy, who was translating the Bible from the Hebrew direct, which I had heard had never before been done. Not a moment's rest was mine until I introduced Bellamy to him. I brought them together soon afterwards, but as I knew nothing of the language, the merits of the discussion I cannot state. I imagine the learned Hebraist could not satisfactorily elucidate the mystery. Campbell afterwards remarked that he thought Bellamy had not read a tithe of the modern German researches in Biblical literature. Some of these, from the freedom of their investigations, were the results false or true, would not be matter of English examination even when errors of translation were admitted. The Germans, right or wrong in inference, endeavoured to get at the truth. It was rather the aim here to prop up what was fallacious with what was true, out of prejudice, or on grounds that could not stand the test of reason. Little was known here, comparatively with what was understood in Germany of the Hebrew language and its relations. If more were known, a new influence might be produced upon the general mind. Upon the mind of the poet there was an influence most unquestionably produced by what had been thus promulgated.

He had begun to revise for the magazine what he had himself written and delivered on the subject of Hebrew poetry, and this led him further into the study of Biblical literature and its commentators, in the midst of which he broke away suddenly to the question of political economy. The dispute between Malthus and Godwin led him, when in company appropriate, to consider the merits of the difference between these two writers. He leaned to the side of Malthus, and annexed to a paper in the second number of the magazine, which he had himself procured, being full of the subject, a note expressive of a wish for its further discussion. The paper here alluded to was written by Place. Political economy it must be admitted, is no very poetical subject, yet Campbell had made up his mind what side of the question to adopt, and was able to argue well in its defence. This at least exhibits a versatility of talent, and it is certain that in his better days he was capable, but for the *vis inertiae* that ever hung upon him, of achieving much greater things, out of poetry, than he ever performed; but they would have been appreciated only by the well-educated and thinking part of the world. He might have written profoundly after his Biblical studies upon these, and produced a most interesting work. From them, he made no secret, originated the views he entertained upon our deficient knowledge of the old language and writings of Palestine. In a theological sense he thought the study well worthy of being carried out. But amidst all, even if he had believed them and had been inclined to labour, he was not the man to promulgate bold novelties, beyond the reach of his voice. He respected multitudinous ignorance so far as to fear its reaction upon his own fame, if he wounded its obtuseness. In this there was something of characteristic nationality.

Yet, if about Campbell there was caution and sensitiveness, there was nothing like craft or cunning. He was simple in mind and pure of intention. No man of the world, it neither comprehended him, nor he the world. No one was less suspicious till suspicion was engendered by some pretty strong reason, and then it was not to be put to sleep easily. He was sometimes imposed upon by individuals who pretended to be literary characters, and solicited an introduction on the score of their necessities. Afterwards they sent articles to him, furtively abstracted from obscure writers of the hour, a little verbally changed, which from his habit of reading very little indeed of the current literature of the day, it was not in his power to detect.

Wanting the address of a friend one day which Mr. Murray the bookseller could give, he proposed a walk to Albemarle-street. Campbell always spoke of Mr. Murray in high terms, as he was but just in doing. With faults obvious enough, Mr. Murray possessed merits amply sufficient to throw them all into shade, when, too, it is recollected that many of his faults affected himself alone. Of gentlemanly feeling in business, which could be said but of a few of his calling, he was generous and considerate upon all occasions. No one was ever regarded higher by men of all parties, whose regard was worth having. The void of Mr. Murray's place will never be filled up. He drew around him the higher literary talent of the country of all ranks, and he commanded its esteem. Of those who survive their and his contemporaries in his more palmy days, there is not one who does not hold his memory in respect. It was unfortunate for him that he lived too fast for his health: peace be to his memory!—to continue: We entered the well-known, well-remembered drawing-room, on the walls of which hung the portraits of some of the principal literary characters of the time. Among the rest I remember Foscolo, who was afterwards ejected to the staircase, so it was said, in one of the bookseller's moments of angry feeling against the Italian, for which perhaps he had tolerable cause, and took this mode of showing his resentment.

"There he is," said Campbell, noting Foscolo's picture, "there is Ugo, by whom I dare say Murray has never gained a farthing—it is no bad resemblance of our friend's visage."

At this moment Murray entered, looking exceedingly well in health, and free of that nervousness which was upon him in subsequent years. After the usual salutation he said, "I was just thinking, Mr. Campbell, why you did not come to me. I would have started a magazine under your editorship—now you are editor of an old one."

"Why did not the girl marry the sweetheart the world gave her," said Campbell, "but because he never asked her?"

"If I had thought of asking, then, it would have been done, Mr. Campbell? I was quite prepared for such a work."

"It is too late now," observed Campbell, "the agreement has been signed.—I want the address of my friend, Mr. —, which you can give me."

Mr. Murray went to procure it, returned, and following him came in a lurch. There was no escaping Mr. Murray's hospitality in those times.

"You should feast your friends out of skulls, as Peter Pindar told you," said Campbell, "it would be emblematic."

Mr. Murray cited some work that he had suggested himself, to prove that booksellers sometimes put ideas into authors' skulls.

"You get out double what you put in them," said Campbell, laughing, "you would not take it back as naked as you gave it."

"Murray does business well, leave him his own way," Campbell remarked; "in that respect he is the first man of his day. I have met more men of talent under his roof than under any other, except Lord Holland's and Rogers's."

Capricious at times, and of a quick temper, this renowned bibliopolist possessed qualities suited to his profession, as already said, and of a very high order too; and, more than all, he had the art of giving a refusal with a good grace. He was also punctual in his replies, as indeed in all his dealings with the *genus irritabile*, whose sins condemn them to "dip themselves in ink."

Mr. Murray would have established a magazine even then under other auspices; the matter was talked over in Albemarle-street. It was proposed that the leading writers on the Tory side should be its principal contributors, for it was agreed of course by some that the publication ought to bear a high political tone—in other words, be a high-flying state and church publication. This was objected to, it was whispered, in more than one quarter. The differences on this point continued until the affair died away, and nothing came of it. Had Campbell undertaken a new magazine for Mr. Murray, and not edited one for Mr. Colburn, he would not have consented to connect his name with any publication that would admit of a construction injurious to his known Whig sentiments, by permitting the insertion of articles opposed to them. Mr. Murray's house, though visited by men of all opinions, was considered more immediately as the head-quarters of a class of politicians immediately connected with the *Quarterly Review*. With most of those who visited at Albemarle-street Campbell was acquainted, and sometimes found himself the only man of his party present. On one occasion when he had just left, finding none of his particular friends there, it was remarked to him that he had remained but a short time.

"I felt myself a sojourner in a strange land," was his remark, "I did not like to be the only one of my party."

Campbell's Scripture quotation here recalls a laughable allusion he made from the same imagery. He was often bored by copies of verses being sent to his house or given to him in society, written by young ladies, and overflowing with all sorts of sentimentality. Sometimes "mamma" or "papa" would request the favour of the poet's giving his opinion of the stanzas of "miss." Girls of the present day begin to "*do*" poetry much earlier than boys, and five to one of the former in number to one of the latter commit their girlishness this way, always imagining rhyme to be poetry.

"Don't you think, Mr. Campbell, my cousin's or my daughter's are charming verses?"

"Yes, their genius will shine by and by—that is my opinion," said some of the company, in the way of flattery.

"Don't *you* think them good, Mr. Campbell?" was in such cases particularly annoying to him, put as a query.

"Don't *you* think my daughters' verses," there were two who rhymed in this instance, "show promise, Mr. Campbell—you must be a judge? they may be a little *obscure* yet—more practice and then they may *shine*."

"No doubt, ma'am," said Campbell. He then turned and observed to

a friend in a low tone, "we are not to see the brightness of these lady Gideonites until their pitchers are broken!"

The poet had never inquired nor thought about the politics of the work of which he had undertaken to be editor, nor inquired what might be its tone. The truth was, that though in opposition to his own Whig sentiments, he had never seen a number of the former series of the work. There was no doubt that, be of what sentiment it might, he would not carry on the *New Monthly Magazine* in opposition to his notorious and recognised tenets. Under his superintendence a change was necessary. He did not mention the subject to me. I had all the double column matter to my own share, and of the political article I made a mere register, free of its former, and, indeed, of all party spirit. From the first number to the last those articles, in consequence, never became an affair of conversation between us. This shows how negligent the poet was upon points of moment in his own view.

Among the intimate friends of the poet, at this time, was the Honourable Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. Scarcely was a portion of the first number in the printer's hands, before that gentleman brought him, from Mr. Canning, an epitaph on his son George Charles Canning, a proof of the kindly feeling of that distinguished statesman towards the new undertaking. It was probable that more might have been contributed by Canning, the only individual who held so high an office in the government of this country, during the present century, who was in the true sense of the word, a literary man, though not on that account the more esteemed by the class who in those days possessed overwhelming power as a state party. An incident, arising from Campbell's forgetfulness, put an end to such an expectation. Mr. Courtenay brought a second communication from Canning, in the copy of a letter which that distinguished statesman had written to Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool, explanatory of the circumstances of a resignation so honourable to his memory. He had come to the resolution of resigning, because he would be no party to the disgraceful proceedings carrying on against the queen, and that, too, though the king, he stated, had commanded him to remain in office, "abstaining as completely as he might think fit from any share in the proceedings respecting the royal consort." He renewed the tender of his resignation even after this, and it was at last accepted. Now, as the letter was confidential, and had originated in a paragraph published in the *Courier*, Mr. Courtenay had only, as he imagined, to leave the copy, explaining to Campbell that it was merely to be used as a guide in putting together the political article, not, of course, to be given verbatim, for various urgent reasons. Campbell received the letter, and in his careless way, said, giving it into my hand,

"This belongs to your part of the magazine; Mr. Canning has sent it by Mr. Courtenay."

"To be inserted entire?"

"Yes, I suppose he means that."

"Well," I observed, "this is valuable just now, upon commencing," and acting accordingly, I gave its history, and stated that it had not before appeared.

The difference between making use of the substance of such a letter, and avoiding the publication of the verbatim copy, essential as it was, did not occur to the poet. I saw Mr. Courtenay, by accident, before he

had seen Campbell, and he stated the purpose of his giving the letter. Going to Campbell instantly, and telling him of the error he had committed, he replied,

"Yes, I believe Courtenay did say something of the kind, I forget what. What the devil did he give me the letter for at all, if it was not to be published?"

Such was the poet's forgetfulness and want of habitude in editing. No communication from Canning was ever again received, though the cause of the publication of his letter was explained to him.

About this time Campbell, while reading upon Eastern literature, was aware I had known Belzoni, the Egyptian traveller, before he had acquired his well-earned fame. At once he flew off in a tangent, and said that most probably Belzoni had been in Palestine, and knew a good deal of its present state. In all events, he should be highly gratified to become acquainted with him. I met Belzoni in Piccadilly soon afterwards, and mentioned the poet's desire, whom Belzoni was equally desirous of knowing. We started immediately for Campbell's lodgings, proceeding up Bond-street, and had not got much further on than the end of Conduit-street, when we observed several persons close at our heels, and others staring at us, which, indeed, Belzoni's herculean limbs and gigantic stature of nearly seven feet, might well occasion; but as we proceeded, a voice here and there was heard exclaiming, "That is Bergani!" "That is Bergani!" Poor Belzoni quietly said, "We had better get out of this crowded street." We turned into Hanover-square, followed by a number of impertinents for some distance, then crossed Oxford-street into Cavendish-square, thus avoiding the main thoroughfares, and quickly got clear. I introduced Belzoni as Bergani to Campbell, who laughed heartily at the joke; at the same time it was impossible to avoid smiling to see the neat, and at that time delicate but compact figure of Campbell, standing face to face with the gigantic Italian, whose limbs were moulded for the Apollo Belvidero. "Ajax the Less, and Ajax Telamon" could have been nothing to it.

A good deal of conversation about the East followed between Campbell and Belzoni. Many of the poet's questions were curious, sometimes too erudite for the modest and good Italian, who avowed the extent of his acquirements with great candour, and said that he had devoted himself most to mechanics all his life. That he had applied his knowledge that way in Egypt, before he used it in disclosing the remains of Egyptian antiquity. He spoke of his extraordinary strength, and of all he had achieved, but with great modesty. Campbell was curious to learn from him something about the Copts and their language, but Belzoni knew little of the race compared to the Arabs, of whom his knowledge was extensive. The Copts, it appeared, were superior persons as accountants, and generally thought to be of the genuine Egyptian race.

Among the earliest contributors in the succeeding numbers, was the well-known Blanco White, who at this time lodged at Chelsea, in Hæmus Terrace. Having agreed to give his aid to the work, he began with the well-known "Letters of Don Leucadio Doblado." He was a sombre, pale-visaged man, with much of the Spanish character in his features, and approaching fifty years of age.* He was an agreeable

* He died in May, 1841.

companion, and full of information upon a great variety of subjects. Campbell had a high esteem for him. No two individuals could have been more dissimilar in mind and appearance. There seemed to be something continually pressing upon the mind of White, and giving it a sickly cast. The unfixedness of his religious tenets would hardly have been deemed a part of his character, which rather impressed upon his bearing a serious determination of purpose in all things—an unchangeableness of principle and action—and yet he was ever changing. He spoke and wrote English as well as any native of the British islands. I well recollect his saying to me, at Chelsea, that he had obstinately bent himself to "*think*" in the English language only, in order to perfect himself, and that he had done this for three entire years. He arrived in England in 1810, having formed an acquaintance previously in Spain with Lord Holland. In the "*Letters of Doblado*" he has pictured many of his doubts about religion, and the struggles he endured to free himself from the shackles the Catholic faith had imposed upon him. He went to Oxford, and attached himself to the Church of England in 1814. He was, in fact, an unhappy, doubting man, incapable of finding repose in any creed for his conscientious scruples. Foscolo insisted that it was a love affair which first made him anxious to break out of the pale of the religion of his country; but much credit was not to be paid to the assertions of Foscolo; his besetting sin was trifling too much with truth upon the call of vanity or irritation. It is true that Blanco White, after being received as a proselyte into the bosom of the mother church of England, became anew a backslider in creed, and died an anti-Trinitarian, to the horror of the orthodox. A story about poor White was current not long after his decease, which was told Campbell, and he laughed about it very heartily. White, as an acquisition to the church, was regarded as a precious convert that conferred a degree of *éclat* upon the faith to which he had gone over. He was made much of by the clergy, and deemed an oracle to be consulted at any time when the Catholic faith was to be assailed by one party, while another party in our church was in secret making friends with its more obnoxious tenets. A certain bishop, so it was reported, truly or falsely, not a great way from the metropolitan see, had in his palace a room filled with portraits of church worthies; in other words, of clergymen, distinguished in his own view. There was one vacant space. This being remarked by a friend to his lordship, he replied,

"Ay, can't you recommend me one to fill that place?"

"Had it not been for his recent apostacy, I should have named Blanco White!"

"Why, to tell you the truth," said the right reverend father in God, "his portrait did fill that place, but I had it removed!"

Besides the "*Letters of Don Leucadio Doblado*," White contributed a number of very interesting sketches from Spanish history to the magazine, wrote some polemical works, and edited the *London Review* a very short time. Poor White! many were the pleasant hours spent together by him and the poet, in conversation upon the intercourse of Spain and the Phœnicians. His bland manner and quiet delivery formed a strong contrast to Campbell's liveliness, and, at times, even impetuosity of manner. White would talk of Seville and Andalusia with much interest, speaking with great deliberation, and describing the people and country with all the feeling of ardent attachment, in a mode that showed as well

that he was a man of nice discrimination. "White," said Campbell, "is wasting his life about theological differences; he had better hand them over to arbitration, and settle them for ever."

Blanco White, in 1824, ceased his contributions to the magazine, having become the devotee almost wholly to his theological reveries. Campbell observed that he furnished the melancholy picture of a man clever and good, absorbed in unessential scruples, which it was wonderful should beset a mind so well stored, and with such talents as he undoubtedly possessed. He was introduced to Campbell, some years before the magazine period, by Lord Holland.

Another of the earlier contributors to the magazine was Matthews—Henry Matthews, author of the "Diary of an Invalid," who died in Ceylon in 1828, a puisne judge in that colony, aged but thirty-eight. He was the fifth son of John Matthews, Esquire, of Belmont, near Hereford, who preceded him to the grave two years. He was brother to Matthews, the intimate friend of the present Sir John Cam Hobhouse; the same, too, who is spoken of as so extraordinary a young man by Byron in his correspondence with Mr. Murray, as one of the monks of Newstead Abbey, unfortunately drowned. Henry Matthews possessed talents of the highest order, a sound judgment, polished manners, was an elegant scholar, generous in disposition, and a most delightful companion. In the private relations of life, too, he was affectionate and exemplary, with manly sentiments and a lively, playful imagination, he loved literature for its own sake, nor were there any of the anticipations indulged in his regard before he reached the judicial bench at all contradicted. His decease was deemed a public loss in Ceylon. Called away by his duties to a distant colony, the *New Monthly* was deprived of the benefit of his labours too early. His principal contribution was the "Journal of Jonathan Kentucky." In one of his papers Matthews commented with merited severity on the system of flogging boys from nine to nineteen years of age in the orthodox seminaries, *par excellence*, in this country. On the system of fagging he was not so severe as about flogging. He thought the practical effect of fagging was good. Campbell declared against it, and wanted the passage omitted. It was to be feared Matthews would not like the mutilation of his paper. Campbell, as often was the case at the outset, could not get rid of the idea that the public would think the contributors' sentiments were his own. Upon suggesting the incompleteness of the article under mutilation, he requested the insertion of a note, "That the editor protested against the opinions." Matthews laughed at the poet's sensitiveness on the matter, and observed, truly enough, that if Campbell thought to reconcile the opinions of every contributor to his own views upon all subjects, the work would be a magazine only in the titles of the articles. Matthews contributed the verses from Horace, in the first volume, and a paper on the character of Socrates, besides some others.

Henry Roscoe, the youngest son of the "Historian of the Medici," was one of the first and latest volunteers in contributing to the magazine. He was a very accomplished and amiable young man, in person tall and thin like his father. Exceedingly well read, with much fancy, and commanding a variety of subject, great in range for one of his years, who had also been condemned to the study of the law, that damper to literary feelings and acquirements. He was a great and deserved favourite of Campbell's; he contributed a variety of articles to the magazine until

his pursuits in the law drew him away. He died with the most flattering prospects in his professional career before him, not long after he had married, when the toil of years seemed about to bring him a cheering recompense in merited success.

As a contributor, Ugo Foscolo has been already named. Campbell was a sincere admirer of his talents, but was not much in the habit of courting his company, on account of the Italian's fiery temper. It was impossible to hold an argument with Foscolo unless prepared to encounter his outbreaks, and yet there was no one from whom more information upon subjects particularly interesting to the poet could be obtained. In Greek literature Foscolo was profound, and Campbell always deferred to him, nor was he less learned than his friend Parini in that of Italy. Campbell would often begin upon the subject of the lyric poets of Greece, and give Foscolo full swing, until the last got away to Homer, the certain termination of the Italian to any discussion upon Greek poetry.

"Ah! Mr. Campbell, you do not believe 'veritablement,' how do you say that Homer was a pedlar, no, no, I mean a beggar?"

Here was ground to begin a dispute. Campbell would reply that he believed Homer was neither one nor the other—if he were inclined to believe the great epic was either, he should incline to the opinion of the poet having been a pedlar, because then he should have good reason to infer he was a Scotchman, so many Campbells being of that trade, and that he, Campbell, should get honour for the land of cakes.

"Now, Mr. Campbell, you know it was a *lapsus lingue*."

By no chance could Foscolo ever get Campbell into a dispute, all his efforts to that end were dexterously parried after the poet's way. Foscolo understood and spoke English well, but when he grew warm upon any subject he intermingled it with French and Italian in the most extraordinary manner.

The venerable Roscoe, of Liverpool, being in London, Foscolo invited him to breakfast in Wigmore-street, just as the magazine began. He then lodged there, and there I once found him shut up and working by candle-light at noon, on a fine summer's-day, upon an article for the *Quarterly Review*. Campbell going down George-street met Foscolo, I was with him. He asked us to meet Roscoe. The party was small; all came at the appointed hour but Rogers. It was near twelve o'clock, and some one present said, Rogers had forgotten his old theme "memory," or there would have been a chance of breakfast being over before that time.

"Ah," said Foscolo, "Mr. Rogers does not get up until eleven o'clock, so we will give him the full hour to come."

Campbell grumbled, and said that as things went there was no hope of breakfast for any body in Foscolo's house; he would have the inscription over hell-gate put up at the door—

Lasciate ogni speranza voi che ntrate.

"No, no, Mister Campbell," rejoined Foscolo, "that cannot be true unless you go away—where you are, there must be the 'Pleasures of Hope.'"

So he rang the bell for breakfast, want of attention to his guests being no failing of Foscolo. The breakfast brought up, including tea, the last, by accident, led to some remarks on the nature and the cultivation of the tea-plant in the leaf, from thence to a mention of the Georgics,

and then to Virgil generally, a good deal of laudation of the Roman poet on the part of Roscoe. This was more than Foscolo could bear. He thought nothing of the Marituan bard compared to the great epic poet of Greece. He accused Virgil of stealing all he was ever worth from the poet of "Scio's rocky isle;" he paralleled different passages with a wonderful knowledge of the subject upon which he argued, and on which, indeed, Foscolo was well worth hearing. The rest of the company was silent. Roscoe looking the very Roman whose cause he championed, was all deliberation and coolness, while Foscolo, so warm in his temperament, and so impetuous in argument, poured forth words in a torrent half-English half-foreign, as he always did when excited. The scene was highly amusing. Roscoe was unruffled, while Foscolo, who could scarcely rein in his temper, made in consequence the most extravagant assertions, according to his habit under such circumstances. The calmness of that fine, noble-looking old man of seventy rather excited Foscolo; his imperturbability appearing a species of provocation to the Italian, who revered Homer as an ancient did Jupiter. How long the contest would have continued it was difficult to tell. It was put an end to by Campbell archly asking Foscolo whether the identity of Homer could be relied upon, because some had asserted that he was no other than Solomon, king of the Jews. The consequent laugh when Campbell added, with apparent seriousness, that as it was believed among the literati in the city-corporation, that Sir William Curtis had written the letters of Junius, he thought the question of the epic authorship should be first decided. There was something about Campbell's jests, from his manner, which told with great effect, and when the laugh had evaporated the last hot breath of the discussion had disappeared with it.

This sort of jesting was often the resource of Campbell to put an end to an argument that he did not wish should proceed further, by which he feared unpleasant warmth would be produced, or that he was too indolent to protract himself. Numerous topics were subsequently touched upon and dismissed. Unfortunately there was no Boswell present to record them. It was about the dinner hour when the party quitted its host, and before a conversation terminated between men, whose characters could not but impart to it a deep interest. Both the individuals and the conversations unrecorded, have departed to the realm of shadows, with scarcely an exception.

Sir Charles Morgan, already named, was one of the writers whose talents were solid rather than showy. He was of a truly independent cast of character. Given to certain philosophical theories, he supported them with energy and talent of no common kind, but precisely because his bias was rather to the sterling than the brilliant, he attracted far less attention than he merited. A kind-hearted gentlemanly man, firm in his friendships, and unwavering in his principles, ever attached to the cause of freedom in politics, and tolerance in religion, he was esteemed even by the more worthy part of those who differed with him in opinion. It may be doubted if he ever had an enemy, for he never deserved one, except in the last year or two of his life it were poor insignificant old Lady Cork, whom the world noted rather for her antiquity than any other quality. Campbell said, that he never sat down with Sir Charles that he did not spend a most agreeable hour, or gain some new view of an argument. Sir Charles died in 1843. His articles were well adapted for the

publication after their author had measured his ground upon particular questions, and while they were easily distinguished by their character, they were sure to be unobjectionable in matter. Whenever their author came to town from Dublin, he was certain to be one in the poet's symposia.

Michael Quin, of Gray's-inn, who wrote an account of a voyage down the Danube, many years afterwards, and Henry Quin, a barrister, son, if I remember rightly, of the once celebrated common-councilman, were both early contributors, and have both paid the debt of nature. Du Bois, author of the satire on Sir John Carr's travels, entitled "*My Pocket Book*," which caused an action at law, in which Sir John was deservedly defeated; E. E. Crowe, Dodd of the Temple, Proctor, M. Depping, Sotheby, Jackson, better known as "*Morocco Jackson*," Simond de Sismondi, Stewart Rose; Mrs. J. Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Miss Bengier, and the economists Place and Gray, were writers the first year. The two Smiths, James and Horace, authors of "*The Rejected Addresses*," were powerful contributors at setting out, and, indeed, for many years afterwards. The range of subject with the first of the brothers was confined to humour. He commenced with the well-known "*Grimm's Ghost*." His facetiæ were numerous, steeped in a peculiar kind of humour, which was at times like his personal bearing, touched with something of a formal air, but always delightful, and a well-naturedly satirical, showing him a complete master of the jokes of city men more particularly, as well as of human nature. Horace Smith's talents took a far wider range. His articles were satirical, didactic, gay, playful, or grave, and almost equal in interest under either head. His well-known lines on "*Belzoni's Mummy*," appeared in one of the earlier numbers of the magazine, and as the bibliopols would phrase it, "took amazingly."

Talfourd, connected with the work as its dramatic critic, contributed many excellent papers at the commencement upon other topics. Among them was one which exhibited again Campbell's sensitiveness. It was entitled "*Modern Improvements*," appeared in the first number, and conveyed a tacit censure upon the innovations time was causing on every hand. Campbell annexed to it a species of postscript, which was no more than an effort to show, in an indirect way, that the doctrine in the article was not his own. In this postscript he pretended, with an attempt at humour in which he was not successful, that the article was written by a member of the opposition, whose sentiments were Tory, one George Pertinax Growler, Esq., of Kennel Howbury Hall, Berkshire, who had called Waterloo Bridge, a "*splendid nuisance*," and was high disinheritng a son for writing a sonnet to the Steam-engine, and addressing it "*Hail! wonder-working power!*" About an article on "*French and English Tragedy*," a month or two afterwards, containing a literary position which he could not sanction, he felt again the sensitiveness thus spoken of. He dreaded lest the world should attribute the opinions the article held to himself, and therefore requested I would insert a note attached to the manuscript, for it had been sent direct to his house by William Wallace, stating that he did not consider himself pledged to support the opinions expressed by his contributors. It was vain to argue with him on the matter at first. When three or four volumes of the work had been published, he became convinced that his

scruples were over nice, the public being little given to judge erringly on such a matter.

Talfourd, besides his monthly dramatic article, wrote many of the reviews in the large print, in addition to other contributions. All these were eminently adapted to the character of the publication, whether grave or descriptive of existing life, whether critical or argumentative. They bespoke, too, the promise of that after-celebrity in their author, to which by dint of his own assiduity and natural gifts, he has subsequently elevated himself.

Enough has been shown to exhibit of what class of individuals the contributors to this celebrated periodical was composed during the first year of its existence under the poet's editorship. Many names not mentioned above might be added to the list.

A FLIGHT ON EDUCATION.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"THERE is a tendency in modern education," says a sagacious writer in Blackwood, "to cover the fingers with rings, and, at the same time, to cut the sinews at the wrist;" an aphorism, to the truth of which, a glance at society, a review of our own experience will incontrovertably bear witness. Amongst no class, however, is this injurious system—this aiming at superficial ornament, rather than actual attainment—this endeavour at *impression*, rather than *expression*, in forming the character by education, more pitiously extant than amongst those who, having suffered from a total deprivation, or a very straitened share of it themselves, are anxious to obviate for their children the disadvantages which they have laboured. All this is very natural and praiseworthy. Only the blindfolded are apt to run into opposite extremes; and the aim, however amiable, is too often spoiled by a mistaken method.

How many of the thousands of young men, who diurnally rise in this metropolis, mentally inquiring, not only where they shall dine, but how and where a breakfast is to be obtained? are victims to this fallacious system of jewelling the fingers, and, at the same time, severing the sinews at the wrist: brought up too finely to be useful in the sphere to which they were born, and filled with false notions and inflated opinions of their own deserts, they have learned to grow ashamed of their position and of the only mode of life at their command, and failing the profession to which their parents' ambition and their course of education pointed, hang about home idly dependent, or, where this is not practicable, sink into the detestable ranks and anomalous resources of professional *chevaliers d'industrie*. But it is in the case of the opposite sex that the evil becomes most obvious. The humblest tradesman aims at making his daughters accomplished; and while the heart and head are alike neglected, the feet, and hands, and deportment, are, to a certain degree, well trained. I say to a certain degree, because, even in this scheme, ignorance or economy frequently stops short of what it had promised itself, and ere

any one branch of her ornamental (but too frequently useless) education is finished, the girl is removed to officiate behind a counter, or, worst of all, to look for a governess's situation upon the strength of her acquirements, a sort of hybrid between ignorance and fine ladyism.

Far be it from me to throw a pebble on the railway path of education. No one can be more deeply impressed with its importance, its necessity, its double blessedness, not only to the recipient, but to him by whom it is imparted; but I would have it real in its solidity, and perfect in its ornament; where plain let it have grandeur of strength, and let strength also be the superstructure of gracefulness. The meretricious performances of boarding-school pianists; the half-yearly exhibitions of fancy-work, and drawings in every style but an *artistic* one; the smattering of languages, with the imperfect knowledge of all that is best worthy to be known, is surely not education! Solidity, however plain, is imposing; but the affectation of learning and accomplishment is a misfortune to its possessor, unhappily entailed (in many instances) on those with whom the relations of life bring them in contact. There is not only folly, but cruelty in the patchwork education of those classes who, wanting wealth, aim at a shadowy gentility; and, without the means of sustaining it, create in their offspring the wants and appetites of independence, only to throw them on the world useless to others, and dissatisfied with themselves, the victims of a ridiculous ambition, advertising *pot-pourris* of superficialities, ungrounded in a single branch of the multitudinous roll of ornamental and scientific lore they affect to teach; thus becoming in their turn (those who do find engagements) dispensers of the same system of quackery. But for this system we should not have the sad spectacle that a glance at the daily advertisements conjures up, of women professing the accomplishments of a first-rate education, and consequently possessing, one would opine, the tone and feelings of gentlewomen, craving, even abjectly, the sufferance of a home, and acknowledging its shelter a satisfactory remuneration for imparting these attainments to some half-dozen stupid or unruly children. It is true, merit is ever modest, and seldom over-rates its own deserts, but this is somewhat too humble an estimate of talent and accomplishment, the very nursery, and ladies' maids in the next column would blush to give their services so cheap. Depend on it these miracles of heterogeneous learning, who not unfrequently (if you will take the trouble to read the Crichton-like programme of their attainments) crowd into a brain of some eighteen years' pith, a list of acquirements that would make the fame of an university professor, belong, in nine cases out of ten, to the shallow school I have been talking of. The really "experienced," who refer you to the pupils they have finished, &c., are under no such necessity to under-rate their abilities, but stand out for terms with good bold figures in them. For my own part I cannot help thinking, that under its best phase, the ordinary system of female education is a faulty one; the amount of time and attention lavished on the acquisition of mere external accomplishment is apt to give such attainments a false value in the eyes of their possessor, which is only dissipated by the actual and rugged experiences of life. I have known the most splendid touch on the piano sink into the most useless thing imaginable when worldly troubles (wholly unaffected by the charms of music) opposed themselves to the unhappy performer; and dancers only less graceful than Elsler or

Grahn, because society dispenses with the skill of an artist, in private ball-rooms, become very lame affairs indeed in the trying *pas de deux* of matrimony. If life were nothing more than a succession of carpet dances, musical soirées, and fancy fairs, then, indeed, people might find their profit in this system of accomplishment to the exclusion of more useful knowledge, and that mental culture which can alone make a woman a helpmate for man ; but a woman whose accomplishments are limited to the graces which pass current for such in drawing-rooms, will find them sadly at discount in the domestic back parlour. The power to vocalise Italian, play quadrilles, and fill embroidered portfolios with drawings, though all very pleasing, leaves many a vacuum in the social economy of wedded life, only to be filled up by mental action on the hidden founts of sympathy and intelligence.

Daily depressed in the scale of social importance as the weaker sex, (with how much justice so far as the powers of mind and understanding are concerned, I leave to the women-kings, and philosophers, and mathematicians of past times, and Mrs. Somerville and Taylor in the present, to answer for me), certain it is, that the conventional method of education is admirably adapted to keep her so. She is taught to distrust her own reason—to hide every acquisition of real knowledge, as if the fruit were as forbidden in these days, as in the antediluvian times, when the universal mother plucked and ate of it. Instead of exercising her mental capabilities, and upholding their importance, it tacitly places them in abeyance to ornamental acquirements, and instead of strengthening the understanding enfeebles it. In educating women it seems to be utterly forgotten, that they are destined to be the mothers of men, and that with them a portion of a man's education commences that surely influences him for good or evil from her bosom to his bier. Sadly, indeed, is she adapted for the training of immortal minds, who has never schooled her own—the influence of a mother upon her children's hearts, is not more effectual than on their intellects—a tone is taken into them from her's—a bias given, which never ceases wholly to be felt. In this knowledge, there is an argument, that might well elevate and expand the notions upon which her education is ordinarily conducted, and make it something better than the pretty persiflage with learning that it now is. It should be remembered, that a real possession, however modest, may lead to the acquirement of more, and is at all events, infinitely more respectable, than pretensions, however imposingly paraded. Were we to analyse the daily routine of boarding-school instruction (despite the numerous catechisms in which Pinnock has dispensed knowledge homœopathically, and the study of all the 'ologies and 'maticks in the vocabulary of science) which diversifies wax-flower making, French exercises, and practice, we should find (with few exceptions) that fashionable education, like modern fine furniture, is all veneering and artificial polish, very agreeable to the eye, but of little intrinsic value, and badly adapted for the wear and tear of working-day use—the surface of both, from its very shallowness, being apt to chip, and disclose flaws beneath, seldom, in either case, such as the possessor quite would approve.

THE BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

from Colburn's New Monthly Magazine

LAYING aside more material interests, there are few discoveries which throw more lustre on the present epoch, than the decipherment of the Babylonian and Assyrian lapidary writings. The character of these writings; the long period for which the language to which they belong has been lost, the manner in which they have been handed down to posterity, the sites of the monuments, the localities (geographically speaking) in which they occur, their remote antiquity, and the light which their perusal is calculated to throw upon the earliest traditions and primeval history of man, all combine to invest this discovery with the highest interest and importance.

Composed of a few elements, mere figures of arrow-heads or wedges, with an occasional angle, the numberless combinations of these, not only form the letters and syllables of one, but probably of several distinct languages. The direction of the writing from left to right is a remarkable instance of departure from the usages of the Semitic nations, at the same time that the same writing presents an anomaly which has not failed to attract the attention and excite the astonishment of Orientalists, which is that whilst all the Semitic alphabetical systems with which we are acquainted are distinguished for their rigour and compactness, the primitive lapidary writing of the same races, or at any rate of the races occupying the same seats, is constructed on a scale of great amplitude and laxity.

Nor is the manner in which these writings have been handed down to us less calculated to awaken interest and excite curiosity. The most ancient are found on talismanic cylinders, on bricks, slabs, and stones, and hard-baked pieces of clay. Those which succeed, partly of contemporaneous origin, partly of subsequent eras, occur not only on bricks and stones, but also on buildings and on the smooth face of rocks; on vases, as in that of the time of Artaxerxes, preserved in the treasury of St. Mark's, at Venice, and on commemorative pillars or columns, as in the instance of the monument, so remarkably situated at the verge of perpetual snows, in the pass of Keli-Shin.

These monuments of olden times are, however, as far as has been yet discovered, chiefly confined to those countries which are contained between the Euphrates on the one side, and the desert of Persia on the other*—the abode of those nations which were among the first which made their appearance on the stage of history. On the plains they are found, amidst the buried ruins of Babylonian and Assyrian sites; in more rocky situations, on the front of a precipice, as in the pass of Behistun; on the face of castellated rocks, as at Wan; in caves, as at Shikafi-i-Salman, and in various analogous positions.

On the great edifices of antiquity, again, they are also made to occupy

* The tablets of the Medo-Assyrian type found at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kalb, near Beyrut, the inscription at Tarki, in the Caucasus, the Suez stone, and the other evidences that exist of Achemenian rule in Egypt, are among the few exceptions.

a variety of positions, often, indeed, it would appear almost all that are available. At Persepolis, the most imposing occupy the walls of the great massive portals, but they are also met with on the face of the flight of steps leading up to the great colonnade, on the walls of the platforms, on pilasters, on doors and windows, and niches, and even on the sculptured robes of kings and chieftains. They occur at the same site on the smooth face of the rock over the royal sepulchres.

These various monuments scattered over the heart of Western Asia, from the rock of Tarki, north of the Caucasus, to the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Red Sea; revealed historical data, often, as has now been determined, possessing the weight of royal and contemporaneous record, of many great events which preceded the rise, or which marked the career, of several of the most early sovereigns of Persia. The key, however, to the decipherment of the characters was lost, and even the Persian of the ante-Alexandrian ages had long ceased to be a living language. The immortal credit of having been the first to determine the value of a few characters in this mysterious writing, belongs to Professor Grotefend, of Gottingen, who, as early as the year 1802, had deciphered the names of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and Hystaspes. Our distinguished countryman, Major Rawlinson, had, however, arrived at an early period of his inquiries at similar results, and that by a similar process as the Gottingen professor. The famous trilingual inscriptions at Hamadan, are now known to commence with the same invocation to Ormazd, the same enumeration of royal titles, and the same statements of paternity and family, only differently arranged according as the tablet belonged to father and son. Now, by examining and comparing the distinct groups of characters which alone occupied different positions in the same formula, the indications of a genealogical succession were obtained, and the names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes were thus determined. The collation of the two first paragraphs of the great Behistun inscription with the tablets of Hamadan, soon afterwards supplied the same zealous labourer with the additional native forms of Arsames, Ariaramnes, Teispes, Achæmenes, and Persia, and enabled him to construct an alphabet that contained eighteen characters.*

The inquiry was carried on at the same time by various European scholars. Professor Rask discovered the two characters representing M and N, which led to several important verifications. In Germany, the discovery of the representatives of the N and Y is conceded to Dr. Beer, of Leipsic, and the lamented M. Jacquet is said to have appropriated to his own researches, the determination of the letters *ch* and *jh*. The memoir of M. Burnouf, on the inscriptions of Hamadan, published in 1836, added several discoveries of interest, and the researches of Professor Lassen, published at the same time (*Die alt-Persischen Keil-Inschriften von Persepolis, Bonn, 1836*), supplied an identification of at least twelve characters, which had been mistaken by all his predecessors, at the same time that he, by a process as independent as that pursued by Major Rawlinson in the case of Achæmenian inscriptions, and now being carried into those of Medo-Assyrian origin, by M. Botta, established the data for

* The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun, deciphered and translated; with a Memoir. By Major H. C. Rawlinson, C.B., Political Agent at Bagdad. — *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Vol. x. Part I.

a true interpretation of these inscriptions. To Professor Grotefend has thus then been left the high position of primitive though imperfect discovery, but Professor Lassen, and Major Rawlinson, can not only contest the numerical identification of alphabetical powers, but all the essentials of a true interpretation.

The deciphering of a few proper names was, indeed, but a first step in progress; the correct rendering of the different members of a sentence according to their etymologies, and their respective grammatical relations, was a triumph of a higher order. Grotefend and Saint Martin made no progress whatsoever in this direction, but to designate their laborious attempts as being beneath criticism, is supplanting candid consideration by an ungenerous censure. The language of the Zend-Avesta, which, excepting the Vedic Sanskrit, approaches nearest to the Persian of the Alexandrian ages, had not indeed, notwithstanding the learned labours of De Sacy, been clearly and scientifically developed, till M. Burnouf turned his attention to it as to a language which was probably refined and systematised upon that of cuneiform inscriptions; and it was by means of the key thus afforded to the translation of the latter, that Major Rawlinson has been enabled to give to the world the proximate rendering into the European languages of the great Hamadan memorial of the time of Darius Hystaspes—as he believes a literal, correct, and grammatical translation of upwards of four hundred lines of cuneiform writing, although he admits, that in the present state of the investigation, that those who expect to see the cuneiform inscriptions rendered and explained with as much certainty and clearness as the ancient tablets of Greece and Rome, will be lamentably disappointed.

The great divisions established by the different inquirers in this branch of palæography, are pretty nearly the same. Westergaard admits the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Achæmenian, and the Medo-Achæmenian, and Babylonian-Achæmenian varieties.* Rawlinson the Babylonian, Achæmenian-Babylonian, Medo-Assyrian, Assyrian and Elymæan, which may, for simplicity's sake and omitting for the time being the Elymæan or Susianic inscriptions, be considered under the heads of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, and Persian lapidary writings.

It is to be observed, in connexion with these divisions, that some difference of opinion exists as to whether they all belong to one type of alphabet and language. M. Botta is one of those who have arrived at the conviction that all the inscriptions in the complicated character belong to one single alphabetical system, and that the variations perceptible in the different modes of writing, are analogous to the varieties of hand and text which characterise the graphic and glyphic arts of the present day. Major Rawlinson does not subscribe to this general amalgamation. He thinks that the modifications between the Babylonian and Assyrian writings, if insufficient to establish a distinction of phonetic organisation, nevertheless constitute varieties of alphabetical formation, and he admits three distinct groups, the Babylonian, the Assyrian, and the Elymæan, each subdivided into minor branches.

Whatever divisions we admit, the Babylonian writings are generally conceded to be the most ancient. Legends in this character are

* On the Deciphering of the Second Achæmenian or Median Species of Arrow-headed Writing. By N. L. Westergaard.—*Memoires de la Société-Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*. Copenhague, 1844.

excavated from all the sites which possess the highest and most authentic claims to antiquity, and the invention, therefore, of this primitive language has been ascribed to the earliest races that settled in the plain of Shinar. This primitive cuneiform writing is found stamped upon bricks and cylinders at Babylon; at Erech, now Warka, on the Euphrates; at Accad, now Akarkuf;* and at Calneh, generally identified with Ctesiphon, but for the site of which Major Rawlinson prefers the extensive mounds of Kalwadha, near Baghdad.

It is found, also, at Birs-i-Nimrud, the great ruin of Bursif, or Borsippa, generally identified with the Tower of Babel, in the substructure of which edifice, it probably embodies the vernacular dialect of Shinar at the period when "the earth was of one language and of one speech."—Gen. xi. 1.†

This, the most ancient form of cuneiform writing, is not, however, confined to bricks and cylinders. It has been met with upon numerous stones and hard baked pieces of clay, one of which was found at Nineveh, whither, however, it had probably been conveyed from Babylonia, as also on an obelisk at Susa, and upon the naked rock at Sheikhân, between the primeval cities of Calah, now Sir Pul-i-Zohab, and Resen, which, more properly Dasen, as it was written by the Septuagint, is identified by Major Rawlinson with Yassin Tappeh, on the celebrated plain of Shah-rizur.

From the consideration of these primitive inscriptions Major Rawlinson proceeds at once to that of the Babylonian-Achæmenian or ancient Persian, but as there exist no data at present for determining that the adoption of this style preceded the rise of the Achæmenian dynasty, or the foundation of the Persian empire by Cyrus the Great; while we know that the Assyrian empire was contemporary with the Babylonian, I shall proceed with the latter first. This is the writing that M. Botta regards as of one common and universal type, and it is a curious circumstance that while M. Botta asserts that the key which he has discovered to the deciphering of the Assyrian inscriptions enables him at the same time to peruse the Persian, Major Rawlinson, who has given positive evidence of his capability of reading and translating the latter, acknowledges that that power does not extend itself to Assyrian writings. It is indeed in vain to seek in the extensive illustrations given by Rawlinson and Westergaard of the Persian inscriptions for the analogies of the forms depicted, for example, by M. Isidore Löwenstern, as belonging to Khorsabad, or Khosru-abad, "the City of Khosroes." There appears to be at once a graphic and linguistic difference.

This alphabet appears to be peculiar to the plains of Assyria. The entire series of the marbles of Khorsabad are engraved in this character.

* *Researches in Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea, &c.* By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. London, 1838. Pp. 175 and 178. Major Rawlinson admits these identifications.

† The identity of the Borsippa of Berosus, Strabo and Stephen, and the Bursif of the Sabæans, Barsita in Ptolemy and Byrsia in Justin, with the Birs-i-Nimrud, has been urged in an article "on the Rivers and Cities of Babylonia."—*New Monthly Magazine*, 1845. Part III., p. 57. Major Rawlinson observes, "that if this identity can be established, the said Birs-i-Nimrud would be determinately connected by the traditions of the Babylonian Jews with the Tower of Babel—the site of which would thus not have been at Babylon."

While we are awaiting M. Botta's determination of their meaning, M. Isidore Löwenstern* has by a comparison with the third of the trilingual Persian writings, been reading Asdod as the name of the site, thus identifying a palace or fortress on the Assyrian plain, with a city of the Philistines, the Azotus of the Greeks and Romans, and Esdud of the present day, which is situated on the shores of the Mediterranean between Askelon and Ekron. The same apparently young labourer in this field has sought with probably more success the name of the great king Sarac in the same inscriptions. According to Major Rawlinson the name of Sar'un attaches itself to the site in early Arab geography, and that skilful critic is hence led to believe that the ruins in question represent the palace of Evorita, to which Saracus, the last king of the lower Assyrian dynasty, retired on the approach of the confederate Medes and Babylonians.†

The Nineveh slabs obtained by Mr. Rich and now in the British Museum, are impressed with legends in this character, and it appears, as might *a priori* have been anticipated, that the inscriptions lately brought to light by Mr. Layard, from the ruins of Nimrud, are written in the same form of arrow-headed type. It was lately asserted that Major Rawlinson had identified Nimrud with the Nineveh of the first Assyrian empire, but it appears from the last publication that has emanated from his pen,‡ that he identifies the site in question with the Scriptural Rehoboth. This, however, he acknowledges he has no further reason for than its evident antiquity, and the previous attribution of Resen and Calah to other sites. He also admits that the Arab geographers placed Rehoboth at Rahbah on the Euphrates, but this position, he says, is too far beyond the confines of Assyria to be admissible. It is dangerous to dissent from Major Rawlinson, but his objections do not appear in this case to be sufficiently valid.

Assyria Proper was undoubtedly originally trans-Tigrine, as it again became in the time of the Romans, but the Assyrian *country* should be distinguished, as advocated in the excellent "Biblical Cyclopedia" of Dr Kitto, from the Assyrian *empire*. Nebuchadnezzar, for example, is termed King of Assyria in the Scriptures, although resident in Babylon, and even Darius is called King of Assyria in Ezra (vi., 22). Assyria and Syria were often emerged into one by olden writers, and many cities on the Euphrates, as Carchamish by Isaiah (x., 8 and 9), are spoken of Scripturally, as being in Assyria. The Mohammedan castle of Rahbah, or Rahabah, acknowledged by the Arab geographers to be on the site of Rehoboth, is also built upon an ancient mound abounding in vitrified bricks, similar to what are found in Babylonian mounds, and if excavated would very probably afford bricks or cylinders with legends in the cuneiform character.§

* I have been favoured by the author with a copy of his ingenious opusculé. *Essai de l'Ecriture Assyrienne pour servir à l'Explication du Monument de Khorsabad*. Par Isidore Löwenstern: Paris and Leipzig, 1845—and beg to acknowledge the polite attention.

† M. Isidore Löwenstern also makes the mistake of identifying Sarac with Assarhaddon, or the first Sardanapalus, whereas the last monarch in whose reign Cyaxares and Nabopolassar contrived to overthrow Nineveh was Sarac, the second Sardanapalus.

‡ (Op. Cit.)

§ See "The Habor, Rehoboth, and Saladin's Castle," in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, vol. vii., p. 410.

As, apparently with the lapse of time, the Babylonian merged into a Persian character, the Achæmenian-Babylonian of Rawlinson—so also the Assyrian was modified into a Median form, the Medo-Assyrian of the same author. This latter form of arrow-headed inscriptions is met with in peculiarly Median countries. On the rocks of Van and its neighbourhood, at Dash Tappeh in Miyandab, and on the remarkable stone pillars in the pass of Kel-i-shin. This is also, according to Major Rawlinson, the character met with in the inscription which occurs in the pass of the Euphrates between Kharput and Malatiah. This latter remarkable inscription has been published in the first volume of the *Memoirs of the Syro-Egyptian Society of London*, accompanied by a notice from the pen of the veteran professor Grotefend, in which the professor remarks upon it that the writing is larger than that of the time of Artaxerxes, but much less than that of the times of Darius and Xerxes. By assuming a form of representation similar to that adopted by Schültz in copying the Van inscriptions, and not adhering strictly to that adopted by M. Von Muhlbach, the original copyist of the Kharput inscription, the professor also establishes the existence of those angles or angular hooks, as they are sometimes called, the supposed want of which had induced Professors Lassen and Ritter to ascribe this inscription to the more ancient Assyrian kings.

Major Rawlinson also considers the tablets which exist at the mouth of the Nahr el Kalb, near Beyrut, and a cast of which, taken by M. Bonomi, exists in the British Museum, to be of the Medo-Assyrian type.

The Persian type, or Babylonian-Achæmenian of Rawlinson to which we next proceed, is employed with little or no variation to represent the transcript in the third column of all the trilingual tablets of Persia. Inscriptions in this type are found upon rocks, slabs, and pillars at Persepolis, at Murghab, at Hamadan, at Behistun, and at Van, and detached specimens of the same writing occur upon the Suez stone, on the vase in the treasury of St. Mark's, in a curious relic known as the urn of Count Caylus, and in the trans-Caucasian legend of Tarki.

The earliest monument of this class at present known is the inscription of Cyrus the Great at Murghab. This famous inscription, which was copied by Ouseley, by Porter, and by Rich, survives on a ruined pilaster at the site just mentioned, and it is repeated several times on the adjacent tomb of Cyrus. It contains the few and emphatic words, "*I am Cyrus the king, the Achæmenian*," and these are repeated as in the Persepolitan and other trilingual tablets, in the Median and Babylonian types. This is a remarkable fact, as it tends to show that notwithstanding Major Rawlinson's belief in the anti-Achæmenian existence of this character, and that gentleman's consequent designation given to it of Babylonian-Achæmenian, that it most probably originated with the founder of a new dynasty, who also prided himself in perfecting the cuneiform character, and as Rawlinson himself elsewhere expresses it, thus became the inventor of a perfect alphabet.

But it is to Darius, son of Hystaspes, that we are indebted for all that is most valuable in the palæography of Persia. This powerful and successful monarch was apparently imbued with an ardent passion for monumental fame. He inscribed the palaces of his foundation at Persepolis with a legend commemorative of their erection.

"Darius, the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of Nations, the son of Hystaspes the Achæmenian, who erected this edifice."

And elsewhere,


"Alia (hæc) ars (est) Darii regis gentis palatium,"

and with prayers invoking the guardianship of Ormazd and his angels.

"Ormazd is a great God, who created this earth, who created this heaven, who created mortals, who created the fortunes of mortals, who made Darius king, the one king of many kings, the one ruler of many rulers."

This introductory invocation, which, awaiting a more perfect translation by Major Rawlinson, we give from Professor Lassen,* is common to the inscriptions on the southern staircase, on the high pilaster at the top of the stairs, and on the four walls of the two great portals at Persepolis. It is also common to the inscriptions on the tomb of Darius, and at Van and Hamadan. With a mere transposition of names it belongs alike to the inscriptions of Xerxes, and to those of Darius.

There also occur at Persepolis, the high place of Persian power, two inscriptions which contain geographical records testifying the natural wish on the part of the same great monarch, to transmit the glories of his reign to future generations. The first of these inscriptions which occurs on the southern wall of the great platform, according to Professor Lassen, contains the names of Cissia, Media, Babylonia, Arabia, Assyria, Gordyæi, Armenia, Cappadocia, Sparda, Iones, Parutia, Asagarta, Parthi, Zaranga, Harii, Sogdia, Chorasmia, Patagus, Arachosia, India, Gandara, Sacæ, and Maca, as those of tributary nations; and to these are added, in a similar list inscribed over the monarch's tomb, the name of Scythia, the first inscription having apparently been hewn before the great king had undertaken his expedition against the warlike tribes of that country.

But the most remarkable inscription of Darius is that which occurs on the sacred  of Behistun, and the complete translation of which has been now given to us by Major Rawlinson. In this inscription the great king, as is pointed out by the able translator, addresses himself in the style of an historian to collect the genealogical traditions of his race, to describe the extent and power of his kingdom, and to relate with a perspicuous brevity worthy of imitation, the leading incidents of his reign. "We are hardly prepared," says Major Rawlinson, in his admirable memoir upon, and translation of, this great inscription, "indeed, in the narrative of an Eastern despot, to meet with the dignified simplicity, the truthfulness, and self-denial which characterise this curious record. His grave relation of the means by which, under the care and favour of a beneficent Providence, the crown of Persia first fell into his hands, and of the manner in which he subsequently established his authority, by the successive overthrow of the rebels who opposed him, contrasts most strongly but most favourably, with the usual emptiness of Oriental hyperbole."

As the translation of this very remarkable and interesting record is now before the public, we shall not introduce any extracts here. It is as remarkable for its extreme beauty of composition—an almost Scriptural style of writing—as it is for its historical and geographical importance, nor is its monumental interest diminished by the sculptured effigies

* *Die Alt-Persischen Keilinschriften nach N. L. Westergaard's Mittheilungen*, Von Chr. Lassen. First number of the sixth volume of the *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*. These translations are also given in M. Westergaard's *Memoir in the transactions of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians*.

of the rebel kings, Gomates, the Magian; Atrines, the Susianian; Natabirus, the Babylonian; Phraortes, the Median; Martius, the Susianian; Sitratachmes, the Sagartian; Veisdates, the Persian; Aracus, the Babylonian; Phraates, the Margianian; and Sarukha, the Sacan; who stand in the attitude of prisoners before the great king, surmounted by Ormazd, with the kusti or sacred girdle round his waist and in his hand, emblematic of the pacification of nations. Finally, a last solemn address to the nationality of his countrymen is inscribed by way of epitaph to the same great monarch in his rock-hewn sepulchre at Persepolis.

Xerxes, the successor of Darius, inherited, to a certain extent, his father's passion for inscriptions on stone, but Major Rawlinson justly remarks, that the ambition of perpetuating the victories of the Persian arms, which was the useful and ennobling object of the one, appears to have yielded, in the other, to a mere gratification of personal vanity, redeemed, however, in some degree, by the filial regard which is shown throughout his records to the memory of the monarch who preceded him.

The inscriptions of Xerxes at Persepolis are numerous. They commence with the same invocation to Ormazd as his father's, and chiefly commemorate the erection of certain edifices which he added to the palace. The following may be given as an example, which we also take from Lassen and Westergaard. The inscription, after stating the royal titles, proceeds in Persian. "The noble Xerxes, the great king. By the will of Ormazd, Darius the king, my father, erected this pillared hall. Ormazd with the gods have guarded this palace, the palace of the king Darius my father for me. Oh! may Ormazd be propitiated to watch over it with the gods."

There is a legend of greater length at the Medo-Assyrian capital of Van, but it is merely to the purport that as Darius had failed to leave a memorial of his visit to that city, Xerxes the son, had taken care to supply the omission.

Only two legends have been yet discovered which are posterior to the age of Xerxes. One is found at Persepolis in duplicate, and is of the highest interest. It occurs on a staircase, and also three times on the northern wall of the small platform, and it records that that particular edifice was erected by the noble king Artaxerxes (III. or Ochus) in his palace. The great value of the inscription consists in its giving the genealogy of Artaxerxes, the third from Arsama, the father of Hystaspes, and which agrees perfectly with that given by Greek authors. The inscription, which occurs only in the Persian, otherwise exhibits a most remarkable change and decay which the language must have undergone in the interval between the reigns of Xerxes and of Artaxerxes the Third. In this inscription the god Mithra is also invoked as well as Ormazd, showing how early the worship of Mithra began to mingle itself with the ancient religion of Iran.

The other inscription, which belongs to a period subsequent to that of Xerxes, has been found on a vase, in the treasury of St. Mark's, at Venice, by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson. It contains the legend "Artaxerxes the Great King," in hieroglyphics, and in the trilingual characters of the Achæmenians. M. Longperier and M. Letronne, who have both described and commented upon this inscription, attribute it to Artaxerxes the First, or Longimanus, and Westergaard appears to side with this view of the

question, but Major Rawlinson says that the orthography is so barbarous, that he has no hesitation in assigning it to the third king of that name. The name is, indeed, even more corrupted than that of Artaxerxes Ochus at Persepolis, and we are therefore inclined to go along with our learned countryman in his opinion as to the true age of this last and latest specimen of cuneiform writing.

From the brief analysis which I have thus given of the late discoveries made in this most remarkable branch of palæography, it will be seen how much interest and variety appertain to the inquiry, how much has been done, and how much still remains to be done. M. Botta's and M. Layard's Assyrian researches are replete with promises for the future, and the continuation of Major Rawlinson's admirable translations are actually in the press, and will be probably published contemporaneously with this notice. I shall be happy to have contributed, in however small a degree, in giving popularity to these learned historical and philological researches, and making them albeit superficially, still more easily understood, and consequently more generally appreciated.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

SPIRIT of Summer—away! away!
Why should we wish thee here to stay?
Fly to those realms where the sunbeams lie
On gorgeous plains 'neath the tropic sky!
Stern Winter approaches—from hence! go forth!
Thou art too bright for the gloomy north;
Spirit of Summer—no longer stay;
Thy mates are assembled—away! away!

II.

Spirit of Summer—oh! would, like thee,
The weary could spread their wings and flee!
Could fly to that bright and brilliant shore,
And dwell amid sunshine for evermore!
Would that earth's wand'ers all might come,
Like thee, bright bird, to their early home,
When flow'rets were blooming, and all seem'd gay,
And *not* in the Winter, when thou'rt away!

III.

Spirit of Summer and beauty, go
To the golden south, where the bright flow'rs blow;
Yet, bird of the swift, air-cleaving wing,
Greet us again with returning Spring;
Dreary and sad though the Winter be,
And gloomy our pathways devoid of thee,
Why should we wish thee here to stay?
Spirit of Summer—away! away!

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. VII.

So much as from occasions we may glean.—*Hamlet.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

COINCIDENCES are often mistaken for consequences ; simultaneousness of occurrence in any two events, however disconnected, for a manifest cause and effect. None of the ancient dwellers on the Kentish coast doubted, because their first appearance was concomitant, that the Goodwin sands were occasioned by the erection of Tenterden steeple ; and some of our *enlightened* contemporaries, while they laugh at this ridiculous inconsequence, lend themselves to others scarcely less absurd. How many still believe in the lunar influence upon the weather, forgetful that torrents of rain are often falling in Scotland, at the very moment when the southern counties of England are enjoying cloudless sunshine, while the supposed cause of these opposite effects is serenely smiling in the heavens at the existence of a delusion which a moment's reflection would dissipate. The experiments of one or two daring sceptics have shaken the prevalent belief, that if a hot-cross bun be kept till the following Good Friday, it will not get stale ; but we have still some popular superstitions, as to supposed cause and effect, which, enjoying the immunity said to be imparted to the bun by its mystic impression, never get stale ; or rather, to speak more correctly, which never wear out.

Nothing more common than to balance a mistake in one direction, by perpetrating an opposite blunder, as if we thought that *two* wrongs would make *one* right. Thus, while our ancestors stoutly maintained the influence of the moon upon the weather, they denied and even ridiculed the assertion of some of the ancients, that it influenced the tides of the ocean ; stiffly adhering to their own sapient doctrine, until Newton proved them to be blockheads. Mankind, in short, has been acute enough to discover cause and effect where they do not exist, and to overlook them where they do ; an instructive rebuke for human vanity, were we ever wise enough to know our own ignorance !

Both these errors of judgment are attributable to the greater facility with which we see coincidences, than foresee consequences. Future results, however inevitable, have so little excitement for us, that we create imaginary ones, for the pleasure of giving them a present interest. In a former paper we traced the foundation of the Turkish empire to the weaving of a cobweb over the mouth of a cave. Could the remote consequences of the spider's industry have been preternaturally revealed to Mahomet, he would have thought less, probably, of the coming glories of the Mussulmen, than of his own instant escape. Few men care for any event from which, however great may be its prospective advantages, they themselves derive no immediate benefit. Hence the disappointment invariably following any great occurrence, whence instant or proximate improvements have been sanguinely anticipated. They do not occur *à la minute*, therefore they will not occur hereafter, therefore our presentiment was a fond delusion ; a common deduction, but not less false than rife.

Who can have forgotten the extravagant hopes, the Utopian dreams, with which England hailed the reform of Parliament; sanguine visions, only to be equalled by the passionate complaints that prevailed when the accomplished measure was found to be unattended by any instant and commensurate results? For years had the people toiled to break up the stubborn ground, and plant the good seed: and now they wailed and groaned because, in the very first season, it did not burst into flower and bear abundant fruit. Still louder and more general were the lamentations when the Whigs, sinking under the weight of their own triumph, were dispossessed of power. "Woe is me!" blubbered John Bull, "we are to get nothing, after all, by the Reform for which we struggled so strenuously and so long." The old error! Because there are no present, there will be no future, effects. Moreover, worthy John! you totally mistook the object of the Bill, which sought not to give predominance to a party, but, by disfranchising rotten boroughs, and conferring the franchise on populous towns, hitherto returning no members, to enable the people of England to be fairly and fully represented.

True, the Reform seed remained a long time in the ground, not springing up into quick and visible vitality, and grievously disappointing its impatient planters; but it was only maturing its powers for a vigorous germination; and behold, ye desponding Jeremiahs! into what all-delighting flower, into what world-welcome fruit, sweet and plenteous as the manna that sustained the Hebrews in the wilderness, has it recently burst! The Reform of Parliament made Manchester a borough: that borough returned Cobden; and Cobden, conquering the powerful monopolists in fair fight, accomplished the abolition of the Corn Protection Law. Protection, forsooth! What a bland metonymy for a cruel enactment which, in the primary article of human sustenance, taxes the mass to enrich a class. All-important as are these results of Reform, they are only first-fruits; the after-growth may be still more precious, still more abundant. An inappreciable principle has been established; the hand-writing is on the wall, and the empire of that tyranny which is called Protection must pass away, once and for ever, preparing our social condition for other meliorations, and effecting a correspondent advancement in the free-trade of public opinion. Indications of this change are already perceptible in the greater latitude allowed to discussion upon every subject. "The cloud of mind," to use the words of Shelley, "is discharging its collected lightning, and the equilibrium between institutions and opinions is now restoring, or about to be restored." Many may perceive this, but few, perhaps, will suspect that it bears cause and effect with reference to Schedule A, and the bestowment of the Franchise on a manufacturing town.

FORWARD MOTION THE UNIVERSAL LAW.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough—hew them how we will.

Says Shakspeare, a fine moral truth which cannot be too often and too urgently inculcated. Even our bad ends under the influence of this guidance, and in spite of our own perverse acts and aims, may only tend to illustrate the axiom that all partial evil is universal good, thus accounting for the existence of pain and wrong, that dispensation so difficult to reconcile with the divine attributes; and justifying, if any such vindication

can be deemed necessary, the ways of God to man: Astronomers have discovered that while the planets and stars are fulfilling their separate motions, while comets startle us by their eccentric courses, while the nebulae are floating hither and thither, and the milky way is undergoing frequent changes, the sun itself and all its circumvolving or apparently fixed spheres, by a gigantic progression hitherto unsusceptible of measurement, are advancing through the stupendous vastitudes of space, as if seeking some heavenly goal, as yet invisible, where, perchance, the whole system is to receive its final and blissful consummation, by returning to the Deity from whom it emanated.

If there be any analogy between the material and the moral world, and what is more probable? may we not surmise that the human mind, subject to the same law that governs our solar system, however stationary, or erratic, or retrograde it may seem in particular instances, is in the aggregate, making a sure though not calculable progression, until, in the spiritual course prescribed to him, man shall again be brought round to the paradise from which he was expelled? However free in its individuality, the human will is subordinate to a general control, or, to use the words of Pope,

Each individual seeks a several goal,
But Heaven's great view is one—and that the whole.

Most rational, most consolatory, most religious is it to fix our eyes upon this great view, and not to pore upon the petty and exceptional evils, possibly the very means by which final and universal good is to be accomplished. In this supposition there is nothing paradoxical. Shall man's art extract health from poisons, life from death, and shall God's spiritual alchemy be less potent, less beneficent? Once admit a divine superintendence over moral agencies, singly free, but collectively controlled, and we can easily understand how vice may be made conducive to virtue, falsehood to truth, oppression to freedom, until, so far as our finite nature will allow, all evil shall be extinguished in all good.

LE CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.

Time is a rigorous life-lord, for though he may sometimes allow you to exceed the average term of your lease, he is sure to come down upon you for dilapidations, and not rarely by an apoplectic or some similar process to eject you without notice when you think your holding is perfectly secure. Although he acts with tolerable impartiality towards his tenants, laying his hand as heavily upon the rich as upon the poor, the former betray his senilising touches much less palpably than the latter. Not from their different modes of life does this proceed, so much as from the ever-increasing anxiety and care of the wealthy to repair or conceal the ravages produced by the lapse of years. Before the present century a Sexagenarian, assuming the Toga senilis as a matter of course, with its usual concomitants of the powdered wig, long-flapped waistcoat, high-quartered shoes, and gold-headed stick, missing teeth, incipient mumble, and stooping gait, confessed himself both outwardly and inwardly to be an old man; and claiming the privileges of age, seized every opportunity of pleading the "*solve senescentem*." Jauntily flaunting now-a-days, in the Toga virilis, the dandy of sixty, with false teeth, whiskers, eyebrows, and dark curling wig, affects the airs, and even the vices of youth, and so

far from exclaiming "*solve senescentem*," appears in every look and gesture, as well as in his dress, to be always ejaculating, "*ecce juvenem!*"

Acting up to the disguise he has assumed, he becomes a living lie, and yet a most transparent and self-refuting one, for nature will not consent to wear a mask without peeping out somewhere, and revealing the falsehood of the old young impostor. A patch-work man is instantly discoverable by some glaring incongruity, which not only betrays but renders him ridiculous, and actually makes him look older. Irrespectively of this degrading exposure, and as a mere matter of their comparative gracefulness, I hold an honest defect to be a thousand times more becoming than a counterfeit embellishment; for the beauty of old age, like that of youth, "when unadorn'd's adorn'd the most," has a charm in its harmony and consentaneousness, which is totally destroyed by artificial substitutions. Nature is always pleasing, simply because she is always consistent.

In personating old men upon the stage, our actors are obliged to betake themselves to the greybeards of the last century. Why? Because there are none in the present. No wonder that their representations appear forced and conventional, for they are copying a nonentity. Alas! too, for the portrait-painters, whose hard task it is to suppress rather than to copy, to be keen-sighted enough to know where to be blind, to give Winter the face of Spring, and to execute the forgery so adroitly that it may pass current for a genuine likeness. This is the flattery that makes a painter popular, while every one decries the too faithful Daguerreotype likenesses drawn by the sun. Whither is the artist to betake himself who wants a real undisguised old head for a study? Not to the ranks of the aristocracy, nor even to those of the middle class; there they will find nothing but a painted simulacrum, juvenile senility, superannuation hung round with vernal flowers. Oh! what a choice of fine and fitting subjects would have been presented to him, had he accompanied me yesterday, when I visited an agricultural district from which I had been absent since my school-boy days, and entered its Poor House! Heavens! what a noble gallery, what a variety, and yet what an accordance of bald and grey heads, furrowed cheeks, weather-beaten features, and bent bodies, each and all bearing the visible and affecting impress left by seventy or eighty years of rustic labour! If a single venerable head awakens in us an involuntary feeling of reverence, the sentiment becomes deepened into a solemn respect, when we contemplate such an assemblage of ancients as I then beheld. It made me share the feeling of the Gothic conqueror, when he rushed into the senate and found himself in the presence of the Conscript Fathers. Deem not the comparison inapposite from the great disparity of their respective ranks, for genuine, overt old age is de-vulgarising, not to say dignifying; it is one of the touches of nature that makes the whole world kin.

What a gush of youthful reminiscences did the sight awaken! In these decrepit forms and time-stricken faces, I gazed upon vigorous young men who had been celebrated as wrestlers or cricketers when I last saw them; the sturdy labourers who for so many recurring years had listened to the sun-saluting lark, as they yoked their team to the plough, or unfolded the sheep, or drove up the cows to the homestead; or who, quitting these duties for a moment at the sound of the huntsman's horn, had run to look over the hedge, and catch a peep of the fox, or the hounds, or the jovial shouting squire, now, alas! lying silent in the churchyard. Those

were the fathers who had reared families of children, and had left their sons to cultivate the fields, and pursue the rural labours which they themselves had been compelled to abandon. Well might I sympathise with them, for in their presence I myself stood convicted of undeniable old age. With some of them I had chatted fifty or sixty years ago, so that I might say to their sons, ay, and to their grandsons, "*Audite juvenes senem, quem senes audvere juvenem.*" "

MOTIVES AND ACTIONS.

Beneficence without benevolence is but the corpse of a virtue, a body without a soul. The donor's friendly feeling is the most valuable part of his gifts: if his heart be not as open as his hand 'twere better to keep the latter closed, for uncharitableness is preferable to hypocrisy. "It will be reward enough for him who does good with an unwilling mind," says Byrom, "if God pardons the feeling for the sake of the deed." Motive is the real good or ill of all our actions, pursues the same writer,—

"Think! and be careful what thou art within,
For there is sin in the desire of sin;
Think! and be thankful in a different case,
For there is grace in the desire of grace."

RICH AND POOR.

As content is the best of earthly goods, discontent the worst of earthly ills, and as both depend upon ourselves, what man, although the grumbling practice be as old as Horace's "*Qui fit Mæcenas*," has a right to complain of his lot? If a man of talent and good conduct be poor in what the world can give, let him gratefully reflect how rich he is in what the world cannot take away—in intellectual resources, in a good conscience, and those external natural pleasures, which are not only accessible to all, but the more enduring as they are the more simple. If we never wanted what others have we should always have what we ourselves want. The contented poor man is rich; the discontented rich one is poor.

H.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THE soft tones of Music have power to awaken,
T' scenes of the past, and affections long fled;
To sooth or to sadden the heart that is shaken
By neglect from the living, or grief for the dead:
But, oh! 'tis a wild and a harrowing thrill,
When the heart's chords are stricken in spite of the will.

But in thee, cherish'd book, when I find I am grieving,
I turn to thy pages, and trace, by degrees,
The feelings of Love and of Friendship, believing
Their evidence lies in thy beautiful leaves!
And I never recur to thy *pages* of skill,
But I find my heart lighten'd of *volumes* of ill.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF A
DIPLOMATIST.

COMPRISING CONVERSATIONS WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE (WHEN DUKE OF ORLEANS), PRINCE POLIGNAC, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE LATE GEORGE CANNING, HENRY (SINCE LORD) BROUGHAM, AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

No. III.

h London, 5th of November, 1816!

WHAT a good joke it is to see the Duke of Kent panegyrised so fulsomely at the dinner given on Saturday last. Is this really the same royal duke who carried the flogging system to such an unexampled extent in Canada?

Three o'clock.—Five times have the lawyers met upon Cobbett's last paper. Ere the meeting of Parliament you will hear of proceedings being instituted against him; they talk of Botany Bay. The topic of conversation to-day is upon Scotch meetings to petition against sinecurists. *Four o'clock.* I have just seen an individual high in the confidence of ministers, who has been with them some hours this day; "they are in a state of mind bordering on frenzy—bewildered, and know not what to do. Again talk of war—don't care with whom, either Russia or America will do!" Orleans on Wednesday.

November 8th.—The Duke of Sussex went to Windsor on Sunday last when he received a lecture from the queen-mother on the line of politics which he has so furiously adopted. His highness stopped her majesty in the midst of her exhortations by abruptly taking his leave.

I should with great pleasure have waited upon Orleans ere this, had I been sufficiently well to bear the fatigue and jolting of a coach; but I have really found myself incapable of the exertion. Still I manage to crawl to R—'s almost every day, but I do not go to the Post. I flatter myself with the hope of going on Monday to Twickenham; I will then take the chaise. The weather is suddenly changed—last night we had an intense frost.

November 22nd.—The queen received the Duke of Sussex the other day with marks of high displeasure in consequence of his having called the sovereign of the Netherlands "a mushroom king."

Four o'clock, p. m.—If Liverpool quits office, says —, there will be a squabble between Castlereagh and Canning relative to the premiership. Harrowby threatens to resign, he not having nerve to stand it out. As to Vansittart he would willingly resign a leg or an arm "to get rid of all responsibility."

November 26th.—Orleans is almost daily at Carlton House. What can he be doing there? Saw him the other day at the door of Grillon's; said "as liberal ideas were beginning to appear, he might probably be induced soon to cross the water."

So Leach really went to Paris to try his hand in forming a commercial treaty in concert with Canning. Castlereagh is hourly expected in town. Will he assume the premiership? Some say Canning will lead in the Commons. It is not unlikely.

The lord chancellor receives 8*l.* on every bankruptcy, besides the fee

for sealing. Two hundred and three in three gazettes!!! bravo, my Lord Eldon, this is *not* carrying coals to Newcastle; as Gil Blas says, "put more hay in your boots."

Leach is still in the background. He had reason to be in high spirits when his tormentor had the late attack, but the voiding of six large gallstones had relieved the system to such a degree that his lordship now talks of "renovation." "What could they mean by alluding to me," said Eldon, when the mob called out, "Now for the Lord Chancellor!" "have I not," added his lordship, "steered clear of any open active part in the administration of public affairs?" "The chancellor," said a Whig, "forgets the number of persons who have suffered in the Court of Chancery by his unjust decisions—decisions which had a marked political character."

November 29th.—The most extraordinary *commercial* toast given at Lord Castlereagh's dinner at Belfast, was "The exports of Ireland, and may its enemies be the *first*." This sentiment was drunk with the most enthusiastic applause, though a gentleman present thought the toast was rather personal, the noble lord being then on the eve of his departure for England.

December 27th.—I have not forgotten your hints about *Orleans*—most probably I shall go down to Twickenham on Monday next. Pillage seems to be the order of the day, I might add, of the night also. I declare to you that no one can sleep safely out of town. What think you of twenty houses in a night being broken open between London and Richmond? The robbers made an attempt upon mine on Sunday night. I heard them *cracking away* at the iron bars which secure the windows in the rear, about a quarter past three, a. m. I jumped up and threw open one of the windows; and by firing a pistol we got rid of our unpleasant visitors.

The Duke of Wellington's arrival is the topic of conversation in every circle! It is said to relate to the non-payment of the contributions on the part of the French government.

Wellington had a long conference last night with Castlereagh. Another cabinet council was held to-day.

December 31st, 1816.—I passed the morning of Sunday with the Earl of M—t N—ris, whose connexion with the court enables him to learn what is going forward. He positively asserted that a change of ministers will shortly take place, not merely by the withdrawal of Liverpool. That the present men, notwithstanding exterior appearances were alarmed beyond measure at things in prospective. Speaking upon the subject of the financial arrangement, he said that Lord Arden on the preceding evening told him that government had it in contemplation to take two millions only from the sinking fund, and raise a loan of eighteen millions. I inquired whether his cousin, the Marquis of Wellesley was likely to join the present men at the helm? He replied certainly not; the Catholic question is still a favourite object, and even more dear to him than the recall of the troops from France. . .

The noble lord ridiculed in an agreeable strain of irony Warden's book. He said that the surgeon of the *Northumberland* was infinitely obliged to Dr. Coombes for the assistance he had rendered him in proposing *questions* and *answers*.

"These familiar conversations," says Sir George Cockburn, "are very amusing, particularly as Warden knows nothing of French, and *vice versa*

Bonaparte was equally ignorant of English." All that can be said is this, the editor, like the man with the razors, made the book "to sell." This M—— N——, whose sister flirted with the Duke of Wellington at Brussels, is laying claim to the Earldom of Anglesea.

Divine Benevolence. (See royal speech.) Dr. Yeates deputed by the select vestry of the parish of St. James's, waited upon Lord Castlereagh with the subscribers' book, containing a list of the distressed inhabitants, for the express purpose of soliciting his lordship's aid. Lord C. replied, "I do not conceive that it is necessary, and until I am convinced to the contrary I must defer my subscription."

S—— the *M. P.* has been making a tour for a few months in the honourable character he usually *appears in*, viz—a spy. Government has allowed him two thousand pounds for his services on this occasion. S——'s report is that *the storm has blown over*, every thing is now *tranquillising*, in the Midland counties particularly.

December 31st.—Days and weeks have again brought us to the close of another year, and as is natural on such occasions we look back on the past and anticipate the future. The year 1816 has been one of profound peace; would that we could say that it had been one of prosperity. It was opened by congratulations on the flourishing state of our manufactures, commerce, and finances—it closes with recommending the poor to the benevolence of the rich as the only resource which unemployed artisans and ruined tradesmen have against actual starvation. This is indeed a transition!! the government writers call it a natural one, but however natural it may be, they must admit that it was by them unforeseen. They never anticipated that peace would bring in its train misery and want; they never linked these together as cause and effect, and they were right, for they have no necessary or natural connexion.

Lord Sidmouth and the Ins.—The order issued from the office of the secretary of state to the magistrates and other civil authorities of the country to *keep the roads clear from snow*, has excited a great deal and great variety of speculation. Some think it has originated in a kind motive, and is intended as a means of providing employment for the poor. But against that solution it has been urged that ministers, in their answers at Carlton House to the address from the city, have divested themselves of that duty, and recommended the poor to the charitable protection of their neighbours. Others conjecture that it is to keep the road open for the accommodation of the Bow Street officers in pursuit of the younger Watson; but this is again objected to on the ground that the same means which facilitate the pursuit of the offender would also favour his escape. At no place is this idea, however, more scouted than at Bow Street, where the most skilful "traps" contend that the same snow should, on the contrary, be suffered to remain on the road, and thus made to assist in tracking the fugitive. All the country poachers to a man are of the same opinion. "The slightest speck is seen in snow." All Hunt's followers think the same. As a proof, however, of the weakness and shallowness of human wisdom—the short-sightedness and almost nothingness of man even in the most exalted stations, it is curious to observe that, once the order being issued by Lord Sidmouth, no snow has since fallen, and the country has been deluged with rain.

London, January 7th, 1817.—The Grand Duke Nicholas is become very much attached to the Duke of Devonshire, they are together every

day, and the former has obtained a promise that the latter will visit him at St. Petersburg. By the by, the Duke of Devonshire says "that Nicholas is a party man—he don't like the ministers, he avoids them as much as possible."

It was remarked at the Duke of Devonshire's ball, on Monday night, that the grand duke avoided the society of the Prince Regent. The party was an incongruous mixture—the Prince Regent, Lord Grey, Marquis of Anglesea, the Wellesleys, Marquis d'Osmond, Sir Robert Wilson, Lord Holland, Lord Harrowby, G. Tierney, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Burghersh, &c.

The *Chronicle* is perfectly correct in its statement relative to the new liveries. Lord Petersham wore his yesterday; the coat is a dark blue, embroidered with gold lace over the seams, button holes, &c., &c. Lord Lake has promised to let a friend of mine see his to-morrow. The ministers will first appear in their liveries on St. George's Day, they will then be "as fine as trumpeters."

Same date.—John Nichols, M. P. talking about his early days, said he belonged to the "Robin Hood Society," which was held in a house, the property of a baker. "It was then said we went to the baker's shop to learn eloquence; and to the House of Commons to get our bread."

The preposterously *outré* helmets or rather skull-caps worn by the royal horse guards, were decorated until yesterday with a little bell, which went "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle" in a way highly amusing to John Bull.

The town is filled with the report of the death of the King of France—it was believed in almost every circle in the morning—the foreign office contradicts the rumour. We hope it is not true.

Still no letter from N——, nor any communication from the —— advertisement. I will endeavour to see Orleans on Sunday; every man connected with political life is in a state of mind inconceivable—the suspense is dreadful!

January 8th, 1817.—The apprehensions of serious deficiency in the revenue for the year just closed, appear to have been too well founded. The deficiency in the receipt of the war taxes in the last quarter is an appalling statement for John Bull. Rumour is again busy. People talk of a change in the administration.

In reply to this, Tierney said yesterday, "Pray, what man in his senses would stand in the gap? We cannot accept office—it is too late!" Lord Bathurst says, "if France remains tranquil for twelve months longer, trade will revive—the continent cannot supply manufactures to any extent."

The Duke of Sussex is just returned from a visit to the queen. He describes her majesty as being greatly depressed in spirits, not merely from bodily indisposition, but from anguish of mind.

Douglas Kinnaird was proposed as one of the stewards for the political dinner to be given by the tradesmen of the metropolis to the Whig leaders in the House of Commons on the 15th inst., at the Freemasons' Tavern. He declined the honour upon the ground that as he should shortly be in parliament, such an arrangement would be improper. D. K—— is endeavouring to strengthen himself among the Whigs. They distrust him; they are well aware of the game he has been playing in the Orleans' cause, in conjunction with his brother.

The Duke of Sussex is also playing a very deep game. He attends

bible societies and political meetings for special purposes. His highness humbugs the lord mayor completely! The open warfare between the duke and the regent serves to delude John Bull. But not a tittle escapes the knowledge of the court. Sussex is in constant correspondence with the queen.

January 10th, 1817.—I have been in daily expectation of meeting with the Duke of Orleans in town. He has not yet been at Grillon's, but yesterday I saw the Baron Montmorenci. Of him I inquired after the duke. "His serene highness," I said, "was now in constant attendance upon the regent when the latter was in London."

"Yes," replied the baron, "the prince has lately paid his highness very great attention."

"Have you lately heard from France, baron?"

"Not very lately; but the duke has heard that the king's indisposition was of a more serious kind than most people imagine."

The baron mentioned the dispute between the *Garde Royale* and the Swiss.

January 21st, 1817.—Brougham has been in town five days. He has not yet made his appearance among the Whigs,—the leaders of the latter are anxiously pursuing every measure to reconcile their jarring interests. They are also indefatigable in their endeavours to get into their possession every copy of the letter which B—— sent to G—— L——'s wife. If report speaks true, it will be impossible. It was read at the Pavilion the other night.

February 14th.—At Carlton-house the thermometer continues the same. The regent said to a country gentleman the other day, talking of the ministers, "They are an imbecile set; I can get rid of them when I please." The prince has been greatly occupied with business lately at Hertford House. Upon the score of pleasure he has met many persons there, particularly foreigners. His highness continues to enjoy good health, although he is as great a *gourmand* as ever.

Same date.—The distress of the country is advancing with great strides. O——, the author of the "Representative History" (the labour of thirty years), returned to town to-day from a ten months' tour, and gives an affecting detail of the state of the interior. The poor are dying from absolute want, in the fields and under hedges—he mentions the cases of three at Bath on Tuesday. "Every man," he added, "on the coroner's jury was perjured. Died by the visitation of God!!!" These verdicts are given by the direction of the coroners, who are under the influence of government. O——d said, "Bath, which was wont to be the gayest of the gay, is now like a wilderness—the poor exceed 5000." The whole of Devonshire is in extreme poverty—it is the worst circumstanced of any county in England—no rents collected. He spoke to a farmer about the excellent manure which he observed on the estate; and asked him why he did not sell it? "Because nobody will buy it—two years ago that manure would have produced me fifteen shillings per load; I would sell it for sixpence a load, but even at that price it would not sell." The land is getting out of tillage in every direction. The end of this will be a famine. O—— says that the poor's rates throughout the West of England are 12s. 6d. in the pound. The Marquis d'Osmond and his lady dined with the Prince Regent and the Grand Duke Nicholas at Hertford House on Wednesday.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.*

CANADA and Canadian affairs have lately attracted an unwonted degree of attention in this country. This, not so much on account of the elements of discord that exist within the country, of the 25,000 emigrants who annually quit the father-land for its virgin soil, nor of the wistful eye cast by the French to the still-existing race, which at one time peopled and governed so large a portion of the Columbian continent, nor even of the absolute certainty of universal American dominion over the New World so loudly bawled by all grasping republicans; but because clever, sensible, well-informed Englishmen, like Colonel Bonnycastle and the author of "*Hochelaga*," have come to discuss the question of a Canadian "empire," or a Canadian "state," as one of mere time. The British public will, therefore, soon become habituated to see it in the same light, which is probably to be regretted, as Canada must ever be a stronger bulwark against a ravenous republic as a British province, than it can be as an isolated Canadian empire; but, alas! there is no fighting against the nature of things, except the children of a few staunch veterans, and of a few loyal emigrants, the first or second generation of settlers inevitably become more Canadian than British. The little changes that take place in political feeling among parties within a few years, and it is with such, for example, that Colonel Bonnycastle chiefly occupies himself, are not of really great importance in a question like this. The great point is, are the sympathies most Canadian or American? We do not believe that they are at all Anglican, excepting when their Anti-Americanism happens to tally with British interests.

For example, Colonel Bonnycastle has taken the long-vilified French Canadian, or "*Jean Baptiste*," as he is called, into great favour.

A better soul (he says) than that merry mixture of bonhomie and phlegm, the French Canadian is, the wide world's surface does not produce. Visionary notions of *la gloire de la nation Canadienne* instilled into him by restless men, who panted for distinction, and cared not for distraction, misled the *bonnet rouge* awhile: but he has superadded the thinking cap since; and, although he may not readily forget the sad lesson he received, yet he has no more idea of being annexed to the United States than I have of being Grand Lama.

So of the Irish whom the Americans so heartily detest.

In the event of a war, the Catholic Irish, to a man—and what a formidable body it is in Canada and the United States!—will be on the side of England. O'Connell has prophesied rightly there; for it is not in human nature to forget the wrongs which the Catholics have suffered for the past ten years in a country professing universal freedom and toleration.

It is a curious fact, and pregnant with future importance, that the Americans fear the Celts as well as mistrust them. Ever in a state of natural opposition to the Anglo-Saxon races, they yet predominate in numbers in some of the largest cities of the States, New York for example. The greater portion of the Indian tribes in the north-west and west, and their numbers are very great, also all nourish deep hatred, dislike, and enmity, to the "*Big Knives*." This, it can be readily understood, may exist without any great sympathy for British rule, beyond its being Anti-

* Canada and the Canadians, in 1846. By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Knight, Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Engineers and Militia of Canada West. 2 vols., 8vo., 1846.

American. "Those," says Colonel Bonnycastle, "who really wish Canada well, desire it to become a second Britain, and not a mere second Texas." But apart from the balance of power, so desirable on many accounts, which would result from such a state of things, the prospect of opening a communication, which nature has long pointed to, by the Canadian and Columbian lakes and rivers between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the agricultural and newly-discovered mineral wealth of the country, its daily increasing resources and the strength lent to it as a barrier to republican aggrandisement, by its connexion with Great Britain, demand that all the power of the latter country should be thrown into the scale, before that connexion is allowed to be interrupted or broken. "The advantages of Canada," says our author, "are enormous; much greater, in fact, than they are usually thought to be at home."

"I recollect," he says in another place, "that about twelve years ago, a person of very strong mind, who edited the '*Patriot*,' a newspaper published at Toronto, Mr. Thomas Dalton, was looked upon as a mere enthusiast, because one of his favourite ideas, frequently expressed, was, that much time would not elapse before the teas and silks of China would be transported direct from the shores of the Pacific to Toronto, by canal, by river, by railroad, and by steam."

Twelve years, he goes on to say, have scarcely passed since he first broached such a preposterous notion, as people of limited views universally esteemed it, and already an uninterrupted steamboat communication exists from England to Lake Superior, and two thousand miles of water of road have been opened last year by the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, and the Welland. "The vast and splendid forests north of the Columbia river will," adds Colonel Bonnycastle, "furnish the dock-yards of the Pacific coast with the inexhaustible means of extending our commercial and military marine."

General and political considerations of this nature are inevitably forced upon us by Colonel Bonnycastle's work, following so closely upon the no less suggestive and sensible reasonings upon the same subject of the anonymous author of "*Hochelaga*," a work from which we extracted largely at the time, and which we are glad to see has already reached a second edition. We would wish to turn to subjects of a more amusing and miscellaneous character, but in countries so circumstanced as the United States and Canada, they are almost always pervaded by the same leaven, human activity having in the New World always a political bias. Few things struck us as more beautiful than the author's suggestion of providential objects in the existing government, as adopted to the future destiny of the United States. Must it not, indeed, be always so, however difficult prejudice may make it, to see or detect the operations of the same all-wise superintendence?

"There can be, however," says Colonel Bonnycastle, "very little doubt in the mind of a person whose intellects have been carefully developed, and who has used them quietly to reason on apparent conclusions, that the United States has answered a purpose hitherto, and that a wise one; for the impatience of control which every new-comer from the Old World naturally feels, when he discovers that he has only escaped the dominion of long established custom to fall under the more despotic dominion of new opinions, prompts him, if he differs, and he always naturally does, where so many opinions are suddenly brought to light and forced on his acquiescence, to move out of their sphere. Hence emigration westward is the result, and hence, for the same reason, the old sea-board States where the force of the laws operate more

strongly than in the central regions, annually pour out to the western forests their masses of discontented citizens."

We had imagined that the clearance of the land was the most laborious of the settler's duties, but it appears that the clearance may be carried too far, as by the *lumberers*, the cutters and surreptitious conveyors of the best timber from the settler's estate. The character of these people may be judged of by the following anecdote:—

"I was exploring last year some woods in a newly settled township, the township of Seymour West, in the Newcastle district of Upper Canada, with a view to see the nakedness of the land, which had been represented to me as flowing with milk and honey, as all new settlements, of course, are said to do. I wandered into the lonely, but beautiful forest, with a companion who owned the soil, and who had told me that the lumberers were robbing him and every settler around of their best pine-timber. After some toiling, and tracing the sound of the axes, few and far between, felling in the distance, we came upon the unvarying boy at cookery, the axe, and the dog.

"My conductor at once saw the extent of the mischief going on, and finding that the gang, although distant from the camp-fire, was numerous, advised that we should retrace our steps. We, however, interrogated the boy, who would scarcely answer, and pretended to know nothing. The dog began to be inquisitive too, and one of the dogs we had with us venturing a little too near a savoury piece of pork, the nature of the young half-bred ruffian suddenly blazed out, and the axe was uplifted to kill poor Dash. I happened to have a good stick, and interfered to prevent dog-murder, upon which the wood-demon ejaculated that he would as soon kill me as the dog, and, therefore, my companion had to show his gun; for showing his teeth would have been of little avail with the young savage."

The best boat on Lake Erie is, it appears, an English steamer, called the *Thames*; which is a matter of surprise, as, according to all Yankees, they excel us in building vessels "by a long chalk," and they have on the same lake a great number more vessels, several of which are much larger than this "Britisher." Among the American vessels is one pierced for twenty-four guns, which carries an enormous Paixhan, ready to throw her shells into Kingston, if ever it should be required! The worst of these iron-boats, our gallant author remarks, is, that two can play at shelling and long shots, and such a vessel might very possibly get the worst of it from a heavy battery on the level of the sea.

Imagine a *street* thirty-three miles in length! yet, such is the length of Yonge-street, which is one continuous settlement, with an occasional sprinkling of the original forest, from Toronto to St. Albans.

Colonel Bonnycastle gives a sad account of the progress of materialism and utilitarianism at Niagara, or Ne-aw-gaw-rah, "the thundering water," as he tells us it ought to be pronounced. So disgusted was he to see the spirit of self, that concentration of self hovering over the one of the last wonders of the world, that he hurried away to the three-horse railway of notorious inconvenience, and only forgot his misery in scrambling for a place.

But we must cease our wanderings, even with so pleasing and instructive a traveller. There is nothing that so quickly familiarises a stranger with a country, as the chatty and anecdotic style which the author has adopted. There is an easy gentlemanly confidence in saying always what is uppermost, that begets equal confidence on the part of the reader, and a freely-yielded reliance on his guide and preceptor during his fire-side Canadian rambles.

CÆSAR BORGIA*

THE praise which is the just meed of a successful endeavour to produce something entirely new in the literature of fiction, is certainly due to the author of the romance before us. We at once, candidly and sincerely confess that we have never yet read any thing like it, and it may possibly be a very long time before a similar spell is again thrown over us, unless, indeed, the adventurous author of "Whitefriars" should be tempted further,—though we own it is beyond our powers of divination to guess into what region the descent must be made to discover a subject which shall afford materials for a more edifying, romantic history than that of Cæsar Borgia.

That the author's aim to supply "the highest and noblest wants of humanity," as set forth in the "Preface Dedicatory" to these volumes, has been achieved, may almost be inferred from the selection of the hero; but, in spite of what Shakspeare has said, there is an art "to throw fresh perfume on the violet," and the manner in which the picture has been composed which claims the Duke of Valentinois for its most prominent figure, is one that deserves all the commendation that can be bestowed on it. Our wonder at the skill which has so appropriately filled up all the conjectural passages of a "Life" which so many writers have taken such pains to adorn, would have been great had we been told that it was the work of any man in these degenerate days; how much greater then must be our admiration when we are assured that the merit which this praise implies is due to one of the softer sex. The title-page has not revealed the mystery, neither would the subject at the first blush have done so; but, independently of the delicate pencilling and purity of colouring, which are so strikingly developed throughout the work, we know from a source, more positive even than internal evidence, that it is to a lady the public are indebted for the pleasure they have already experienced in being admitted into the sanctuary of "Whitefriars," and for that which is to come in the pleasant places which were the scenes of the delectable pursuits of the exemplary son and virtuous daughter of Pope Alexander VI. The public may as well be told at the same time what they have lost, as well as what they have gained, for notwithstanding the fair writer's disclaimer of authorship beyond the works enumerated in her preface, it was to her prolific pen the stage was so nearly being graced by a comedy called "Richelieu in Love," which a censorious licenser, ignorant that it was the production of a lady, fastidiously prohibited.

In the "Preface Dedicatory," to which we have already adverted, a very strenuous desire is manifested that the writer should not be confounded with "divers renowned personages" to whom the laurels of "Whitefriars" have been unjustly awarded. There was little need of this, for if a lingering doubt still existed identifying any of the popular writers of the day with this anonymous fair one, the perusal of "Cæsar Borgia" would at once dispel it. It is no disparagement to the powers of the gentlemen alluded to to say that they *could not* have written such a work.

It is time that we should characterise its contents by something more than mere words of eulogy.

Before we approach the romance itself we would fain ask why the ad-

* Cæsar Borgia : an Historical Romance. By the author of "Whitefriars." 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

ventures of Cæsar Borgia should be especially dedicated to "*Ladies and Gentlewomen*"—we have always imagined that their education and taste, to say nothing of principles, would induce them to seek for amusement in another direction? But perhaps it was natural for one who wrote on such a subject to think that there might be others of her sex—though scarcely "ladies and gentlewomen,"—who would read what she had written. This dedication we shall quote *verbatim*, as we hope to be able to illustrate by extract the principal points which it indicates. It runs thus :

To Ladies and Gentlewomen, and indeed to all *honest* and fair damsels who amuse their leisure hours with *profitable prurals*, is dedicated all that relates to Beauty's triumphs, disdains, favours, and excellent caprices; to *Lovers the sweet and amorous parts are feelingly inscribed*; to soldiers, the martial achievements; to scholars, the *learning*; to historians, the romance; to romancers, the history; to poets, *the verse*; to moralists the catastrophe; to critics *all that they find good*, and to posterity the whole.

The plot of this romance, no less than the plan which we have adopted of letting the fair lady speak for herself, precludes us from the difficult attempt to unravel it. It opens in a striking manner with a "Canon," a "Hospitaller," and a "Knight of the Sun," attended by a numerous armed retinue, who are introduced "winding up" and "winding down" a mountain in the Apennines in a way as *Puff* says, that "reminds us of something we have heard before;" but the first simile to which "the Knight of the Sun" is compared satisfied us that the fair author's ideas were far too original to allow her to be content with tame imitation, for in the description of the aforesaid knight she says his armour "glittered like the lucid scales of a freshly caught salmon," an image as natural as it is poetical. This worthy, by the by, is occupied in humming in English a roundelay, the chief words distinguished being "Robin Hood and the good green wood," a novelty in Italy no doubt at the opening of the sixteenth century, his favourite exclamation moreover being "By the bonny broom flower," a sprig of which he wore in his bassinet, "from which," says the lady-author, with an eye to the "scholars" of her dedication,

—A skilful herald would speedily have known that they were English—the broom flower being the cognizance of the kings of England until the overthrow of the last of the Plantagenet race, in the person of Richard III., an event which had taken place some dozen years previous to the commencement of our narrative. In addition to this badge, the soldiers wore another wrought in their mantles, a blazing sun, with the motto in the centre, "*Oh ! mon le Beaufort !*"

What this strange motto signifies we have no means of discovering, and we used to believe that the red and white roses were rather the distinguishing signs of the houses of York and Lancaster, than the *planta genista*, adopted by the counts of Anjou in the twelve century; but as the romance is full of "learning," we presume this is intended as a specimen of that branch of polite accomplishments. The party of whom we have spoken indulge in a good deal of what the lady-author calls "gabble," in very choice Italian, for we are assured that her heroes had studied the language before they began to travel. This "gabble," which explains nothing essential, lets us into a little of the "amorous" history of the fatal and fair Lucrezia. But to follow the tale as related by our "historian," would perplex our readers and ourselves too much;

we desist, therefore, from description, and merely cull some of the choice passages with which the romance abounds. All we need say of the principal characters is, that we are introduced to the most eminent personages of their day, by *name*, the Bembo, the Machiavelli, the Orsini, &c., all of whom speak in the most free and easy style, quite "affable," and by no means on stilts, in spite of their favourite phrases "By'r Lady," "Gramercy," and such "Whilom eftsoons," expressions perfectly correct, no doubt, in the mouths of persons who lived and moved at so early a period, and in a land so remote from our own. All the characters, however, are not historical, some are merely new. There is a jester, for instance, who "joggles his head and his silver bells about," and is very witty, uttering such jokes as the following: "'Did ye all dream this at once, or did one fool make many?' said the jester, with a strange laugh of derision." There is another personage, also, who rejoices in the cognomen of "the Strangler," and who is thus graphically portrayed.

The Strangler's appearance was such as might gratify expectation, considering him under either point of view. If a leopard stood upright on his hind legs, with its paws abjectly dropped in front, it would have been the figure of the Strangler, and its huge, round, bestial, hairy visage, black and brindled, with the same wild-beast expression of eye, would have Daguerreotyped his countenance. In fact, he had little more than a rough resemblance to the general attributes of humanity, and one or two shades of its feelings: amongst which the most abject respect and obedience to his terrible master might perhaps be reckoned.

The passionate energy of the language is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of this remarkable work. Take, for instance, this burst of delicate feeling, issuing from the mouth of a hero, inflamed by the description of Lucrezia's beauty.

"Sooner than wed this lady, were she Dame Venus herself," exclaimed Le Beaufort, who had been musing for some minutes, a very unwont practice with him, "*I would wed the fiend's eldest daughter, with damnation for her dowery!*"

"Were she even that, and death the high-priest who should solemnise our bridal, I would to my grave with rapture, if only her beauty shared it with me," returned the passionate Italian.

"She must needs be beautiful!" said the canon, with a glance at the Hospitaller.

There is no lack of food for the lover in the following:

The monk knelt, supporting her in his arms, and vainly chafing her brows, but even in that moment of terror and suffering, pale and colourless as marble, the Knight of St. John was struck with a feeling of astonishment at the extraordinary beauty of the lady's form. Her sackcloth robe, deranged in the confusion, displayed it but too liberally, and the voluptuous roundness of the outlines, and the snowy fairness of the complexion, struck the Hospitaller's imagination with a splendid though vague vision, as if he were playing Prometheus to a statue of Venus. Throwing aside his hood, he hung over the beautiful form, absorbed as intensely in his efforts to revive her, as if in reality, like the sculptor demigod, he were kindling marble into life with the stolen fire. The monk zealously aided, and Sir Reginald threw himself on horseback to hasten in quest of the canon, who possessed more skill in the medical art.

And like the vivification of the love-hewn Grecian statue, was the return of life to the form of the beauteous penitent. A *pale pinkiness* gradually crept over the snowy paleness, like flame on marble, deepened to rose on the cheeks, to coral on the lips; the large, humid warm blue eyes, with their long

silken lashes, opened, and the return of sensation to the soul was feelingly marked by the flush which deepened all those lovely tints when she perceived the dark warrior-countenance bending over her, and met a gaze whose natural severity was softened into almost feminine tenderness. She drew her coarse robe around her neck, with the gesture of a nymph of Diana surprised when bathing, and murmuring some incoherent words of gratitude, which yet sounded like babblings of the sweetest music, she raised herself feebly in the arms of the Dominican.

On the subject of love, the fair author has indulged in the following amorous effusion, ascribed by her to Cardinal Bembo, but there are touches about it which plainly show it to be original, though we are told it was not "the inspiration of the moment."

LOVE'S DELIGHTS.

The first delight of love—oh! 'tis to gaze !
 The second, but to touch the loved one's hand ;
 The third, with tremulous voice her charms to praise ;
 The fourth, to obey her most despised command ;
 The fifth, to upbraid her smiles and cruel ways ;
 The sixth, to set beside her, hushed and bland ;
 The seventh, to snatch the first kiss—chastely warm ;
 The eighth, to clasp her, scolding, to the breast ;
 The ninth, to half devour each rosy charm ;
 The tenth, to feel with answering ardour pressed ;
 The eleventh, to be alone—doors locked on harm ;
 The twelfth, sweet dames ! your colours have long guessed !

At page 213, vol. ii., we find this exquisitely-finished scene between Lucrezia and her confessor.

"Thou!—daughter, thou!—what ails thee?—are we awake?" said Bruno, snatching his hand furiously away.

"Nay, dearest father, nay, but hear me!" continued Lucrezia, in spite of his wrath regaining his hand, and holding it between her own. "I intended but to win him, to—some foolish meeting—wherein I intended to expose him to the just laughter of my court."

"A wise project;—and whither, pray you, Eve's true descendant?" said the monk, more mildly.

"In the grotto of Egeria."

"The grotto of Egeria!—and so he refused thy lures, and thou art vexed to have escaped perdition?" returned the Penitentiary.

"Nay,—for he came."

"He came!—jest not in such a matter as this!—thou knowest his certain destruction—new horrors—more blood—rave not, my daughter, madness like this—for again the direful gulf will open!—thou knowest I have cause, too, to love—to wish this man well;—at least this one!" said Bruno, somewhat incoherently.

"'Tis that emboldens me—and the immediacy of the danger," said Lucrezia. "I must needs avow my whole offence. He came and—"

"Why dost thou pause?—and what? Daughter, what means this silence?" said the friar, now so much agitated, that, but that she was equally so, Lucrezia must have observed it.

"He came—contemned—despised me, mistaking indeed for another—but not less despising me in both persons," wept Lucrezia. "And then—oh, my father, I have confessed to thee things—but never aught so strangely mad!—because that I would have him share some offence to justify the clamour I had provided—scarcely I know how to believe it now myself. I did to his—brow—what I now do to your hand!"

And she kissed it with profound reverence and many tears.

"Thou!—and yet again, thou!—not yet a proclaimed harlot!—not yet set

in the first line of the Book of Shame!—thou, a woman, an all-wooded beauty, a Borgia!" shouted the confessor, convulsively starting at every word of his own climax.

We are not surprised at the convulsive energy of the confessor. It is a climax at which we are compelled to pause, the remainder of the sentence being too intense for us to quote. The pure Lucrezia, in another place, thus defends her chaste predilections.

"Love I found not—but I deny not the accusation of your glance—its phantoms I have eagerly chased; and since happiness cannot be mine, wherefore should I hesitate at least to quaff at the purple fountains of pleasure, and feast out the else unmeaning or troubled dream of life?"

That it is impossible to over-estimate our fair author's powers of vivid description, the annexed extract affords a striking proof; indeed, to use her own words, "the sprightliest wooer of our sex—Ovid himself might have learned something from her." It is an interview between our friend the Hospitaller and his lady-lover, the pattern Lucrezia.

"Nay, now, indeed, thou provest, love, that thou dost not love me, but hatest and despisest me even to thy soul's core!" replied Lucrezia, weeping, and in a terrified manner endeavouring to release herself from the arm with which he circled her. But the very humility and supplication of her look, and attitude of submissive entreaty, gave her beauty a more resistless charm than in its brightest blaze of power and victory.

"Fear not! thou art my wife, my Lucrezia, my existence! Fear not, my sweetness! I will but repay that gentle Egerian kiss, *flimsy as lightning!*"

"Swear then to leave me on the instant. Nay, till thou swearest, dearest Alfonso!—I am all thine, but do not debase thy wife to be the thing her foes have called her!" she exclaimed, and gliding from his embrace, she sank on her knees before him, in an attitude of mingled fear and supplication.

"Thou!—kneeling whence I should never rise! Oh, they have belied thee, my Lucrezia, for I know thou lovest me! Yes, I swear it! But one instant to obliterate that churlish recollection of the valley of Egeria! But one farewell glimpse of heaven, and I will leave thee!" said Alfonso, rallying all the strength of his chivalrous and honourable spirit. And raising her with passionate tenderness, the Hospitaller pressed his soul with his lips on those whose sweetness had truly never left haunting his own, and certes with most ample retaliation, for it seemed as if the deep draught of passion could never be satiated with their crimson nectar. Loving so passionately, and of a nature so fraught with the glowing sun of her land, what marvel that Lucrezia, in the first movement of ecstatic tenderness, wreathed her fair arms round his neck, and met the pressure with almost equal fervour? Nay, and it might be that it was rather her knowledge of her lover's character, than motives which might actuate the purer and colder daughters of the north, which almost simultaneously induced her to start from his arms, and touch a silver bell which lay on the couch beside her, exclaiming, "Faustina!" But already the *duenna* was in the chamber; and affecting to rub her eyes and yawn, she pointed to the casement, at which the first beams of dawn had for some time paled the moonlight. Both instantly assumed, though not very successfully, the cold and distant manner befitting their supposed relation; and satisfied that the ancient dame had overheard little of their conversation, since she assumed an air of infinite discretion and reproof towards her nursling, the envoy took a more sober farewell, and retired with one last, laughing, and yet most passionate glance of love, and pride, and gratitude, and playful mockery from his betrothed.

Here is a choice *morçeau* for "the poet."

Come, love! I'll teach thee
How 'tis to love;
And fear not 'twill harm thee,—
I learned from a dove.

The antiquarian "scholar," as well as the "lover" may derive information from the proof which our lady author gives of the general use of English proverbs in the sixteenth century. It is the "Knight of the Sun" who speaks.

"By the bonny broom, though—if one had kissed me as thou reportedst the girl of these grottoes—nymphs is it ye call them?—kissed thee—in faith, I had had more to boast of, or I had not boasted so much!" exclaimed the young knight, vehemently. "*Oh, fie, fie!—in England, kiss and tell goes to a warning rhyme.*"

Here are sports at a royal wedding:—

The whole population poured forth in holiday garb, the beggars themselves bedizening their rags with bridal favours; and in the great square before the palace a vast feast was to be given to the people, with dances, plays, and the exhibitions of jongleurs and minstrels, all in the open air; and, above all, to divert the bride and her ladies, a race of women was to take place, in which the prize was a *white satin smock*, and ten gold crowns as a marriage portion to the *fair winner*.

It is almost a pity the fair author had not translated for us some more passages from a work with which she is evidently familiar, we allude to the famous "Diary" of Burchardus. She will doubtless remember the description beginning:—

"Dominica ultima mensis Octobris, in sero fecerunt cœnam cum duce Valentinensi (Cæsar Borgia) in camera sua in palatio apostolico, quinquaginta meretrices," &c. &c., and ending "Papa, duce et Lucretia sorore sua presentibus et adspicientibus;" and also the scene which took place on 11th of November in the same year, in the square of St. Peter's, where "Papa in fenestra cameræ supra portam palatii et domina Lucretia cum eo existente cum magno risu et delectatione præmissa videntibus."

Phrases like these are frequent:—"They gaze upon her with their glowing eyes;" "Perchance her warm blood kindles too in the contagion;" "The worthy friar looked at her as she threw back her mantle on her shoulders with a *goggle of intense admiration*;" "Methinks I saw some such vessel of infamy—some such unhappy lostness—lasciviously disporting to win the gaze of a ruffianly mob in the Capitol," &c. &c.

But perhaps our readers have had specimens enough of the new style which is to "benefit the times;" our last extract, therefore, shall be a brief but powerful one. It is as fine a burst of raging passion, eloquent and amazing, as was ever penned in Ercles' vein.

"Ha, traitor, ha! wild beast of humanity!" shouted the prisoner, furiously. "I care not for thy fiendish eyes, and I will tell thee, Englishman, that he lures thee to destruction with the bribe that brought me hither, promising that at Faenza—oh fool, oh idiot without a fool's sense!—at Faenza he would intercept Lucrezia on her way to Ferrara, and make her—oh, beast, beast—but *not* Alfonso's bride!"

We fear we have not done justice to these extraordinary volumes, but we trust we have adduced sufficient to show that the lady who has written them stands quite alone in the line which she has chalked out for herself. She may, for the future, dismiss from her mind all fear of being identified with any other author, past or present. We know but of one rival who is likely to contend with her the ground on which she displays her greatest power. That rival is Johannes Secundus.

THE WALL.

BY JOHN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Snug.—"You never can bring in a wall : what say you, Bottom?"*Bot.*.—"But some man or other must present Wall."*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

OH let me love the kindly Wall,
 That holds the nail in, dark and dun;
 Keeping September's peach from fall,
 And ripening neet'rines, one by one !
 I love the Wall, I love the Wall,
 It nurseth trees so wide and tall.

II.

Some love the maiden's damask cheek,
 Some faint against a dark blue eye ;
 Some speechless turn, when they would speak,
 And waste their breath upon a sigh !
 My whole attachment's in a Wall,
 Mortar and bricks are magical !

III.

The apple, it is fair to see,
 The pear hangs sweetly from the bough ;
 The apricots enrich the tree ;
 But in their wealth a hand hast thou !
Thou, through the silent Summer's hush,
 Charmest the peach down to a blush !

IV.

The Wall gives jasmine welcome all,
 The climbing creeper, all receives ;
 The plums,—the dark, the green, the tall,—
 And mantles them with cooling leaves—
 Nothing so good at Spring or Fall,
 As the good spirit of the Wall.

V.

Some praise the green grass, some the ricks,
 Some love the rills that trembling run ;
 I dote upon the ripening bricks,
 That hold the fair fruit to the sun :
 And listen at the Spring's first call
 To answering leaves from generous Wall !

VI.

For these leaves live, in patience live,
 Till whispers from the young Spring say,
 They *must* their bode of greenness give
 In verdant beauty to the day,
 I do adore the first buds small,
 That creep to health upon the Wall!

VII.

The snail may crawl with all his home,
 Shell-shelter'd up, the fruit to slime;
 The butterfly may flickering roam,
 And poise his white wings for a time;
 But what are these—what one—what ail?
 The fruit glows on upon the Wall!

VIII.

Then!—Honour to the humble Wall,
 That in its plain worth is content,
 That to Pomona's handmaids all,
 An unpretending Slave is sent:
 Through sultry day, and evening cool,
 To *shield*—not *be*—the beautiful!

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. XV.

THE viscount's manner, as he took a chair, was nervous and excited, and he fidgetted with his long bony fingers as if he were desirous of clutching at something, or had recently done so, which, however, could hardly have been the case, as he was but that moment come from an interview with Madame de Vaudet. On his usually sallow cheek there was, moreover, a hectic touch or streak of colour, which bore all the appearance of a recent scratch, though I have no doubt it was merely the effect of a sanguine temperament. Be this as it may, and to explain the mystery of his agitated demeanour would be a difficult task even for one studied in physiognomy (I am myself no mean proficient in the science), his ruffled aspect was quickly calmed by the words addressed to him by Sir Henry Jones.

"My dear viscount," said the baronet, in his jovial way, "your arrival is most *à propos*. I was just speaking to our excellent friend Green about a title which he is desirous of purchasing. I told him I thought you had a marquisate to dispose of for your friend De Cornichon, who is going to the Holy Land!"

"Oh yas," replied De Vieux Rusé, whose eyes twinkled with the pleasure which always shone in them when he thought he was about to perform a kind action, "*c'est bien vrai*,—you was vary right Sare Jone ;—mine poor friend Astolphe,—dat is his christians name, Mistare Grin,—he is quite disgust vith de world, and resolve to sell his title and family estate, and go to Palestine as one monk of de Trap or one Crusader, I do not know vich."

"Has your friend ever been in the army?" I inquired, with the air of a man who knew something of his subject.

"*Mais oui, certainement*,—oh yas! He was mine own broder in arms, in the *cuirassiers de la Garde Nationale*; we fight togeder in Egypt."

"Then I have no doubt," returned I, "that he means to be a crusader; that circumstance of the cuirassiers convinces me."

"You have great discriminations, Mistare Grin,—yas, now I reklect,—he told me he was to have to do vith a cross, he wear it already, or someting very like one, on his shoulder; his devotion to religion was so great he get it stamped upon his skin vith a hot iron when he live at a very pleasant place call Brest. Oh yas, Astolphe was always very fond of de cross. But we will nevare mind that, Mistare Grin, *chacun à son goût*, you know."

"Exactly," observed Sir Henry, "and our friend's taste,—independently of certain reasons known only to him and me and another person who shall be nameless," here he gave me a wink as much as to say we won't let him into the secret,— "our friend's taste inclines him to lay out his money on the purchase of a marquissate. It's a very old title, I believe, viscount?"

"Mine God, old!" exclaimed De Vieux Rusé, "De Cornichons are de oldest family in France; it was a Cornichon who save de life of King Dagobert at de battle of Bovines, where he get his brain knock out for his pains; it was another Cornichon—he was of de branch of La Cruche—who lend Louis XV. a million of francs out of respect for de father of his people, vich he nevare get pay back again. Oh, *les Cornichons sont très illustre dans ce pays-ci*. If I were to name de fittest person in the world to be their representative, I should at once say Mistare Jolly Grin."

I need not say I was pleased merely, for I own I was touched by the frank and earnest manner in which the viscount paid me this compliment, and as he spoke I felt all the feudal baron swell beneath my panoply.

"I shall be highly gratified," I said, "to become the distinguished possessor of honours such as you describe, provided the acquisition is not too costly. What is the lowest figure your friend will take for his title?"

"Dere is not many people he would sell it to," answered the viscount, "for dough he is vant de money to pay his littel debts, and fit himself out for Jerusalem, he would scorn to send his family tree to de market for every body to poke his nose into his affairs. No,—he proceed by what you call in England de private contracts, and his mind is so delicate nothing could make him appear in de business himself. He trust it all to me. So dat in point of fact it is just the same as if dere were no such person in de world as M. de Cornichon, dough who he is every body vell know."

"But the price, my dear viscount," said I, "that is the material thing."

"Bah! *c'est une bagatelle!* It is not cost more as one hundred thousand franc."

"A hundred thousand frongs?" said I, adopting the viscount's Parisian accent, which so few of my countrymen can catch, for I dare say the reader, if he has travelled, will have observed that Englishmen generally say francs, as if it were written with a k,—"that is a good deal of money!"

"Yas, it is a good deal to give for de balls and de strawbry leaves, de ermine cape and de coat of arms; but it is not all for the honner of being call a Cornichon;—dere is a vary fine estate, a noble castle, a splendid lake full of fishes, and forests stuffed with vild bores and haw-bucks" (he meant roe-bucks, I think) "besides de privileges of a man of rank, and de happiness of riding behind the king's coach, like de footmen."

"I would much rather ride in it," said I, jocosely.

"You shall pardon me, Mistare Grin; it is always de pleasure of de real nobleman to do de dirty tings for royalty. In your own country, *par example*, de lord of de bedchamber he hand de soap and de nail-brush when the king vash his hand; de lord in vaiting he pass his time standing all day behind de door; de groom of the chamber he currycomb de king's horse in his bed-room; de mistress of de robes she mend de queen's stockings; in short, my dear friend, dere is noting what a servant can do vich de noblesse vill not perform."

This reasoning on the part of the viscount fully satisfied me; besides I called to mind that there is scarcely an estate in England held by feudal tenure, the possession of which does not entail upon the owner the performance of some extraordinary piece of service, either at the coronation or at some other stated period. I was reconciled therefore to the fact of belonging to the same category as the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, and Mr. Champion Dymoke.

"But," I asked, "in what part of France is the territory of Monsieur de Cornichon situated?"

"*Quant à cela,*" replied De Vieux Rusé, "De Cornichon's estate? Ah! it is a vary fine one; de only fault is it is a long way from Paris. You have hear speak of de Pyrenees?"

Thanks to the "Mysteries of Udolpho," I had heard of those famous mountains, and knew exactly where they were situated, for Mrs. Radcliffe's description is full and accurate. There the izardz bound along the vineyards that skirt the blue Garonne, on whose bosom as it glides beneath the mountains the white sails of the adventurous fisherman are seen glancing; there the eye delights to dwell on groves of almond and myrtle,—there the savage bear and the ferocious wolf prowl among plantations of palm and orange blossoms, and while the moon sheds her soft rays on the foliage, the dejected noblemen and their accomplished daughters eat their pastoral suppers of cream and fruits, and listen all the year round to the song of the nightingale. This truthful picture was too strongly impressed on my memory for me to forget it.

"Oh yes," I replied, "I know very well where they are," and my retentive memory enabled me to quote one or two passages from the interesting romance I have alluded to descriptive of the above.

"It is vary true what you say, Mistare Grin, every ting except the de-

jected noblemen,—dere every body is happy, and, as Henri Quatre say,—it vas his own country, you know,—de peasant sit in his fig-tree and eat his hen out of his pot. As for de grand seigneur, he pass his time hunting and shooting, eating and drinking, dancing and singing, and making de agreable from one end, of the year to the oder. But,” continued the viscount, “I vill show you de tittle-deeds of de estate, and poor De Cornichon’s pedigree, vich I alvays carry in my portefeuille ever since he tell me he vish to sell dem. I vas nevare know, de moment I may meet vid a purshaser. Dat is de vay to do business.”

With these words he put his hand into one of his coat pockets and brought forth a large black-leather pocket-book from the ends of which several folds of parchment projected. He drew his chair near the table, opened the portefeuille, took out the parchments, untied the red tape with which they were secured, and displayed their contents to my admiring eyes. Both documents were written in what is called black letter, and were couched in rather an obsolete style, “the old Norman French of the period,” as Sir Henry remarked. It was not to be expected that I should understand this dialect, or bewilder myself by trying to make out the hieroglyphics of the gothic lawyers of the middle ages, I therefore trusted to the viscount’s interpretation of them, which he assured me was faithfully rendered, and this was confirmed by the baronet.

De Vieux Rusé first read over the pedigree of the Cornichon family, “That I might know,” he said, “who my futuré ancestors were ;” I cannot remember it all, but these were the most striking parts of it :

“Enguerrand de Cornichon, who came over with Pharamond, and was standard-bearer to Louis the Fat, when he gained his famous victory over the Saracens, at Tours, for which service he was allowed by that monarch to carry in his shield three gherkins proper on a field argent, was the founder of this noble race. He married Alix, heiress of the Vidame de la Poire, a celebrated troubadour, who was the first to introduce the cultivation of beetroot in the Landes of Gascony. They had three sons, Raoul, Thibault, and Hugues ;—the first of whom greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Ascalon, and died fighting for the liberties of his country beneath the walls of Acre. Thibault, the second son, assumed the tonsure, and became prior of the monastery of St. Gobe-mouche, in the province of Cockagne. Neither of these left any issue, which was continued by the third son Count Hugues, or Hugo, who took to wife Sybille, youngest daughter of the Sire de Ganache, whose family had been settled immemorially in the fertile plains of Auvergne. Of this marriage, Gilbert, who died of the croup at a tournament given in honour of the Reine Blanche, Rominagrobis, who emigrated to America, Foulques who carried on the direct line, and Geoffroi, the ancestor of the branch of La Cruche, were the result, besides three daughters whose names are not mentioned in history. Foulques de Cornichon espoused, first, Beatrix, daughter of the Baron de Blanc-bec, Grand Escogriffe of Burgundy, who brought him two sons and a daughter, both of whom died in their infancy. By his second wife, Philippine de Fatras, he had issue Nicaise, surnamed Le Faquin, arch-councillor to King Charles the Simple ; under his superintendence was revised the famous ‘*Codex Simplex*,’ the basis of the criminal law in France. To Nicaise, succeeded his son Nicodème, the sole offspring of his marriage with the Châtelaine de Badaut. This nobleman greatly extended the reputation of his

family for wit and intelligence, and received from St. Louis the flattering title, to be borne *en perpétuité* by the head of the house of Cornichon, of '*Grand maître des Sots de la Cour*;' he was also allowed to quarter, with his own, the arms of the city of Bourges, to wit, '*Un âne dans un fauteuil*,' which achievement has ever since been borne on the family escoccheon."

It would perhaps be taxing the reader's patience too heavily, were I to quote further from this fine genealogical tree, though to me it is of the greatest interest; I shall therefore merely observe that the line of Cornichon was brought down unbroken through a number of equally illustrious names, till it centered in the noble marquis, of whose dignities I was now offered the reversion.

The title-deeds I need not particularise; it was enough for me to know that the estate of Cornichon, situated in the commune of Fanfre-luches, in the department of the Pyrenees, was originally granted in free and uncontrolled soccage, tennage, and poundage, by King Philippe le Hardi, to an ancestor of the marquis, and that this grant had been confirmed by his present majesty, with the usual feudal condition annexed, of paying the yearly tribute on New Year's day of a turkey stuffed with truffles. The genuineness of the document was evident in the flying seal, attached to the parchment by a bit of green ribbon, which bore the impress of the last-named monarch's private signet, and was as large as (and at the same time not unlike the effigy we are in the habit of seeing on), a five-franc piece. There was an inscription round the head, which was reversed as well as the head itself; the usual custom, Sir Henry Jones observed, in all cases where the royal seal is personally affixed.

"These documents," said I to the viscount, when he had read them through, "are very satisfactory. The question only now remains about finding the money necessary to pay for them."

The viscount's jaw dropped visibly as I made this observation, and his countenance became suddenly elongated,—he felt for me, poor fellow! supposing that I had not sufficient resources; but the merry twinkle returned to his eye, and the courtly grin irradiated his countenance, as Sir Henry remarked:

"I was saying to Green, that the marquis did not exactly hold out for the ready altogether. Our friend here has yet about forty thousand francs in Laffitte's hands,—and the marquis will take bills for the rest at three months,—at least so I fancied."

"Aha! Mistare Grin has got so mosh as dat in de tin,—excusez-moi, si je plaisante un peu,—vary good; yas, you vas quite right, Sare Henri, de noble marquis vill take all his ready monies, and his promissory note for what remain behind. How mosh can ve—dat is, can de marquis have at vonce?"

"Why," said I, "I shall be running myself rather short, but I think I can manage to draw for sixteen hundred pounds."

"Dat make exactly forty tousand francs; good;—suppose den you give me what you call a sheck, an ordare to pay de bearer dat littel suni. Ve vill say 'de bearer,' as M. de Cornichon would not like his secret to be expose, for de transaction, Mistare Grin, most be observe very private and confidential, so as not to hurt his feelings. You understand me? Dere, have the goodness to write the sheck."

"Stay, Jolly," said Sir Henry, rather abruptly, "instead of drawing the amount in one sum, suppose you make it in two equal parts; it comes

to the same thing in the end, and has a better look at the banker's. Two orders for twenty thousand each," he repeated, turning to De Vieux Rusé.

"Ah!" said the viscount, with a long-drawn aspiration, and apparently swallowing something with great difficulty. "Vell, as he please, only I tought de oder was de more convenient."

"No doubt of it," replied the baronet, quickly, "but there's nothing like making every thing safe. An accident might have happened to the large check; so, if you, viscount, take charge of one of the smaller ones, and I of the other, there can be no mistake. As to the bills, Green can draw them in a set of ten thousand francs each, and as I am a witness to the sale of the title and estates, I will deposit one-half in the Grande Caisse on the marquis's account, and you can inscribe the remainder in the grand livre at the Bank of France."

"If you like, Sare Henri," said De Vieux Rusé, "as you vas going in dat direction, you could have all de bills, and I will be satisfy with the shecks."

"No, thankee," returned Sir Henry, drily; "we will each of us be responsible for the samè amount, and then there can be no confusion in our accounts."

While this friendly little altercation was going on, which showed me how mindful De Cornichon's trustees were of his interests, displaying at the same time so excellent a feeling towards him, I was engaged in writing out the orders and giving the bills, the stamped paper for which came out of the viscount's black leather pocket-book.

"This will make a hole," said I to myself, "in my Three per Cents., but then look at the balance on the other side,—the loveliest woman and the finest estate in France, to say nothing of my being a marquis;"—and I inwardly chuckled at the limited ideas of that poor idiot De Cornichon, no longer a man of rank, who might have got twice the sum he asked, if he had but stuck out for it.

"I wish you joy, milord," said the viscount, and his words sounded pleasantly in my ears, being thus saluted; "I wish you joy;" and Sir Henry said the same, as they handed me the parchments, and received the money in exchange.

At this moment a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"C'est madame," exclaimed the viscount, hastily putting up his pocket-book.

Sir Henry Jones followed his example with the Algerine note-case, and told me to put the parchment in my desk. "There's a strong feeling in this country," he observed, "about selling titles, and De Cornichon wouldn't have it known for the world. She's got devilish sharp eyes."

The tap at the door was repeated, but instead of Madame de Vaudet as was expected, we beheld Angelique's maid, Therèse, the little black-eyed thing I have already mentioned in terms of commendation.

Her errand was to the baronet, requesting his presence in the salon at his earliest convenience, as mademoiselle wished to speak to him.

"She's impatient about you," whispered Sir Henry, "but what I have to say will put all to rights. Have you any message to send by me?"

"Tell her," replied I, in the same under-tone, "that I adore her, and long to throw myself and title at her feet. Ask her when I am to have

that felicity. Do you think she would be startled if I were to go down with you?"

"Don't think of it," said Sir Henry, hurriedly, "she has not nerves for such a thing at present. If you'll take my advice, you'll wait till the evening. I'll tell you what, there's nothing makes a man so eloquent as a bottle of Champagne; so suppose we have a dinner at the Frères Provençaux, in the Palais Royal, you and I and De Vieux Rusé; perhaps he could get De Cornichon to come too; it would be pleasant for you to see your predecessor, and just be introduced to him; a nice little *partie quarée*; and after dinner we can drop in here, and then the game's your own. I say, viscount, can you dine with us to-day, at the 'Trois Frères,' and bring the late marquis?"

"I will dine vid you vid mosh pleasure, and see if I can induce my poor friend to accompany me, dough I fear it vill be vary difficile to make him come out, especially as he has taken to eating de raw potato, and drinking de vater since he propose to go to de Holy Land. But if he cannot come, I know very well dat Spitzbübe vill; however, ve shall see."

"Well then, marquis," said Sir Henry, "suppose you take a turn out in the meantime, and go down to the Palais Royal and order dinner. It will amuse you, and keep you from thinking too much of the events that are to happen. And now, my good fellow, God bless you. I feel almost as if I was taking leave of you for good—one always does when a fellow comes into his title. There's something so new in it, so out of the way. Remember, six is the hour; and be sure to order a *dinde aux truffes*, it will keep your hand in for the annual tribute."

And, with a merry peal of laughter, the jovial baronet left the apartment, after giving me a squeeze of the hand, worthy of Ogier the Dane.

The viscount saluted me with still greater earnestness, as he, too, took his departure. As I was now a nobleman of equal, indeed of higher rank than himself, he bestowed upon me the accolade, which the noblesse reserve for their mutual salutations. He scrubbed his beard against each of my cheeks in succession, and left me sneezing violently, under the influence of a strong odour of French rappee.

CHAP. XVI.

THE first duty of a man of rank, is to let the whole world know the important position he holds in the social scale. Many great men have even done this by anticipation, so that it will not be thought extraordinary that I, who held in my possession the actual documents which conferred upon me the dignity of a marquis, should not fail to take advantage of the first opportunity of conveying to my family and friends the pleasing intimation of my accession to the ranks of the nobility.

I accordingly wrote an explicit and affectionate letter to my parent at Peckham; another, full of bland dignity, to my acquaintance, Mr. Jawley; and a third to my tailor, in which the real style of a nobleman addressing a tradesperson was, I think, somewhat happily developed. The reader may perhaps be curious to see how I expressed myself; I therefore transcribe the letters, not from memory, but from the copies made at the time they were written, as I felt assured that the day would

come, when, like that of Horace Walpole, Madame de Sévigné, and other great statesmen and polite letter-writers, the "Cornichon Correspondence" and the "Green MSS." would possess a value in the eyes of posterity which it was impossible to estimate at the present moment. I alluded, in fact, to this circumstance in my letter to Mr. Jawley, as the reader will perceive, whom, however, I will detain no longer from the missives themselves.

No. I.

" 41, Rue Louis le Grand, Paris, Dec. —, 1845.

" HONOURED MOTHER,

" I have two circumstances to make known to you, which I have no doubt you will hear with the same satisfaction that I have in communicating them. I am now a nobleman, and also about to marry a young and lovely creature who adores me. The first of these honours I owe to the able negotiation of two very estimable friends, the Viscount de Vieux Rusé, a distinguished French lord, and Sir Henry Jones, an English baronet, of Swindlebury, in the county of Devon; the second is due entirely to my own personal qualifications; the name of the lady is Mademoiselle Angelique de Vaudet, the only scion of an illustrious house, very well known in England during the period of the emigration. She is the daughter of the lady in whose house I have resided almost ever since my arrival in Paris, of whom I will only say that she is in every way qualified to be the mother-in-law of your son. I am not yet aware of the extent of Angelique's fortune, but I presume it to be considerable, as she is, like myself, an heiress, and the establishment of Madame de Vaudet is on a very considerable scale, her friends being all persons of the highest rank and consideration, nothing under the dignity of a peer being allowed to enter her *salon*. My title and estates I have acquired by purchase, and—*entre nous*, as the French say—through the especial kindness of K—ng Lo—is Ph—l—ppe, with whom I am hand and glove, as well as with the Qu—n and the rest of the Ro—al F—m—ly, I have already been presented, in private, at the Tu—l—r—es, and as soon as my coronet and robes are ready I shall go to C—rt in state, where I am to enjoy the privilege of standing behind the K—ng's carriage when his c—r—n—t—n takes place. All this is, for the present, a diplomatic secret, on which account I communicate it to you in cypher. The sum I am to give for my marquisate is only 4000*l.*, of which I have paid 1600*l.* down, and given bills for the remainder. Mr. Timothy Shift, of Cophthall Court, who, you know, is my lordship's broker, must sell out stock for 2400*l.* more, and lodge the amount with Messrs. Gosling, to meet the bills when due. I hope also that you, my honoured parent, will be so good as to come down with some money on this happy occasion, by which you are also collaterally raised to the peerage, for I am rather short of the ready, in consequence of the expenses of high life, to say nothing of the wedding presents that are expected from me, it being the duty of a French bridegroom to bear the whole of these himself.

" You may, if you like, inform old Mr. Groutage of this remarkable change in my position, and tell him that as soon as I go down with my bride to my estates in the Pyrenees, I will send him a Christmas present of wild boars of my own killing. As soon as the day is fixed for the

wedding, I will write more fully, that you may know when you are to set out for the interesting purpose of giving away

"Your affectionate son,

"JOLLY GREEN,

"Marquis of Cornichon.

"To Mrs. Green,
"Spoonbill Lodge, Peckham."

To Mr. Jawley I wrote as follows :

No. II.

"Paris, Dec. —, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Circumstances having called me to the peerage of this kingdom, I feel no hesitation in writing to apprise you of the gratifying fact, but at the same time, I trust you will fully appreciate the motive which induces me to continue, in a modified shape, the relations which have hitherto subsisted between us, *the difference in our several ranks being now so great*. I know enough of the feelings of my former countrymen, to be aware that there is no honour they esteem so much as the notice of a person of real distinction, and I presume that you, my dear sir, are no exception to the general rule; but, independently of my knowledge of human nature, I am desirous of encouraging those abilities which have already earned for you so much fame in the pages of 'The Pimlico Prig,' a journal whose great object has ever been to advocate truth and foster immature talent, without the slightest alloy of 'envy, hatred, or uncharitableness.' You have not yet reached that dreary period of life, 'when,' as you yourself express it in one of your inimitable letters, rich in original phraseology, 'the mind of man becomes worn, wiggy, and middle-aged;' on the contrary, you are yet in the enjoyment of a vigour not to be characterised as 'weak without effervescence,' and still fitted for the honourable office which I propose to confer upon you, that of being the historiographer of 'The Green Papers.' Personal intimacy, on the familiar terms which you formerly enjoyed, is of course now wholly out of the question, but I shall not object to your presence—indeed, on second thoughts, I now formally invite you to my wedding with the fairest of her sex, whom I have selected for my future marchioness. This event, which will probably take place in the course of ten days or a fortnight, will cause a great sensation in the *beau monde*, but we who are within its vortex must continue to act irrespective of the feelings of the lower orders. That you are included in this latter category is, my dear sir, not your fault but your misfortune, and as long as you continue to conduct yourself to my satisfaction, you may confidently reckon on the patronage of your sincere well-wisher,

"DE CORNICHON.

"Mr. Jawley,
"Paradise Row, Pimlico."

The letter to my tailor ran thus :—

No. III.

(Same address.)

"The Marquis of Cornichon (*autrefois* Mr. Jolly Green), requests Mr. Slieveboard will immediately put in hand six suits of full dress for

his lordship's approaching marriage and presentation at court. The marquis wishes the costume to be at once simple and elegant, and his lordship will be satisfied with two gold aiguillettes on each shoulder and a double row of gold-lace on the skirts, cuffs, and collars; his lordship also desires that the buttons on his lordship's coats and waistcoats should bear the coronet of a marquis with a double C interlaced beneath it. The colour of his lordship's wedding coat is to be of virgin white, with scarlet velvet waistcoat and shorts to correspond. A greater latitude and more play of fancy may prevail in the other suits. The Marquis of Cornichon presents his compliments to Mr. Slieveboard."

Having sealed these letters quite unostentatiously—for my new coat of arms was not, of course, yet engraved—I sallied forth to drop them into the letter-box at the corner of the Boulevard, and then took my way round to the Palais Royal, to order a dinner for four at the Trois Frères Provençaux. En route, I looked in at the lingère's in the Rue de la Paix, and ordered a few dozens of shirts, ruffled and plain, to be got ready immediately, all of them to be appropriately marked as became my distinguished rank; I also gave directions at a chapelier's, in the Rue St. Honoré, to send me home a striking looking cocked-hat which I saw in his window; it was fringed all round the upper part with white ostrich feathers, and was very tastefully looped up with a gold-lace band.

Arrived at the well-known café—where, it will be remembered, I had already dined with M. Paradis and that set, with a lordly air I summoned the head waiter before me and called for the carte, by which the reader no doubt by this time understands is meant the bill of fare. From this culinary inventory I chose a series of *plats* (as they are called), which would have delighted an anchorite. My method in selecting it was a simple one, and I recommend it to such of my countrymen as may be in the similar predicament of having to order a dinner in a foreign language. I knew very well, of course, what the things meant, but as it would have taken a long time to have gone through the list, I just pointed with my finger at an interval of about an inch between each dish, till I had got a couple of dozen of them, and then turning round to the waiter, who was evidently surprised at the tact I displayed, and who kept on jabbering in various tones of exclamation and approval the whole time, I quietly said to him,

"Je veux avoir celà pour dîner, moi et trois amis."

"Oui, monsieur, un dîner pour quatre. Et vous desirez avoir tout ce que vous avez commandé?"

"Certainement, garçon," replied I, perfectly understanding him; "je desire tout celà."

"Eh bien, monsieur, si vous le voulez absolument, ça m'est égal. A quelle heure, monsieur, dinera-t-il?"

"Voilà," said I, directing his attention to a clock that stood on the chimney-piece.

"A six heures—bon, monsieur."

"Ici," I added, indicating a table at the upper end of the room, "mon dîner sera ici—vous comprenez?"

"Mais parfaitement, monsieur. Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance d'écrire votre nom sur un morceau de papier, afin que cette table vous soit réservée; voici une plume et de l'encre."

I was not sorry to have the opportunity of letting the fellow know who I was—he had evidently forgotten having seen me before—so with a fine flourish of the pen I boldly wrote

"Le Marquis de Cornichon."

"Sacre di!" exclaimed the waiter, intensely astonished at finding that he had been talking to a nobleman, whom most likely he had thought a commoner—"Sa-cre-di! qu'est-ce-que celà veut dire? On ne fait pas des farces ici, monsieur commander un diner comme ça, et puis se donner un tel nom," and the fellow actually capered with surprise and shook his napkin like an equestrian flag.

I enjoyed his confusion, for it was evident he could not believe that I was the Marquis de Cornichon; perhaps he had known the former possessor of the title, and could not understand how I came to call myself the same.

At length, after staring at me for a minute or two in mute astonishment, as if he was making up his mind to the fact, which I confirmed by nodding my head, and saying, "Je suis, je suis," in a benevolent manner, at the same time chinking a few Napoleons in my pocket, to show that I was not a poor nobleman, he said, in a sort of muttering tone,

"Ah, c'est un Anglais, ils sont tous des fous, commandons le diner au chef et puis qu'on soit payé."

The word *pay* settled the question in my mind. He had doubted if a French peer could have paid for the splendid entertainment I had ordered.

"Au plaisir, Monsieur le Marquis de *Cornichon*," he said, with marked emphasis, and a profoundly low bow, as I quitted the restaurant. I had speedily taught him to appreciate my real position.

Having an hour or two to spare before dinner could be ready, I walked to Galignani's Library, in the Rue Vivienne, where I occupied myself in drawing up a paragraph, for which I was able to procure admission in the excellent journal, which is so well known to all English residents on the continent, on payment of a certain sum as an advertisement. It is not an easy matter to disguise one's style of writing, but I think I succeeded in catching the conventional tone of the newspapers with tolerable felicity. The reader shall judge—the paragraph ran as follows:—

"We understand that our distinguished countryman, Mr. Jolly Green, has just completed the purchase of the vast landed estates of the Marquis de Cornichon, in the department of the Pyrenees. We have not heard what was the amount paid by our wealthy compatriot, but we believe it to have been considerable. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that the title of Cornichon is attached to the territory, like that of Arundel, in England, and many others in France. Mr. Jolly Green is, therefore, now the actual Marquis de Cornichon. We further learn that the elevation of this gentleman to the ranks of the French noblesse has given undisguised satisfaction to an exalted personage, who has long been on terms of private intimacy with the marquis, whom, according to report, we shall shortly have to congratulate on another interesting event, it being whispered that his lordship is about to bestow his hand on the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle A. de V——, only daughter and heiress of Madame la Comtesse de V——, of the Rue L—— le G——. It is said that the bridegroom's trousseaux have been ordered from London. We believe that the late possessor of the Cornichon title and estates is on the eve of departure for the Holy Land, where, if we are rightly informed, the ancestors of the Green family made themselves very remarkable during the period of the Crusades."

If I had had a little more time I could have added a good deal more

to the purpose, but being pretty well satisfied with this preliminary announcement, which, I was promised, should appear on the following day, I once more betook myself to the "Trois Frères," to await the arrival of my friends. I need hardly say that this time I met with a most flattering reception at the restaurant, the *demoiselle du comptoir*, who sits in the glass-case on the left-hand side as you go in, actually rising from her seat, and making me a low courtesy on my entrance. Inwardly resolved to bestow my patronage on the house occasionally after my marriage, that is to say, when I felt disposed to have a "*diner de bachelier*"—for one can't always be tied to one's wife's apron-string, and men of rank are not so very particular in domestic affairs.

A few minutes before six two of my guests made their appearance. These were the *Vicomte de Vieux Rusé* and the *Baron von Spitzbübe*, for, as the former soon told me, he had found it impossible to prevail on his ascetic friend to mix again with the world on terms of conviviality. His determination to support himself solely on cold vegetables was too rooted to admit of his exposing himself to the temptation of a good dinner. The viscount added that my predecessor sent me his benison, with the earnest hope that I might enjoy the honours which his retirement from the world had caused him to bequeath.

Pitying the poor fellow in my heart, though satisfied that society would lose nothing by the change, I now looked round for the baronet, and inquired of *De Vieux Rusé*, if he knew when he would be here.

"Upon my word," replied the viscount, "I have not seen *Sare Jone* since we parted with him this afternoon. After I have paid money to my poor friend *Astolphe*, before he embark for Jerusalem, I come back to the hotel, but I never see nor nothing of him. You may be sure, however, that he will come."

"But suppose he has forgotten the hour," said I, looking at my watch, and seeing it had already struck.

"In that case," replied the viscount, "we must go to dinner without him, for you know the little French proverb, '*Un diner qui se fait attendre*,' &c.; ha! ha! *Monsieur le Marquis*!"

I did *not* know the proverb, but I laughed too, and so did *Von Spitzbübe*.

"*Das ist wahr!*" exclaimed he, in his burly tones. "*Sapperment! Wir werden gleich speisen!*"

I saw that hunger had made the baron really fierce, and as I did not care to have a scene in a room where there were already so many persons assembled, I calmly desired the *garçon* to *apporter*.

But before we set down to table, who should enter the room but the *Chevalier de l'Escroc*, the bearer of a note to me from *Sir Henry*. It was to the effect, that business of a very urgent nature, political—so he hinted—had suddenly obliged him to leave Paris for Italy. He regretted much not being able to wish me good-by, but assured me that it was all right with *Angelique*, of whom I should hear more in the course of the evening. He concluded by wishing me all health and happiness, but—in the hurry of departure I suppose—forgot to mention his future address. The receipt for the money paid for the title deeds, &c., was, however, punctually enclosed. It was a duplicate of that which I should have mentioned had been handed to me by *De Vieux Rusé*.

Though I was sorry the jovial baronet could not be of our party, I had a private reason for not regretting the departure from Paris so deeply as I

might have done, for the scene at the Tuileries would ever and anon rise to my mind's eye when I thought of Angelique, and when once he was gone, there would be an end of all further doubt or apprehension on that score. In his absence, the least I could do was to invite the Chevalier de l'Esroc to take his place, which, after some persuasion, he was induced to accept. We then sat down to dinner. The banquet was, to say the least of it, liberally furnished; there was, perhaps, a superabundance of vegetables, soups, and made-dishes, for some of the lists from which I marked off the plats were very long ones, but nothing came amiss to my guests, and they particularly rejoiced in the garlic with which the cookery at the Trois Frères is plentifully seasoned. I have not kept the bill of fare, which, by-the-by, I think a traveller ought always to do, it tells so well when he publishes; but, as far as I can remember, the dishes which pleased me most were a "Gigôt de veau au sucre, Purée de biftek à la maître d'hôtel, Blanquette de navets au vin de Champagne, Oreilles d'Anguilles à la Gasconne, Salade aux épinards, Rognons de becasse à la poivrade, Vol-au-vent à la crapaudine, Civet de harengs frais aux fines herbes," and last, not least, a turkey stuffed with truffles, which was so good that I have forgotten the French name for it. For wine we had the best the cellars of "the Three Brothers" could produce. As the viscount wittily said, the elder brother supplied our claret; the second, our Burgundy; and the third our Champagne. He also slyly observed, alluding to my position with regard to Angelique, of which, perhaps, he had received a hint from Madame de Vaudet, that the only liqueur proper for me to drink, was "Parfait amour." It was amazing how very merry we all got, even the waiters, who never omitted to salute me by my new title, were actually bursting with hilarity; and, indeed, our mirth seemed to be infectious, for there was not a countenance in the room, and it was pretty full too, on which the jocund grin was not broadly traced. My friends, moreover, seemed disposed to keep it up long after the salon was cleared, and I, elated with the joyous occasion which caused my health to be drank many times over, felt no disposition to prevent them. French wine is light, but when one has disposed of half-a-dozen bottles of many different kinds, and topped that off with blazing old punch, as old as Cæsar (for they told me it was Roman), one may be pardoned for not being quite as sober as some of the judges. We knew, however, perfectly well what we were all about, for, when at the viscount's suggestion, I called for the bill and paid it, he observed to me that he should like *now* to show me a little more of Paris than I had yet seen, and, if I liked, would take me to a curious place where a great deal of amusement was to be had every night, at a very pleasant game called *Roulette*.

Whether the wine he had taken had sapped the viscount's loyalty, or whether, under a morbid influence, he spoke his real sentiments, it is impossible for me to say, but it was plain that his allegiance to the existing dynasty was wavering. Perhaps the thought of Sir Henry Jones having been selected in preference to himself for the diplomatic mission on which the former had been suddenly sent rankled in his mind, for diplomatists are invariably jealous.

"Dis is von dam bad government," said he, taking my arm, "vot you tink, mine fren'? formerly de French peoples was encourage by deir rulers to enjoy de littel harmless amusement of playing vid de cards and dice, and now dey set deir faces altogeder against it. Dey call it immoral. Bah! How can a littel pleasure be immoral? But should it be so, as

Shylock, de famous Jew, says, 'did dey not teash us?' Ve are brought up in de love of playing at cards, ve pass all our young days at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*, and den, in our ole age, all our enjoyments is cut off by a dam bad, vicked, arbitrary government."

I had never before seen the viscount so much excited.

"Bot," he continued, "dat for deir laws," and he snapped his fingers derisively; "if ve cannot get in by de front door, ve walk round to de back. Dere is plenty of snog private littel places vere ve can play as mosh as ve like. I shall show you one of dem, so come 'long—' Allons, chevalier; allons, baron!"

At these words, he wheeled me sharp round into a narrow passage which led from the Palais Royal (there are many such thoroughfares) into the Rue de Valois; about thirty paces down the street we stopped at a private door, above which was an inscription dimly lit by a lamp from within: "Flibustier, Arracheur de dents. • Au Second. Sonnez, S. V. P."

"Here ve pulls out de teet," said the viscount in a whisper, grinning slyly, and showing his own enormous grinders.

He rang the bell gently, and the door noiselessly opened about half-way, closing after us the moment we entered. De Vieux Rusé led the way upstairs, I followed him, and the chevalier and the baron brought up the rear. We mounted several flights, very imperfectly lit by a solitary candle in a tin sconce on the first landing, until we came to a door, at which the viscount tapped distinctly four several times. We were admitted into a large room that did not look much like a dentist's apartment, except that the gentlemen who were waiting to have their teeth extracted looked very haggard and worn at the thoughts of the operation. There were about eight or ten persons, and they were grouped at the moment round a curious instrument on a table covered with green cloth. I took it at first for a large spitting basin, but on a nearer examination I found it was fitted up inside with a number of cells marked with letters and numbers, into one of which an ivory ball that spun rapidly round the rim was finally lodged. I imagined that they were casting lots for precedence, but the viscount undeceived me.

"Dere is no dentiste here, mon cher, 'dis is de littel game of roulette vich I tell you about."

The whole party seemed to be on very familiar terms, and various questions and answers passed between the occupants of the room and the new comers, but it was in such very peculiar French, that, skilled as I am in the language, I could not make out a word of it. The viscount grinned, however, as if he perfectly understood it, and taking me by the arm, led me up to a little man in a black wig, who was perched on a high chair at the table, and was very busy twirling the ivory ball round the basin. He presented me as the Marquis de Cornichon. At the sound of my title, the little man discontinued his occupation for an instant, his dark eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth were puckered into an expression of satisfaction; he made me a low bow, and said,

"Combien mettez vous, milord?"

I was about to answer "trés bon" to this inquiry after my health, when De Vieux Rusé, directing my attention to a wooden bowl filled with five-franc pieces and another containing some gold, interrupted me.

"You shall vin all dat," he whispered, "if you follow my advice. Put down a napoleon."

I obeyed him mechanically, though I scarcely knew why or wherefore, and threw a napoleon on the green cloth at the spot he pointed out where the table was marked with various lines and letters. Round went the ball in one direction, and the basin, which was on a moveable pivot, in the other. The former performed several rapid circuits and then shot off inside, rattling in and out, backwards and forwards, now seeming to settle in one place, then darting off to another, until, like a bird, it hovered over its nest, plumped into it, the motion of the basin was suddenly stopped, something was said, a long rake was darted out from beside the little man, and my napoleon disappeared into the smaller wooden bowl.

"Dere is nevare no luck in vinning at first," said the viscount.

"No, nevare," repeated the chevalier, and the looks of all the party now assembled round the table seemed to confirm the observation.

It was decidedly intended that I should win largely by and by, for one after another my napoleons were raked off as fast as the little man could call out the colours and numbers on which the issue depended. Others were equally unfortunate with myself, and I had pulled out my note-case to double my stakes—the plan always adopted by the knowing ones as I have heard—when a tremendous noise was heard at the door of the apartment. In a twinkling the bowls of money disappeared from the table, dismay was stamped on every countenance; "*les gredins de police*," muttered the viscount, with a furious look; the lights were suddenly extinguished and a terrific rush was made to the door as it burst open with a loud crash, knocking down two or three of the foremost to escape. At this moment, accidentally, I conceive, I received a severe blow on the back of the head from a fist heavy enough to have been that of the Baron Von Spitzbübe, which sent me headlong under the table, and at the same time my note-case was snatched from my hand. A desperate scuffle ensued which I got a glimpse of from under the table where I lay (for the police had lanterns with them) but it ended in the triumph of the authorities. My three old friends, the viscount, the baron, and the chevalier, and all my new acquaintances, except the little man with the black wig and the money bowls, who had managed to slip down stairs, were all made prisoners. They were all ranged in a row and the leader of the police examined them with his lantern.

"*Je ne vois pas l'Anglais*," said he.

"*Le voici sous la table*," replied one of his party, and seizing me by the leg he dragged me rather roughly from my involuntary place of concealment.

"*Quel est votre nom, monsieur ?*" said the officer, as soon as I was on my feet again.

"*Le Marquis de Cornichon*," I answered proudly, for I was annoyed at his tone, and at the treatment I had received from his underling.

"*Bah !*" was his contemptuous reply, and he remained silent for a moment. Then, resuming, he observed in a polite manner, seeing, no doubt, that I was not to be trifled with. "*Je vous conseille, monsieur, d'aller tout droit chez-vous. Tiens, Martin, cherchez un cabriolet, montez avec ce monsieur, et conduisez le à son hôtel. Il demeure Rue Louis le Grand, No. 41. Quant à ces autres messieurs, ils auront la bonté de m'accompagner ailleurs.*"

It was rather surprising that none of my noble friends made an attempt to resist this arbitrary exercise of authority either by word or deed. On the contrary, they very quietly filed down stairs, escorted by the police,

and I saw no more of them. In a few minutes I followed,—the cabriolet was already at the door,—I got into it, was accompanied by the *agent de police*, and with my brain in a tremendous whirl of excitement, caused by the rapidly succeeding events of the evening, was driven off to the Hotel de Vaudet.

Antoine appeared at the *porte cochère*, but not the Antoine I had ever seen him. He was pale and trembling, voices were loud and high upstairs, and the whole house appeared in commotion.

“Ah! c’est vous, monsieur,” said he, on seeing me. “Où est donc, ma’m selle?”

“Ma’m selle!” I exclaimed with astonishment, “who do you mean?”

“Ma’m selle Angelique,” he answered.

“Why, what’s the matter, Antoine?”

“De matter!” he repeated, “so you not know den dat Ma’m selle Angelique have runned away with Sare Henri Jone?”

You might have knocked me down with the throat feather of a humming-bird!

The agent of police looked at me with a commiserating eye.

“O! la poule mouillée,” said he, with a slight whistle.

I was at a loss to understand his meaning, but doubtless they were words of comfort.

“Il y aura encore de l’ouvrage pour nous autres,” he continued; “au revoir, monsieur.”

With these words he got into the cabriolet and drove off. I gazed after him for a moment in mute astonishment, and then rushed wildly up stairs.

CHAP. XVII.

As I drew near the *salon* the din of voices fell louder on my ear, and high above the rest rose that of Madame de Vaudet. It was no longer characterised by those gentle tones which used to impart to it so great a charm, but was piercing, loud, and dissonant; I could scarcely doubt that she was in a tremendous passion, and I felt almost afraid to enter the room. Recollecting, however, that I, too, was a wronged one, I staggered into the apartment, where I found her surrounded by her servants, and two or three female friends. Her quick eye immediately observed me as I leant on a table for support.

“Vous êtes le bienvenu, monsieur,” she exclaimed, in the sharp accents I have described; then checking herself suddenly, she added, with spiteful emphasis (my memory retains all she said), “que je suis bête,—le Blanc-bec n’entend pas le Français! So, sir, you have permitted my daughter to elope.”

I was confounded at the suddenness and injustice of this accusation, and could only stammer out,

“Me, mum?”

“Yes, you! Who but a fool, and an ass, and a ninny-hammer like yourself would have thrown away such an opportunity! Didn’t I give you every encouragement a mother could give? If she was to have been run away with why couldn’t you have done it, and not that swindling rascal, Jones. Instead of this you must go fooling your money away on a lot of scamps in the Palais Royal when you ought to have been here to look after your own interests.”

"Scamps! mum!" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, "I dined with the Viscount de Vieux Rusé, the chevalier—"

"Viscount!—chevalier!" she interrupted, "and so you're fool enough to think still that those fellows are noblemen. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" and she laughed hysterically.

Here was a startling revelation, as indiscreet too as it was appalling, for I had repeatedly heard her call them all by their titles.

"At any rate, mum," said I, nettled beyond measure at her perfidy,—
"at any rate, mum, respect *my* feelings, those of a *real* nobleman!"

"A real nobleman!" she retorted; "pray who gave *you* a title to nobility?"

"I am the Marquis de Cornichon," I replied, throwing back my coat in the way disguised princes do on the British stage, that mirror of nature. "I bought the title in this house this very morning."

The explosion of laughter with which this dignified announcement was received by every one in the *salon* was perfectly fearful.

"O! le Cornichon,—le vrai Cornichon!" cried half-a-dozen different voices.

Madame de Vaudet, whose mirth was more forced than that of the rest, was the first to recover.

"And pray may I ask what you paid for your precious marquisate?"

"A hundred thousand francs," I answered, doggedly.

"O! les gueux!" she exclaimed, while peals of laughter shook the room, and Antoine (the only one who showed any sympathy for me) was compelled to hide his face in his carpet-cap.

"Cleaned out, I suppose," muttered Madame de Vaudet, but not in so low a tone as to prevent my hearing her. "I hope, sir," she resumed in a business-like manner, "that you are a gentleman, and prepared to settle my small account."

"If I have got money enough left, mum," I answered proudly, "you shall have it directly."

"If not, sir, I shall send for the commissaire de police."

"What's the amount, mum?" said I, shortly, my blood beginning to boil at the threatened indignity.

Madame de Vaudet opened a desk which stood beside her, and drawing out a paper said in her coolest way,

"None of your frantic rage here, sir; I am not an unprotected female! Be so good as to read this *mémoire*, and when it is settled, sir—*settled*,—you will have the kindness to leave my house."

I own I was greatly excited, and if I did say "*dammee*" in the presence of ladies, I think it was no more than the occasion warranted! I snatched the paper from her hands, and seizing a bougie from the table, I burst from the *salon*, and took refuge in my own apartment.

The bill was a swingeing sum, considering the short time (barely a week) that I had been in the house: It was made out for a month, as French reckoning (like Flemish) does not admit of broken periods, but even then it was enormous. I shall not at this moment give the items, but one of these days I may publish it as a curiosity. The sum total was three thousand two hundred francs, seventy-five centimes. I can scarcely think it could have been correct, but I was in no mood then to enter into petty details. A false friend—plighted faith broken—the victim of sharpers—outraged and insulted where I had looked for sympathy and

consolation, there was nothing left for me but to pay my bill—and die!

To accomplish the former I had to examine the state of my finances. My credit at Lafitte's was exhausted; the money paid for that bitter mockery, the marquisate, had exhausted every sou there. In the scuffle at the dentist's I had lost my pocket-book, containing—how much I did not exactly know,—but certainly a large sum; that also was irretrievably gone. There remained only the ready money that was in my desk. It consisted of a hundred pound note given me by my mother the day before I left Peckham, and hitherto overlooked in the allusion to my means, and well it was that I did not think of it,—Jones' would have had it to a certainty; a *billet de banque* for five hundred francs, ten napoleons, and two five-franc pieces. I calculated the amount, and found it came to a trifle beyond what I was indebted to Madame de Vaudet, a discovery which relieved my mind of an inexpressible weight.

In the frame of mind in which I then was it took me but little time to make preparations for my departure from a roof that had witnessed the fallacy of my most cherished hopes. With the calmness of despair, indifferent to the order of packing, I crammed my things into my portmanteau, strapped and buckled them with a firm hand, and closed my carpet-bags without blenching, and then paused for a moment to consider whither I was to betake myself, for it was getting late, and in Paris all the hotels are closed at a comparatively early hour. The thought struck me that I would return to the *Boule d'Or*, which I had so abruptly quitted only to ruin my fortune, and wreck my peace of mind in this temple of the syrens, where, like another Ulysses, I had been so fatally enthralled. It is true I had entertained suspicions of the honesty of Messieurs Ventrebleu and Paradis,—indeed their conduct in robbing me in the forest of Montmorency had placed that beyond a doubt,—but what worse were they, I asked, than the titled ruffians with whom I had so recently associated? Poor men may be driven from necessity to the commission of acts from which their better nature, if it had fair play, would revolt, but the designing scoundrels who infest the better classes of society, and who perpetrate villany solely to lead a life of luxury have no excuse for their conduct. Besides, I was now so reckless of consequences that the very fact of throwing myself, like Jonah, into the lions' den, and daring the worst that could befall me, possessed a charm that nothing else could have excited. I might perhaps have been influenced by the recollection that at the moment of my leaving the *Boule d'Or*, strong signs of tender sympathy had been shown for me by Madame Ventrebleu.

"All females are not tigresses," I inwardly exclaimed, "there are still bright eyes to weep over the fate of Jolly Green."

Having made this resolve, I sternly rang the bell, and in brief phrase desired Antoine to procure a cabriolet and carry my baggage downstairs. He had witnessed the scene in the *salon*, and consequently was not unprepared for this movement. He was, however, about to speak, but, with a dignified wave of the hand, I motioned him to silence, and he quietly obeyed me, and began to remove my effects. While he was so engaged, I buttoned my coat across my chest, threw my cloak over my shoulder, set my hat firmly on my head, and taking up the money for the payment of Madame de Vaudet's bill, I descended, for the last time, to the *salon*.

With the aspect of Edgar of Ravenswood, whose position exactly re-

sembled mine, I strode into the apartment, and, without removing my beaver from my brow, or unshrouding the folds of my mantle, I stalked towards the sofa where Madame de Vaudet was still sitting, rage and vexation legibly imprinted on her countenance.

"Here's your bill, mum," said I, haughtily; "I am not so thoroughly 'cleaned out' as you fancied. I have still enough left to be honest," and I laid the money down upon the table, with an emphasis which made her start.

She looked first at the notes and then at the gold; and as she did so, the severity of her features relaxed, and the feline smile which had so often swayed me, again spread itself over her countenance.

"My dear Mr. Green," she began, "pardon a mother's anxiety; forgive the haste with which——"

But it was now my turn to interrupt her, for the epithets "Ass!" and "Fool!" and "Ninny-hammer!" had made an impression not easily to be effaced.

"Excuse me, mum," I said, coldly, "and oblige me with a receipt."

She looked at me steadily, without saying a word; then, seizing a pen, and dashing it into an inkstand beside her, hastily wrote the *quittance*, without removing her eyes from my countenance.

I returned her glance with one equally firm, then taking up the *mémoire*, which she had pushed across the table, I deliberately folded it up, and placed it in my waistcoat-pocket.

I paused for an instant: notwithstanding all the cruelty which she had shown towards me within the last half-hour—in spite of the perfidy of Angelique—she was still the mother of her whom I had so madly loved: I resolved to be generous before I quitted her presence for ever.

"Your daughter, mum," said I, "has played me false, she has trifled with a heart which beat only for her; it will soon, perhaps, have ceased to beat at all; but I will bear no malice. She has made her election. She might have been happy as Mrs. Green—may she be still more so as Lady Jones?"

There is a strange fatality which attaches itself to almost every act and word of mine, which I am quite at a loss to account for. I had intended these words to convey something like comfort to one who, though her conduct towards me had been vindictive, was equally with myself the victim of baffled expectation; but they were received in an entirely opposite sense. As I uttered the last words, Madame de Vaudet rose hastily to her feet—her black eyes flashed fire, she bit her lip till the blood came, and struck the desk, on which she had been writing, violently with her clenched hand.

"Lady Jones! Lady Jones!" she screamed, rather than exclaimed, "How dare you insult me, sir? You know as well as I, that that black-guard Jones has got a wife and six children in England! He's no more a baronet than you are a marquis! Do you think I should care a straw about her running off, if he hadn't been a married man?"

"This was an *éclaircissement* with a vengeance; it gave the *coup de grace* to the whole affair; the hand of Nemesis was plainly visible in the transaction; and as Madame de Vaudet's fury seemed, from her gestures, to be on the increase, I determined to make no further effort at conciliation.

"Bon soir, mum," said I, with laconic dignity, and, facing round, I left the apartment. One or two men stood near the door, scowling

darkly at me as I passed by; and just as I crossed the threshold I felt a sudden blow on the crown of my hat, which was dashed over my eyes, in the manner we call "bonneting" in England, and a loud voice said something about "*L'appartement d'une dame,*" and "*d'ôter votre chapeau.*"

I turned to resent this insult, but I was in darkness, and my cloak impeded my efforts. While struggling to release myself, some one gave me a shove in the back, and I flew down the staircase with such rapidity that I lost my balance, and rolled to the very bottom; at the same time I heard a loud peal of laughter, and the door of the salon was slammed with a stunning noise.

I picked myself up, groaning with pain and quivering with indignation, and at last contrived to disengage my head from my hat. I looked up but there was no one visible above, so clenching my fist like Marmion when he left Tantallon hold, I inwardly vowed to pummel the first Frenchman who gave me a chance of doing so. The opportunity was not long wanting, for just then Antoine presented himself; having fetched a cabriolet, and put my things into it where it stood at the door.

"Monsieur," said he, with an obstructive air as I moved towards the vehicle, "*vous me devez cinq francs, que j'ai payé pour vous ce matin!*"

I was vexed at having forgotten this trifle, but still more vexed at being reminded of it at this moment and in such a manner.

"Take your money," said I, hastily, throwing down a five-franc piece (I had only one more left); "but take this into the bargain," I added, and squaring my fists I dealt him out two facers, right and left, and then let fly at his fifth button so vigorously that in the twinkling of an eye he was stretched on the ground and shouting like one possessed. Without bestowing another glance at my ignoble victim I walked to the cabriolet, ordered the driver to take me to the Rue Coq-Heron, and with my hands imbrued in the blood of my enemies, bade an eternal farewell to the Hotel de Vaudet.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

LIKE the bower of Hardknute, there was no light visible at the Boule d'Or when the cabriolet stopped. An earnest hammering at the knocker, however, soon awoke something more than the echoes, and a head in a white nightcap appeared at one of the upper windows demanding to know who was there. The driver explained that a monsieur Anglais desired admittance, and this intimation had a speedy effect, for presently the door opened and looming large in the light of a lantern, I saw the portly form of Madame Ventrebleu, her person enveloped in a flannel petticoat, a yellow shawl over her shoulders, and her feet thrust into a large pair of list slippers. She started with astonishment on seeing me issue from the carriage, and there was a momentary hesitation as if she were struggling with some reluctant feeling as to my admission. Kindness, however, predominated, and she exclaimed—

"Quoi! c'est vous, monsieur? Mon Dieu! que dira mon mari! Mais entrez-donc, entrez, entrez."

I grasped her hand with tender solemnity, nor did she oppose the embrace I proffered; nay more, she returned it heartily, then bustling to the door she helped to hand in my baggage. She then began to talk very fast, but my acquaintance with Paris life had taught me much since

I saw her last, and I easily gathered her meaning. The Boule d'Or, she said, was very full—there was scarcely a room to spare in the house, she had been up late and was only just going to bed when I knocked—she was afraid I must go to the top of the house, as she did not know where else to put me.

I carelessly said “Oui, oui,” to all she uttered, and a slipshod maid, with a red handkerchief twisted round her head having made her appearance, my things were taken up, Madame Ventrebleu following, and insisting upon carrying the heaviest portmanteau. It was a cold night, and there was no fire in the room, but this Madame Ventrebleu said might easily be remedied by a pan of charcoal, which she would have lighted and placed in the stove. It was soon procured, and Madame Ventrebleu affectionately bade me good-night, cautioning me, as she quitted the room, not entirely to close the door, lest the fumes of the charcoal might have an injurious effect upon me as I slept. She then left me alone in my desolation.

While she remained in the apartment I had busied myself unlocking my trunks and boxes, and setting out the few things which I seemed to require. But this was one of the feints to which misery often resorts to conceal its direst throes. I had no intention of sleeping that night, or if I slept of ever waking again. I had been so shamefully deceived in every particular, by woman as well as by man, that I felt it impossible to survive it. There was something romantic, also, in dying for love, and this I determined to do. I had once or twice been tempted on my way to the Boule d'Or to order the driver to take me to the Morgue—the favourite place of resort of the Parisians when they wish to commit suicide—but the fear of being prevented in the attempt restrained me. I was now alone, and like Plato the younger, could fall on my sword whenever I pleased. I revolved the means: pistols I had none; the rings which I had stripped from my fingers and placed on the dressing-table held no secret poison; there remained only my razors, but when I thought of using them for any other purpose than shaving, I confess it made me feel very sick. A passive mode of death was that which I preferred; one, too, that would cause no disfigurement of my person, for, as Cleopatra observed,—

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead.

While I was cogitating on the matter, the last words of Madame Ventrebleu came to my recollection, and with them I was reminded of the fact that the only proper way of dying for love—in Paris—is by inhaling the fumes of charcoal. My plan was now fixed. I would offer myself up as a holocaust at the shrine of the faithless god. For the second time to-day I sat down and wrote two letters, one to Peckham—on the contents of which I shall be silent—and another to Jawley, for I repented me of the tone I had used when I imagined myself a nobleman. I requested him to come and perform my last obsequies, and informed him that I had left him a thousand pounds in my will. I now made my final preparations.

Divesting myself of the greater part of my garments, I carefully closed the door and stuffed some paper into the key-hole so as completely to exclude the air; there was no chimney in the room, and the windows were securely fastened. I placed the basin on the *table de nuit*, threw myself on the bed and pulled the curtains well round the front to keep the vapour in. It soon began to rise, and its first effect as it got down my

throat was to bring on a sharp fit of sneezing, but this at last subsided, and there ensued a languid sensation as of warm air creeping round me and repelling my attempts to breathe. My pulse now beat fast, my temples throbbed violently, and the thoughts that crowded on my brain presented only indistinct images of the events with which I had so recently been mixed up. One vision, however, was clearer than the rest, I fancied that through a gap in the curtains I saw by the light of the candle which I had left burning, a man enter the room with a stealthy and noiseless step, whose features resembled those of Paradis. He first went to the dressing-table, I thought, and took up my watch, which he put into his pocket, he then possessed himself of my rings, and for security placed them in a small green purse, exactly like that which I had lost in the morning when the countryman came to my assistance; then he looked about very sharply as if there were something still wanting; he seemed to try the pockets of my trousers as in search of money, but threw them down with an expression of discontent. He advanced, I thought, towards the bed, as I imagined, to feel under my pillow, but withdrew it as if afraid of waking me. He then appeared to pause, and after a moment's reflection dragged a dirty sheet from a corner of the room, and unceremoniously tumbled into it the contents of both my open portmanteaux and carpet bags, which he tied up in an enormous bundle; one or two things dropped from it as he was making it fast, he raised the load with difficulty from the floor, and tugging it over his shoulder moved slowly from the apartment, so slowly that I could not hear a foot-fall, a circumstance which more than all the rest fully convinced me that what I beheld was a charcoal-vision. My pain now was great; a thick mist got before my eyes; I heaved convulsively beneath a heavy load which oppressed me, and I remembered nothing more till I awoke with an intense sensation of cold, chilling me from my feet upwards just as the gray light of a wintry morn was beginning to steal through the solitary window of the apartment where I had passed the night.

The first question I asked myself was whether I had really committed suicide; the next was to answer that question in the negative, for the evidences of my existence were too positive, though the cold I felt was so great that I could hardly feel my own limbs. Still there they were, and by their aid I got out of bed and groped my way across the room to get at the water-bottle, for I was excessively thirsty, and my head ached tremendously. To my surprise the door, which I had carefully closed before I attempted to charcoal myself, was now wide open. I crept back to bed and began to ruminate on my position. As I grew warmer I became more reconciled to life, and though I felt an acute pang, as one may do, who, sitting on a soft cushion, is annoyed by the sharp puncture of a needle when he least expects it. I considered that the world was still wide enough for Jolly Green, and that, although fleeced to a very considerable extent, I was yet master of a very good income. To remain in Paris, was, however, out of the question, and I decided upon immediately returning to England. The sale of one of my rings would supply me with ample funds till I reached home. In the midst of these cogitations sleep surprised me; it was sound and refreshing, and when I awoke again I felt quite a new man. To judge by the bright ray of sunshine that shot across the room the morning must, I thought, be far advanced. I got out of bed to look at my watch—but I hunted for it in vain. It was no

longer on the dressing-table where I had placed it, nor could I see any thing of my rings, studs, pins, or any other ornament of which I had divested myself. I turned hastily round, for the vision of the night before now flashed across me, and to my consternation I beheld my carpet bags collapsed, and my trunks empty. On the floor lay scattered a pair of white duck pantaloons, a light blue-silk waistcoat, a white cravat, a black dress coat, and an odd yellow glove; every thing else had disappeared, except my boots which I had kicked under my bed the night before in one of the paroxysms of my despair! The rascal who had robbed me—a fact I could no longer doubt, it was no vision—had even carried off the very socks I wore the day before. The instant I discovered my loss, I rushed to the top of the staircase and shouted with all my might, nor was it long before I heard footsteps ascending. I then retreated to my room, hastily put on the soiled and solitary ducks, and was prepared to receive Madame Ventrebleu when she reached the door.

It would occupy too much space were I to narrate the scene which ensued. Enough for me to say, that my kind hostess, who actually shed tears at my forlorn condition, did all in her power to comfort me. She shook her head sadly when I mentioned her husband's name, and her anger was fierce when I told her my suspicions of Paradis. He had slept at the Boule d'Or the night before, but had set off by the diligence at daybreak, his baggage consisting of a large heavy chest, which Madame Ventrebleu admitted was a very light one when he came to lodge at the hotel. He had filled it at my expense, but by opening the door of my room, had unintentionally saved my life. If my motive for returning home had been a strong one before, it was infinitely more urgent now, and I explained this as well as I could to the sympathising female, whose heart,—but what had I now to do with hearts? besides, she was another's! To be brief;—from her own pocket she lent me fifty francs to take me to London; I kept close in the Boule d'or till the evening came on, when, having said "adieu" to the only friend I had met in Paris, I took my place in the cabriolet of the diligence, and set out that night for Boulogne. It was a bitter cold one, and what I felt in my white pantaloons, my boots without socks, my thin silk waistcoat, and with only one glove, exceeds my ability to do justice to. The early Pagan martyrs could hardly have had a worse time of it.

At Boulogne I waited for money and letters—for there I was comparatively unknown. Both came in the course of a week, and amongst the latter was one in a handwriting that was unknown to me, bearing the Brussels post-mark. I hastily broke the seal, and some thin pieces of paper dropped from the envelope, which contained these words:

"I have trifled with you, I fear, but will be no party to your being cheated. I repair as much of the wrong done you as lays in my power. The bills which I enclose are those you gave to Henry. I have taken them from his desk while he slept. I brave the consequences,—though, I feel already that his anger is terrible. Forgive and pity the unfortunate

"ANGELIQUE."

I afterwards learnt that there was indeed much to pity in the sad fate which befel her, but I forbear to pursue the subject further. At a future period I may have more to tell of the personages who have figured in this "*histoire veridique*," for the present, as Shakspeare somewhere says in one of his plays,

"EXEUNT OMNES."

LITERATURE.

THE BONAPARTE LETTERS AND DESPATCHES.*

WE are not exactly informed whence or how these secret and confidential letters were obtained, but bearing as they do internal evidence of authenticity, we have no doubt but that they will be read with as much avidity and curiosity as the Wellington and Nelson Letters and Despatches, although the latter, perchance, possess greater national interest, and certainly equal historical importance. The feeling prominently excited is that of intimacy—an intimacy conferred by the actual correspondence of one of the most extraordinary men the world ever saw, and which no other pen can ever invest him with. It is stated that these letters were never intended to meet the public eye; a statement which is so far substantiated, that they certainly comprise much of those sentiments and motives that are of a purely personal character, and which yet influenced the great devastator's actions during the busy and eventful years over which they extend, and embracing the most brilliant epochs of his career. But while they display the unrivalled judgment and foresight of the man, and his indefatigable perseverance and activity, they also lay bare, in unmistakeable language, the fraud and perfidy, the rapacity and cruelty, which cast a shade over those higher qualities, which at the best can only be looked upon as means to obtain an end, and which, when viewed as intellect applied to wrong purposes, ought never to excite that admiration which they, unfortunately, too often do, as their sphere is comprehensive and all-embracing, or when they are applied to nations and not to individuals. The fact is, that Napoleon, like other giant conquerors, was but an instrument in the hands of Providence, for purposes, the wisdom of which, is not always easily penetrated. It is in this light that his motives of action should be judged. He had his mission. It was an evil one, but for good purposes, if only to cleanse the world of the scum of the French Revolution, and its progress was consequently independent of principle or morality.

The Letters of Wellington and Nelson—the single-hearted defenders of a world's peace—on no occasion exhibit any of those Satanic impulses which are so characteristic of Napoleon's mind. With the former it was all sanguinary conquest, with the latter a noble and praiseworthy feeling of duty to their king and country.

This correspondence of the modern Attila requires to be not only read, but carefully digested, in order that its utter selfishness should be fully appreciated, and to those so disposed we heartily recommend these remarkable volumes, to which we may also probably return at a future opportunity.

* The Bonaparte Letters and Despatches, Secret, Confidential, and Official; from Originals in his Private Cabinet. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

MEN OF CAPITAL.*

How truthful and searching are Mrs. Gore's ever-varying sketches of society, with what untiring zeal and earnestness of purpose does she carry the reader through the mazes of the social fabric, and expose to them the weaknesses, the follies, and the vices of the world of fashion !

A younger brother and a younger son, both consigned to the guards, are on this occasion the heroes of a story avowedly illustrative of the evil influence of mercenary motives. From the time that Barty Brookes, as he is called for brevity sake, is jilted by his boy-love Emmy, for his wealthy brother, Sir Robert Brookes, of Wrenhurst Park, till his fatal connexion with the Stanleys, of Datchet Mead, our interest is with the younger son; after which it is monopolised by the historian himself, Percy, the anonymous guardsman, who is the other actor in the sad drama. The latter has formed, at an early period of the said eventful history, a clandestine engagement with the sister of Brookes, and the barrack-intimacy of Barty and Percy was naturally, exceedingly great. It was what Mrs. Gore calls "a dressing-gown-and-slipper intimacy."

Barty had taken his first hard lessons of life at Hypocrisy Hall, as he was wont to call the suburban residence of his guardian, Justinian Broadham, Esquire, M.P., of Lombard-street and East Wandsworth. Even after he had got his commission, and when his darling Emmy was no longer the Hamadryad of the place, and the playful, romping girl had been converted into a Mrs. Margaret Meanwell, he was still accustomed to dine there on the Sundays.

But Emma was destined to be the future Lady Bountiful, of Wrenhurst Park; and when Barty became acquainted with this fact, and that the deed-settlement had also placed it out of his brother's power to do any thing more for him, he, who had been till that time thoughtless of fortune and careless of his future prospects, became suddenly inoculated with interestedness.

The regiment having removed to Windsor, the two friends accompanied it thither with hearts full, but pockets empty. Barty, under these circumstances, affected the country-gentleman, while Percy preferred his barrack-room and correspondence with Harriet, rendered doubly interesting by the suit of a certain Lord Donnington, and he was voted a spooney. Among the hundred new connexions formed by Barty in his new character, were the Stanleys of Datchet Mead. Mrs. Stanley, not above five-and-twenty, and very pretty; Mr. Stanley, an F.R.S. and F.A.S. of fifty years of age.

Barty's visits to Datchet Mead continued to be as numerous and as prolonged as ever, till the tide was turned by the discovery of an heiress, a charming girl, who resided with a quizzical uncle and aunt, a Mr. and Mrs. Juckeson, at Larch Lodge, on the borders of Bagshot Heath. The heiress of the white square house, isolated like a mile-stone on the borders of the heath, was an arrant coquette. Possessing no heart of her own, she had little faith in the existence of so useless an appendage, and "she fancied that the feelings of others were, like her own, merely

* Men of Capital. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

assumed for show, like a pair of ear-rings, or a breast-pin." Hearing that Brookes was attached to Mrs. Stanley, it sufficed, that he was a pre-engaged man, to pique her vanity to effect a conquest. In due course of time, Barty weds the fair Sabina, and becomes a man of capital.

There is, however, in the back ground of this apparent felicity a most gloomy and painful picture of domestic affliction. The fair but frail Ethel Stanley has become the mother of a child of wrath, and the old man perished broken-hearted. In the deep despondency and distress that ensued, Percy alone abided by the unfortunate Ethel, and comforted and encouraged her. But the heaviest blow of all remained to come. Old Stanley's death-bed curse had been "not loud but deep." By virtue of the marriage settlements the child was to succeed to the whole of the property, but by a codicil to the will, the injured man had decreed that it should be placed under the care of his executors, who were requested to act as guardians on its attaining the age of one month. The child was removed accordingly, and the unfortunate mother left in a delirium of grief and agony from which she only recovered to learn the death of her infant. Then alone she became calm and composed. There was nothing but the grave remained for her, and after appointing Percy her sole executor and legatee, the broken spirit cast off the slight thread that held it to earth. It so happened that Mr. Stanley had taken no precautions against the contingency of the child's death during its minority, and Percy, by this arrangement unwittingly and unintentionally became the inheritor of the whole of the property and another MAN OF CAPITAL.

Percy had abstained during his protracted and friendly attentions to Mrs. Stanley from all allusion to the circumstances in his letter to Harriet Brookes. He had felt a natural repugnance to advert, even remotely, to a secret so unfit for the participation of a being so chaste as the lady to whom he was engaged. The consequence was that some mischievous person was at the trouble not only of acquainting Miss Brookes with the fact, but also of creating an impression that his humane visits to Datchet were the results of a warm and fortunate attachment. Little exaggeration had sufficed to convince her that the devoted attentions of poor Percy were addressed to the fair widow and her jointure rather than to the sad widow and her death-bed. Convinced that she was betrayed, she had been tempted to betray in her turn, and had consented to wed the persevering Lord Donnington. Percy arrived in time only to pick up one of the faded flowers that were strewn in the bridal pathway.

As this is given as a narrative of facts, we cannot expect to have the moral of events, that may be yet untold, unfolded to us. Except that Lady Donnington was undeceived, and that before the Summer of the ensuing year was over, the grass was growing upon her grave, we learn nothing of the fate of the others. Of the success of the railroad speculations of the mercenary and profligate Brookes, or whether Percy is the real hermit of Pall-Mall, we are not distinctly told. *En revanche*, Mrs. Gore favours us with other sketches of men of capital as they are sometimes seen in their nobler phases, encountering the difficulties arrayed against their progress in their "seemingly velvet career." We have, however, deemed a sketch of the history of two men of capital quite sufficient to introduce the reader to these entertaining volumes.

THE ANNUALS.

WE shall begin with "*Heath's Keepsake for 1847*," edited by the Countess of Blessington. The plates are thirteen in number, and they comprise three Venetian interiors, by M. Lake Price, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious. The cleverest plate is, however, decidedly Emile Wattier's "Sisters," and the prettiest, Edward Corbould's "Heiress." Mr. J. W. Wright's "Lady of Liege" is a clever composition, and Lecount's "Debardeur" highly characteristic. Cattermole's "Rachel" is the only form, the proportions of which are not pleasing to the eye. A host of names familiar to the literature of the country stand forth as contributors. Our own correspondent, Signor Mariotti, has exhibited his characteristic powers to great effect in the "Last Hours of Jacopo Ruffini." It is a very striking performance. The Countess of Blessington has been equally felicitous in her choice of subjects and in her mode of treatment of them—Venice is to her sympathetic ground. Mr. Monckton Milnes has given a most flattering character of Suleiman Pasha. It is a sign of wholesome progress, when a renegade can be written of in such terms. Mr. H. Prinsep has a genuine Persian Ghuzl. Among the poetical contributors are Mr. Walter Savage Landor, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Lord John Manners, Miss Youatt, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Abdy, Mr. C. Swain, Florence Wilson, Miss Rose Acton, Miss Garrow, Mr. R. Snow, and Mr. A. Cochrane. Landor's verses breathe of the South. Miss Garrow's "Lethe Draught" is sad, but beautiful. Lord John Manners' stanzas on "Bothwell Castle" and "Blantyre Priory," deserve high commendation; and Florence Wilson mourns feelingly for her mother so lately lost. Among the prose communications Mrs. Romer's "Legend of Florence," Miss Toulmin's "Painters Revealing," Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's "Velasquez," and Mr. Harrison's "Lady of Liege" are all meritorious.

"*Heath's Book of Beauty*," likewise edited by the Countess of Blessington, is devoted this year, in its artistic department, to the realisation of Byron's descriptions of Aurora Raby, Leila, Angiolina, Zuleika, Laura, Gulnare, Olimpia, Kaled, Astarte, Medora, and Haidee. The painters employed in this task have been Messrs. Corbould, Cox, Egg, Frith, Hayter, Saal, and Wright. The attempt to give the effect of the "Kohol's jetty dye" in making the eastern eye "large and lustrous," has led to an inevitable exaggeration. Yet there are some very beautiful fancy portraits, witness Olimpia, Astarte, and Laura, all three in very different styles. The literary contributors to the "Book of Beauty" are, with some few additions, nearly the same as the "Keepsake." Z. has a tale of capital punishment, which is so full of real interest and true pathos, that "if our space allowed it, we would most gladly have made an extract. The Baroness de Calabrella has treated of the "Evils of Procrastination" with her usual cleverness of illustration, and Mrs. C. Hall has contributed a characteristic Irish fairy tale called "Hidden Treasure." There are several other tales and prose sketches of merit. Lady E. Stuart Wortley, Lord John Manners, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. W. S. Landor, Mr. C. Swain,

Mr. R. Bernal, Miss Toulmin, Miss Wilson, M. Mariotti, and Mr. Snow, are among those who have contributed to the poetical department of this popular and beautiful volume.

"*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1847*," by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, has always stood very high in public estimation for variety and interest, and this year's volume surpasses all its predecessors. First, we have the fair editress herself—a portrait by T. Carrick, illustrated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in lines which we only regret we cannot transfer to our own pages. Next, an exquisitely beautiful vignette by Mr. A. E. Chalons, which formally introduces us to subjects (among them is probably the most pleasing of the existing portraits of the queen—that of Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.) treated of by the editress, in the language that belongs only to the most intellectual and gifted of nature's spokesmen—the poet in heart and thought. The subjects in question comprise almost every variety of art, portraiture, historical and Scriptural, landscapes, and composition. The Honourable Edmund Phipps has illustrated some of these, Lord John Manners and Mr. Mowbray Milnes others. Mr. Thackeray has also a very pleasing theme, which he has taken up in his usual vein of quiet satirical pleasantry. But the most industrious and the most successful co-adjutor to the editress has been her sister, Lady Dufferin, many of whose contributions are possessed of the highest merit.

"*Ackerman's Forget-me-not*," edited by Frederic Shoberl, is less exclusive than its more ambitious competitors. Time-honoured, and rich in literary and artistic resources, it continues to be, as it has ever been, a tasteful and varied volume, most appropriate for a modest, yet pleasing Christmas or New Year's present. Among the contributors we find the name of Mrs. Abdy, Miss Youatt, Mr. C. Swain, Dr. S. Mackenzie and Mr. N. Michell, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Ponsonby, &c., &c. The "*Forget-me-Not*" boasts a greater variety of tales, ballads, and other light literary articles than most of the other annuals.

With the exception of "*The Old Russian's Grave*," which is all lines and angles, the illustrations are pleasing specimens of art. Mr. H. K. Browne, has a very pretty composition, "*The Hunting of the Lady Maude*." Mr. J. E. Buckley's "*Beatrice d'Este*" is also very beautiful; and Prout's "*Well in Ratisbon Cathedral*" is a gem of its kind.

"*The Juvenile Scrap-Book*," by the author of the "*Women of England*," is published for the especial benefit of those whom it would be treasonable to neglect at this season of the year. It has, also, one of the most charming pictures that the eye can contemplate, "*The Mountain Stream*," by Poole; "*The Court of Haddon Hall*," "*Rutland Cavern*," "*Miller's Dale*," and still more especially "*Young Edmund*," by Sir W. C. Ross, are beautiful things; but others of the illustrations, however much they may be what the editress intended, "*suggestive of thought*," are not always so pleasing to the eye. The literary department of this pretty annual, appears to be solely contributed by its clever editress, whose great object is to point a moral, and, in her own words, to make her young friends happy, by teaching them to think on subjects worthy of thought.

CHRONICLES OF THE FLEET PRISON.*

THE late hour at which these "Chronicles of the Fleet Prison" have come to hand, precludes a lengthened notice for the present month. Mr. Rowcroft is a very clever, dashing writer—precisely the man to indite such chronicles in the manner best suited for those who delight in tales of sadness and suffering, with which prison-life is inevitably connected. The titles of his stories, "The House of Tears," "The Ruined Merchant," "Fi-Fa and Sa-Sa," "The Young Noble," and "The Turnkey's Daughter," are sufficient to attest to the interest and variety possessed by those memorials of recklessness, crime, and punishment. The book might have been a little more historical, some references might, for example, have been made to the times of torture within its walls, the times of the Star Chamber and of religious persecutions, which anticipated its exclusive appropriation to prisoners for debt. Some instances might also have been given of the Fleet marriages. But the author could not comprise every thing, and while we welcome his "Chronicles of the Fleet," still more heartily do we rejoice that its history is completed.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS.†

THIS ought to be one of the most popular of the author's works. Mrs. Trollope appears here as an agreeable, intelligent, discerning tourist, as well as a keen observer and caustic delineator of modern manners. Never more felicitous than when upon her travels, the brilliancy which she has hitherto expended upon her way-side travelling companions, is here also communicated to sketches of nature and art, and never, perhaps, was she less bitter, without being a whit less entertaining. Travels and Travellers verily constitute a couple of amusing, clever, and unobjectionable tomes.

WALTER HAMILTON.‡

THIS new novel, by Mrs. Burdett, is one of well-sustained interest and great pathos. Indeed, the fate of Lord Henry and of the heroine, Ellen, appear to us to be almost unnecessarily melancholy. The main interest is involved in the career of Walter Hamilton, unjustly accused, tried, and condemned. The character is well drawn. Lady Jane is also a sweetly patient and enduring portrait; indeed, most of the female characters are sketched with great tact and feeling. The race of the Doghertys, the Macauleys, and the Rourkes, are also sketched to perfection. Walter Hamilton has every claim to be a popular and successful novel.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.§

CHRISTMAS Stories are, according to some, running a race with the

* Chronicles of the Fleet Prison, from the Papers of the late Alfred Seedy, Esq. By Charles Rowcroft, 3 vols. H. Hurst.

† Travels and Travellers. A Series of Sketches. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

‡ Walter Hamilton. A Novel, in 3 vols. By Mrs. C. D. Burdett. T. C. Newby.

§ Partners for Life; a Christmas Story. By Camilla Toulmin, with Illustrations by John Absolon. W. S. Orr and Co.

New Year's Day; a Winter's Tale. By Mrs. Gore, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Fisher and Co.

Annuals. We do not also. The successful embellishment of standard literature, or the illustration of works for particular objects, scenic, historical, or scriptural, are alone adapted for a competition of that kind. Christmas Stories are peculiar to themselves, and Miss Toulmin, as a new competitor in this field, has penned a truly beautiful domestic tale. The story of a proud and wealthy man, whose one son weds a governess, and the other, when at Oxford, gives away his heart to a lowly maid, but both of whom are reconciled to their father by the partner of partners, Mr. Merrythorpe, the felicity of whose domestic hearth is only rivalled by that of the discarded William Hamilton. "Partners for Life," is, we should think, well adapted for the stage.

How Mrs. Gore—the clever, versatile Mrs. Gore—could write such a sad tale as this for a new year's book, we are at a loss to conceive. Poor dear little Georgey, we are made to interest ourselves in his boyish simplicity, his childish career, free from vice and sin, and his mysterious parentage, for what? to weep over his death-bed, for the fountains of human sympathy must be dried up when tears flow not at so tragic a conclusion. The perusal of this story may, however, chasten many a heart, for the house of the wise man is the house of mourning.

CEYLON.*

WITH mountains that attain an elevation of upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a central metropolis at an elevation of nearly seventeen hundred feet, and an unvarying sunrise and sunset (at least with a variation of little more than nine minutes throughout the year), Ceylon has always been to us a land of interest and curiosity. Its brave Kandyans, who fought so hard and so long for their liberty; its abundant elephants (more numerous, it is supposed; than anywhere else); its deadly reptiles; its forests of cocoa-palms; its coffee and its cinnamon; are familiar as household words; but it is not so generally known that the history of the subjugation of this most remarkable territory, contains much that is full of records of indomitable bravery, and its too frequent concomitants, severe suffering. Mr. Marshall's volume has strong claims for perusal; it combines interest with instruction.

STRAY LEAVES, &c.†

THE Suffolk rector must be a most pleasant chatty companion. The reader will be agreeably surprised to find the variety that belongs to these "Stray Leaves" of the worthy Freemason. Some of these sketches have already appeared in what is termed the "fugitive" literature of the day; but as they are all characterised by earnestness of purpose and no small amount of talent, we hope the volume-form now given to them, may ensure the wished-for permanency.

* Ceylon: a General Description of the Island and its Inhabitants; with an Historical Sketch of the Conquest of the Colony by the English. By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E., &c. &c. W. H. Allen and Co.

† Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note-Book. By a Suffolk Rector. Richard Spencer.

STORIES OF THE CRUSADES AND TALES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

We are truly glad to find that Mr. Burns has not closed his prettily got up and nicely illustrated Fireside Library. Here are two more volumes of delightful reading for young people, issued at a most reasonable price, and at a most seasonable time of the year.

MR. CARPENTER'S SONGS AND BALLADS.†

MR. J. E. CARPENTER, the popular song writer, has followed in the footsteps of Lovers as a lecturer, and he is now giving in the provinces two musical entertainments, or lectures, illustrated with songs of his own composition, founded on popular fairy traditions. He is assisted by vocalists, and also sings himself many of the songs. The entertainments are entitled "An Hour in Fairy Land" and "The Elfin Crew," and they are spoken of by the various local journals as being in the highest degree interesting and successful.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.‡

It is almost a breach of literary manners to dismiss so laborious and ambitious a work as a dramatic poem in five acts in as many lines. Necessity, however, knows no manners. Mr. Gurney believes the "Holy Martyr King" to have been "one of the noblest of all mere human creatures that have breathed the air upon this earthly planet," and he has written a poem, of no mean merit, to vindicate and illustrate that unfortunate monarch's character. The author further sees relations in the present aspect of things to the times of the "murdered Patriot King." He is probably not far wrong. It is only necessary to add, that this poetico-political manifesto is sent into the world with that perfection of typography which characterises every thing that emanates from Mr. Pickering.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"COGHLAN'S Pocket Pictures of London;" "Petit Musée de Littérature Française," by M. Le Page;" "The Suttie," a poem with notes; "Igneus de Castro," a tragedy in five acts; "Illustrations of Eating," by a Beef-eater; "Punch's Pocket Book, for 1847."

* Stories of the Crusades. I. De Hellingley. II. The Crusade of St. Louis. Tales of Female Heroism. James Burns.

† Syllabus, and Words of the Songs, Duets, &c. &c., as sung in Mr. J. E. Carpenter's Vocal Entertainment, entitled the Elfin Crew. Addison & Hodson.

‡ King Charles the First; a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By Archer Gurney. William Pickering.

